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OF

SOCIAL LIFE IN ENGLAND

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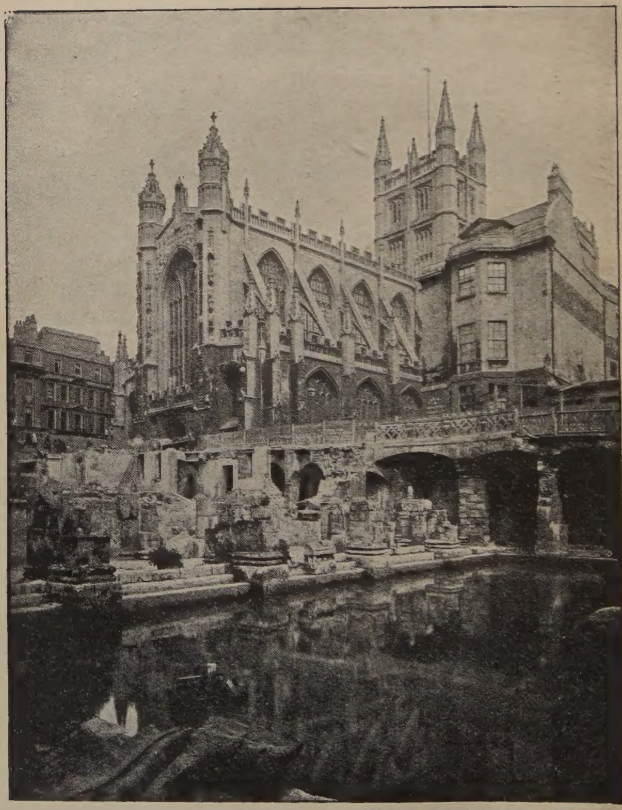

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REMAINS OF THE OLD ROMAN BATH AT BATH.

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A SHORT HISTORY
OF
SOCIAL LIFE IN ENGLAND

BY

M. B. SYNGE, F.R.Hist.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF THE WORLD," "THE WORLD'S CHILDHOOD," "LIFE OF GORDON," "GREAT MEN AND GREAT DEEDS," ETC.

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CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTORY xiii

CHAPTER I

THE SPEECHLESS PAST 1

CHAPTER II

A GREAT CIVILISATION: B.C. 55–A.D. 410 . . 15

CHAPTER III

FROM THE SHORES OF THE NORTH SEA: 449–597 31

CHAPTER IV

PAGE

OUR GREAT INHERITANCE: 597–1066 . . 47

CHAPTER V

"SAXON AND NORMAN AND DANE ARE WE":
1066–1204 61

CHAPTER VI

AN AGE OF PROMISE: 1204–1250 . . 75

CHAPTER VII

THE DAWN OF LUXURY: 1250–1348 . . 87

CHAPTER VIII

DEPOPULATION: 1348–1399 . . . 99

CHAPTER IX

PAGE

RISE OF THE MIDDLE CLASS: 1399-1485 . . 109

CHAPTER X

CHURCH AND PEOPLE: FIFTEENTH CENTURY . 123

CHAPTER XI

LIFE UNDER HENRY VIII.: 1509–1547 . . . 135

CHAPTER XII

THE NEW WORSHIP: 1509–1558 . . 149

CHAPTER XIII

"MERRIE ENGLAND": 1558–1603 . . . 161

CHAPTER XIV

PAGE

"MERRIE ENGLAND" (*continued*): 1558–1603 175

CHAPTER XV

THE PURITANS: 1603–1642 . . . 191

CHAPTER XVI

ENGLAND A COMMONWEALTH: 1642–1660 . 207

CHAPTER XVII

THE RESTORATION: 1660–1689 219

CHAPTER XVIII

AFTER THE REVOLUTION: 1689–1702 . 235

CHAPTER XIX

PAGE

UNDER "GOOD QUEEN ANNE": 1702–1714 . 251

CHAPTER XX

THE HOUSE OF HANOVER: 1714–1727 . 267

CHAPTER XXI

COUNTRY LIFE: 1727–1742 . 283

CHAPTER XXII

THE NEW PHILANTHROPY: 1742–1785 . 297

CHAPTER XXIII

THE "QUALITY": 1785–1802 . 309

CHAPTER XXIV

PAGE

DAWN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: 1802–1820 . 323

CHAPTER XXV

PROGRESS: 1820–1837 337

CHAPTER XXVI

UNDER QUEEN VICTORIA: 1837–1865. . . . 353

CHAPTER XXVII

AN AGE OF WONDER: 1865–1885 369

CHAPTER XXVIII

AN AGE OF TRANSITION: 1885–1906 . . . 383

CHAPTER XXIX

THE LIVING PRESENT: 1906–1922 395

APPENDIX 415

INDEX 425

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

REMAINS OF THE OLD ROMAN BATH AT BATH . *Frontispiece*

PAGE

THE CORONATION OF A KING 74

DURHAM CATHEDRAL 98

ROASTING; PREPARING DINNER; AT TABLE . . 122

BRASSES ILLUSTRATING WOMEN'S DRESS IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY 134

EDWARD VI 148

A PURITAN FAMILY 190

THE SEDAN CHAIR 250

ELIZABETH FRY VISITING NEWGATE PRISON . . 266

PUBLIC EXECUTION SCENE EARLY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY 282

THE ROCKET, 1829 352

A DAME'S SCHOOL 368

HOWARD-WRIGHT BIPLANE 394

INTRODUCTORY

THIS sketch of the social life of our forefathers throughout the ages that are past is dedicated to all English-speaking peoples, who are proud to look back to a common ancestry. The race has burst the bounds of its old island home. Far and wide, over the length and breadth of the world, England's children are scattered, but they never forget that the old country is the land of their fathers. Their distant homes are yet English homes—they themselves are yet Englishmen. And there are those, too, across the Atlantic who still to-day claim with us a common fatherhood. America forms no part of our great Empire; her Government and her Constitution are different, but her traditions are the same; and in any review of the past all are alike, one

"Brother with brother,
Sons of one Mother."

This is no attempt to record the glorious achievements of past ages; there is little concerning governments and kings, religion or literature, science or art. It is merely a sketch of the material conditions in which our ancestors lived and died. It is pre-eminently a book of detail. It presents a brief glimpse of their houses, their food, clothes, manners, punishments, of their wives and children, of their gardens, their education, with some account of the social changes that have taken place throughout the ages. At the end of the book will be found an Appendix of some of the most useful articles introduced into England during each period. Some knowledge of the outlines of English history is presupposed, so that we may transport ourselves in imagination into that vanished past, which no historian can adequately bridge over. We can realise those silent figures, whose names are so familiar, in the outward guise that conveys so much to our material natures, calling up, perhaps, some faint conception of the appearance of our ancestors in the days that are gone.

Thus, from the speechless past to the present day, we have traced evolution from the old stone tool to the modern intricate machinery, from the

dark underground cave to the palace of light and air, from the slow jog-trot of the pack-horse to rapid transit by train and motor, from the hopelessness of separation to constant communication. Much is necessarily omitted, but those who can read between the lines will find the evolution of many things that are vital in the life of to-day.

Perhaps one of the most striking points in the study of material progress is the sturdy opposition experienced in every age to inevitable advance—an inability to perceive the true nature of progress. Thus, with the substitution of chimneys for the old hearth fire, we get Holinshed (1571) groaning over the new-fashioned idea which sent smoke up a given channel instead of allowing it to escape through any chance crack in the roof; while Slaney waxed indignant that oak had taken the place of willow, exclaiming in his wrath, "Formerly houses were of willow, and men of oak; nowadays houses are of oak, and men of willow." The sighs of Evelyn are well known. The ideal days were past when men courted and chose their wives for their modesty and homely virtues rather than for their fortune; when the daughter wore the selfsame kirtle, gown, and petticoat in which her mother had been wedded, and a steady mare

carried the good knight and his courteous lady behind him to church and to visit in the neighbourhood, instead of in the hell-carts and rattling coaches then coming into fashion; when men of estate studied the public good, serving their generation in honour, and leaving their lands to a hopeful heir, who followed the example of noble and worthy ancestors. Then there came the opposition to steam, when the long ice age of handwork gave way to an age of machine production; the abuse of trains, the revolt against gas-lighting, and to-day the opposition to motors, as yet in their infancy.

But this sketch of social life deals with matters yet more mundane, and the reader can deduce such facts—not wholly uninteresting—as these: that William the Conqueror ate with his fingers and never saw a coal fire, that the two thousand cooks of Richard II. could make neither a plum-pudding nor mince-pies, that Chaucer never saw a printed book, that Queen Elizabeth never heard of tea or saw a newspaper, that George I. had no umbrella, and that Queen Victoria was the first sovereign of our island home who had not to depend on wind and weather to leave her kingdom.

Articles now considered necessities were luxuries

to our forefathers, or entirely non-existent. Thus they lived without sugar till the thirteenth century, without coal till the fourteenth, without butter on their bread till the fifteenth, without tobacco and potatoes till the sixteenth, without tea, coffee, and soap till the seventeenth, without umbrellas, lamps, and puddings till the eighteenth, without trains, telegrams, gas, matches, and chloroform till the nineteenth.

There was no turning of night into day through the long ages of the past, no artificial light other than candles and lamps till the eighteenth century. Till quite modern times our fathers rose with the sun, dined early, danced, played games, and went early to bed. Nevertheless, the "good old days" had their drawbacks. They were days of roughness and brutality, of injustice and ignorance, when passions ran riot and tempers were uncontrolled; not till the dawn of mercy, pity, and tolerance did civilisation assume any of that refinement which is ours to-day.

The gradual levelling of social distinctions has been amply described in these pages, for there is no more striking development to-day than the rise of the Democracy to power.

But when all is said and done, when carpets

have been substituted for rushes, electric light for tallow dips, forks for fingers, railway for coach, mercy for brutality—yet behind these external changes, transitory by reason of the law of progress, lies unchangeable human nature, ever the same with its hopes and fears, its capacity for joy and sorrow. Across the dim ages move the same men and women as to-day; they are clad in different garments, they eat a coarser food, they move amid different surroundings; but through the "enchanted twilights of the Past" we recognise our very selves,

> "Till only what is Past and gone doth seem
> To live and all the Present is a dream."

CHAPTER I

THE SPEECHLESS PAST

"Till dim imagination just possesses
The half created shadow."

SHELLEY.

INTERESTING as are the glimpses of that pre-historic race, which in the dim ages of long ago roamed over the most accessible parts of the land, now known as the British Isles, it is unnecessary to do more than sum up slightly the vague scraps, that form all the knowledge we possess of this remote period.

Through the mysterious dawn of our country's history, early man moves fitfully to and fro, and it is difficult even dimly to discern his shadow. It is only by piecing together the scattered fragments of existing remains, and comparing them with the possessions of uncivilised mankind in other parts of the world, that we get a picture—

half-imaginary, if you like—of the social condition of primitive man in this land, which was then a part of the European Continent. He has many names. He is called Palæolithic Man, that is, Old Stone Man, or the Cave Man. He was short of stature and heavy of limb. He made his home in a cave, where such existed, which afforded him shelter from the rain and a refuge from the wild beasts that shared the country with him. It has been suggested that he must have been a good sportsman, or these very beasts would have exterminated him altogether. His weapons were limited to stone, ivory from the tusks of the mammoth, and bone from the bison and reindeer, whose flesh formed his food. The pre-historic hunt was rather to procure the means of existence than for the pleasure of killing. With his ponderous stone implement, early man slew his beast ; with a flint knife he cut up the flesh and cooked it over his fire kindled by the friction of sticks, or by means of hot pebbles in a vessel of wood. There was no waste, for he scraped the skin inside with a sharpened flint, made a bone needle, and threading it with a reindeer sinew, he stitched for himself a garment for the cold weather. Stringing together the

teeth of the animal on sinews, he made necklaces and other barbaric ornaments.

With the inherent instincts of an artist, he scratched a picture of the mammoth on its tusk, and the reindeer on its antler, the discovery of which has shed some dim light on these early days. With no definite thought of a Hereafter, he was probably indifferent to the fate of his dead. There is a scarcity of human bones belonging to this age, from which it has been inferred that either he had resort to cremation or that he presented the dead bodies of his kinsfolk to the hyenas who prowled about his cave in search of prey.

An immensity of time passed away. Structural changes swept over the land. The valleys uniting these islands with Europe became submerged. The wild North Sea surged over the dry land, across which the "grisly bear and the sabre-toothed tiger had walked after the primitive Briton," and the British Islands were completely surrounded by water.

Across the stormy seas, in primitive log canoes, came another people to possess the land. Neolithic Man, that is, the New Stone Man, or, indeed, the Iberian, was at once more civilised

and interesting than his predecessor. He brought over with him the animals which are domesticated in England to-day—the dog, the sheep, the cow and the pig. Instead of the woolly rhinoceros and the curly-tusked mammoth, we find forest and marsh alive with wild boars, red deer, wolves and wild cats.

The New Stone Man was far more accomplished than the Old Stone Man. His weapons, though still exclusively of stone, were far more highly finished implements wherewith to kill; the fine polish and thin cutting edge denoting superior skill and intelligence. With these he began to clear the thick forest, and in the clearing to make for himself a dwelling, which was a sort of artificial cave. He dug a pit to a depth of some ten feet below the surface, and covered it with a roof of interlaced sticks plastered together by clay. He entered it by a sort of tunnel sloping down to the floor, which also answered the purpose of chimney.

Near his dwelling he sowed wheat or flax, to be utilised for the rough weaving of those early days. For in these ancient habitations of Neolithic Man have been found stone spinning-whorls, chalk weights to stretch the warp and long

combs to push the woof, and bits of their dresses have been preserved near their lake dwellings.

A picture of the social condition of the New Stone Man has been drawn by an able historian. He bids us, in imagination, make our way through a track in the dense virgin forest to one of the rough clearings. There we may find a cluster of these pit houses, recognisable by the thin smoke issuing from the entrance. Around are small plots of ripening wheat, troops of horned sheep and short-horned oxen, and possibly a few fierce dogs, acting as guardians of the primitive homestead against the attacks of bears, wolves or foxes.

Outside we can imagine the short, swarthy inhabitants slightly dressed in wool or in skins, with necklaces and pendants of stone, bone or home-made beads. Some are cutting wood with well sharpened stone axes fixed in wooden handles, some sawing it with saws of carefully notched pieces of flint; some are fashioning wooden bows for arrows tipped with pointed flint heads, while some are scraping skins for clothing or carving harpoons out of bone. Some—presumably the women of the party—are spinning thread and weaving it with rudely constructed

looms. It was a simple pastoral existence, with few needs and fewer possessions; the horizon of life was distinctly limited. To minister to the material needs of his nature was the main object of Neolithic Man's existence. His mind was as the mind of an untaught child, till, as the ages rolled onward, something told him that eating and drinking were not the chief ends for which he was created.

He could see the silent hills, and the green valleys watered by stream and marsh: he knew the daily movements of sun, moon and stars: he could hear the rush of many waters, the roar of the wind-tossed sea, the rumble of thunder across the heavens, the fluttering of leaves, the carolling of birds, and the chirping of insects as day passed into night. After a lengthened period of simple wonder and amazement, questions presented themselves to his untutored mind, and a yearning to learn the cause of these things took possession of him. Nature was great, mighty, beautiful, but she was never still. There was movement everywhere; therefore, he argued, there must be spirits dwelling in everything—spirits to move the leaves and roll the thunder across the sky, to urge the rivers

into motion, and hurry the sun and moon by turns through day and night.

These vague ponderings made him relinquish the old habit of his predecessors of casting dead bodies to the hyenas. The spirits that dwelt in the trees and rivers dwelt also in man. When the body died, the spirit that had moved it departed elsewhere, possibly into some animal or other body, till in time it reached the dwelling-place of all the spirits.

Hence arose the Neolithic system of burial. When the men, women and children of the homestead died, they were buried in little walled rooms made of stone, over which were erected mounds, known to-day as "barrows." The skeletons in these primitive graves are often found in a sitting posture. A woman with her baby in her arms was discovered in one of these, while in another a man and woman, presumably husband and wife, sat opposite to one another, their foreheads touching and their hands clasped. Food vessels and drinking cups were buried with the dead for their use hereafter, and it is probable that slaves and animals were slain, in order that their spirits might accompany that of the dead man on his last mysterious

journey. Time passed, and with time came change.

In the general movement westward of the Aryan tribes from Central Asia came the fair-haired Celt, first to trade and then to stay. It seems strange that the forest-clad island, with its damp chilly climate and gloomy skies, should have proved such an irresistible attraction to the stranger from Gaul, but so it was. Forthwith he set himself to conquer the existing New Stone Man in order to possess the land.

His triumph was due to the fact that he brought with him a superior, bronze weapon for killing his enemies, for which even the polished and well sharpened stone implement of the New Stone Man was no match.

So the tall, fair, grey-eyed Celt prevailed over the short, dark, swarthy Iberian, and the New Stone Age gave way to what is known as the Bronze Age in the British Isles.

A new stage in civilisation was now reached. For it is obvious that the treasures of the earth were closed to those whose only weapons were of stone. It was only when the hard, sharp-edged metal tool was placed in his hands that man could hew his way to the mineral wealth

and open up fresh possibilities of civilisation. The new-comers had made considerable progress already before ever they reached these shores. Amongst other accomplishments, they could plough, they could shear sheep and weave woollen garments, they reckoned their time by months, determined by various phases of the moon, and they spoke a distinct language, which exists to-day in remote parts of our island home.

They soon opened up trade with Phœnicians and Greeks from the south of France, and the first record of commerce, about the fourth century B.C., marks an interesting development in the social condition of our early ancestors. The Greek mathematician who conducted one of the earliest of these expeditions from Marseilles most probably introduced the first coined money to these islands. And one may suppose that the little ships that so bravely made their way across the unknown and then desolate waters of the English Channel returned to their moorings with tin from the Cornish mines, superseded later by iron ore from the British hills.

Attracted probably by this commerce—certainly not by climate—tribe after tribe of Celtic origin made its way to the British Islands, the land of

"cloud and rain," until scattered traces alone remained of the old Iberian, and under the name of ancient Britons, the men of the Bronze Age had it all their own way.

On the very threshold now of authenticated history, imagination fades before fact, shadows stand forth in the light of day, and pictures of the social conditions of the dwellers in this land, the ancient Britons, become more real and more interesting.

As it was in tribes and clans they came over, so it was in tribes and clans they lived. Groups of huts and villages arose, testifying to the new-born ideas of defence, not only from wild beasts, but from human foes.

The sites of these villages were often chosen in open lakes or marshes, in the centre of which an island was improvised. The same idea, in later days, prompted men to construct moats round their castles, only in the one case the water was round the island, while in the other the island was constructed in the water.

The site of the new home being chosen, a raft of tree trunks was formed, on the top of which were laid layers of earth and stones, until the whole mass sank and grounded on the bed of the

lake. Then upright oak piles were driven close together as park palings round the edge of the sunken island, and inside the palings were built clusters of wooden huts, roofed with wicker-work smeared over with clay, or, in technical language, "wattle and daub."

Each hut had a door three feet high, which must have caused the ancient Briton to stoop badly, for he was a taller man than his predecessor, being some five feet nine in height. In the centre of each hut was a stone hearth for a fire, over which the family presumably cooked their food by day, and round which they probably slept by night in the cold weather.

Their food was compounded of corn and wild fruits, the flesh of wild and domestic animals, hazel and beech nuts. They stood in no need of sauces or relishes—their seasonings were supplied by a healthy and vigorous constitution, fresh, sweet smelling air, and exemption from the over-anxiety of to-day. For drinks they had milk, cider and mead—a mixture of wheat and honey —the ancestor of our modern beer. "This drink," remarks the sailor mathematician from Greece, "produced pain in the head and injury to the nerves," which remark needs no comment.

It is sometimes easier to picture a primitive people by trying to realise what they had not got, rather than by what they had.

Let us then imagine a life with no smoking, no wine, no tea, no coffee, no butter, no sugar, no potatoes, no eggs, no fowls—food stuffs apt to be popularly considered as essential to life. Nevertheless, the ancient Briton was a man of fine build and strong physique, ever ready to do and dare. True, he was short-lived in comparison with modern man, as he died about the age of fifty-five, but he was longer-lived than his predecessors, who had died for the most part at forty-five: so presumably the conditions of life were already improving.

The ancient Briton wore his hair long and shaggy, the women arranging theirs in shocks or pyramids held together by metal hairpins twenty inches long.

Though the skins of animals may still have clothed a number of the primitive inhabitants of these islands, yet the majority probably dressed in cloaks of wool or garments of linen. Woollen caps, woollen shawls with fringe at the end, and woollen gaiters have been found in graves belonging to this period, suggestive, it has been pointed

out, of Dr. Jaeger's modern manufacture. Remains of leather, representing some sort of primitive boots, have likewise been found, together with other interesting relics of the period. Their occupations were more varied than those of their predecessors. They made a rough, badly burnt pottery, decorating it skilfully with various patterns, composed for the most part of dots and straight lines arranged in geometrical crosses, network, or zigzag. Their skill in carpentering, too, is somewhat surprising, and their wheels, ladders, doors, buckets, and bowls are ornamented with cut patterns of great exactitude.

Their preparations for inter-tribal warfare were still distinctly barbaric; the hilts of their huge, pointless swords were adorned with the teeth of animals; on the axles of their chariot wheels were attached scythes to mow down their enemies.

They faced death fearlessly, and, with the characteristics of their descendants, never knew when they were beaten. Perhaps this courage in the presence of danger was due to the fact that to these warriors of old, death was merely the passing of the spirit that had prompted life, into another body. And the deification of

ancestors arose in addition to the deification of Nature. Honour to the dead was intensified, and to this period possibly belong the mysterious and hardly yet explained monuments of Stonehenge and Avebury. Whether these colossal memorials were temples for worship or tombs of great men, surrounded as they are by three hundred barrows in the neighbourhood, they are marvellous in the skill of their workmanship, and they testify to a past which is still pitifully speechless and yet, with all its barbaric attributes, contains the embryonic characteristics of our modern existence to-day.

CHAPTER II

Circa B.C. 55—A.D. 410

A GREAT CIVILISATION

"And left their usages, their arts and laws
To disappear by a slow gradual death,
To dwindle and to perish one by one,
Starved in these narrow bounds: but not the soul
Of Liberty."

WORDSWORTH.

WITH the invasion of Julius Cæsar and the occupation of England by the Romans a hundred years later, a very highly developed civilisation was brought to our shores. And though we no longer regard the dwellers in this land at that period as half-naked savages, painted blue and madly hurling immense stones at the orderly Roman legions as they endeavoured to step on to British soil, yet there is no doubt the newcomers were very far in advance of the inhabitants of the island they sought to conquer.

Arrayed in short tunics of cloth or linen, with bare heads and legs, armed with broadswords and lances, standing in war-chariots drawn by well-trained ponies accustomed to the roughest country, each tribe under its own chief—these ancient Britons gallantly defended their land against the foreign foe. But very different were the organised legions against which they had to fight. Each Roman soldier was armed with a well-tempered blade of steel, each head was protected by a lofty-crested helmet, while mail breastplates, greaves, and shields embossed with plates of iron, completed the equipment. Commanded by men chosen for their military skill, it is small wonder that they conquered the British tribes, even as those very British tribes—the Celts—had triumphed over the Iberians of old by means of a superior metal weapon.

The Britons fought with true courage, and for the first time in this land's social history we get glimpses of individual heroes rejoicing in elaborate names, few of which are less than four syllables. Stronger than his fellows, Cassivelaunus, King of the Catuvelauni, keeps a large tract of country free from the Roman, while his descendant Cunobelinus — the Cymbeline of Shakspere —

defends his stronghold of Camalodunum, on the site of our modern Colchester, as some maintain. The defence of the old country was carried on by his son Caractacus, the stirring account of whose defeat and subsequent appearance in Rome are well known. Women, too, sprang up to defend the land against Roman invaders, and amongst them we get a mention of one of the first-named Queens in old British history. A glimpse of her conduct illumines for a moment these barbaric times.

Boadicea, the widowed Queen of Prasutagus, King of the Iceni tribe, inhabiting Norfolk, burned with indignation at the insults offered to herself and her daughters by the Roman governors. Her own fierce courage inspired her people, and she proudly led the tribes, over which she still held sway, against Colchester, the head-quarters of the Romans in the east. Her ranks were soon swollen by other discontented Britons, until she found herself at the head of something like 80,000 native warriors. A vivid picture of the Queen before the battle has been handed down by a Roman historian, as, standing up in her war-chariot, where sat her weeping daughters, her bare arms raised on high, her long, yellow

hair floating over her shoulders, from which hung a tunic of many colours, her golden necklace and bracelets glistening in the sun, she resolutely addressed her faithful troops:

"Not as a Queen, the descendant of noble ancestors, possessed of great riches and wealth, but as one of the community, I lead you to avenge the loss of our liberty. The Roman army now opposed to us will never stand the shouts and clamour of so many thousands, much less their shock and fury. To-day, we conquer or we die. This is the last resource for me—a woman. Let the men live—if they please—as slaves."

The angry hosts made their way to Colchester, which was, as yet, unwalled, burst in and slaughtered the Romans with savage fury, and hastened on to further destruction. It was not until the Roman Governor himself advanced against the British Queen that the massacre was stopped, and at the last it is said that some 80,000 Britons lay dead on the battlefield, including women and children.

The tragic end of Boadicea, by suicide, throws a lurid light on her strength of character. Impulsive and fearless, with a passionate love of liberty,

we learn that in those days of small opportunities there were women of this type in early Britain, a type which survived the Roman assimilation as well as the Teutonic invasions that swept over the country in later days.

The conquest more or less complete, the Romans found it easy to introduce into the newly acquired country all that had made life comfortable in their far-off Italian homes.

Their first great work was to convert the old British tracks into broad military highways, thus enabling their soldiers to march easily from one end of the island to another, as well as simplifying commercial intercourse. These roads were carried over the rivers by an extensive system of bridges built of timber on stone piers. Distances were made known by means of milestones, which were stone pillars on which were engraved the distance in numbers, the places between which the road extended, the name of the constructor, and the Roman Emperor in whose reign the stone was erected. At regular intervals of a day's journey were posting stations, where refreshments were obtainable. Indeed, the County Councillor of to-day might well make a study of the very complete system of road communication in-

augurated by the Roman of old. The roads were the property of the State, which had entire control and supplied funds for their construction and maintenance. Each main line of road was under an inspector-in-chief, who held an important office, one filled by many a Roman princeling of repute. Nevertheless we get glimpses of fraudulent contractors and negligent magistrates prosecuted for the bad condition of the roads, which were finally so well constructed that many of them remained in England till the sixteenth century.

It is interesting to note that the country roads were under the control of the rural authorities, maintained by assessments, and that the city streets had to be repaired by the inhabitants, each householder being responsible for the portion immediately opposite his own house.

On or near the great main roads which freely intersected the island were the famous walled towns of the Romans. Boadicea had taught them a lesson at Colchester, and henceforth every city of repute was strongly walled, however advantageous its natural position. These walls were tremendously strong, for amid their many accomplishments the Romans were excellent masons.

With tiles and bricks and well-cut stone bound together with durable mortar, they built, not for a day, but for eternity, and many of their weather-beaten walls have already stood the storm and stress of 1400 years. The towns were approached by gateways with rounded arches, inside which the streets were determined by the form of the Roman camp or of a British town. They had their public buildings like a miniature Rome: each had its temple, its theatre, its court of justice, and its public baths. With regard to the latter it may be instructive to remark that when the Roman civilisation was swept away in the fifth century, it took Englishmen 1400 years to re-learn the lesson that it is necessary to provide public baths for the inhabitants of our large cities. This, initiated in 1846, is but partially fulfilled now.

The construction of the Roman villa is too well known to need repetition here. How badly these foreigners from the sunny South felt the damp and cold of our island home is revealed by the elaborate warming apparatus in their houses as well as in their bath-rooms. The floors of their largest sitting-rooms were supported on rows of short thick pillars. This space was filled with heat issuing from a furnace without, which also

fed the flue pipes introduced into the walls. Thus the houses were well warmed, though no fire-place or heating arrangement was visible, and it is interesting to note that, for warming the last and newest Sanatorium in England, this system has been adopted. The floors were elaborately pieced together in mosaic. The foundation was composed of concrete, made of pounded lime and bricks, sometimes nearly a foot thick. The mosaic patterns were composed of cubes of various colours in stone, terra-cotta or glass. Thus the floors were fire-proof, durable, beautiful, and easy to clean.

Not only was there a feeling for warmth and cleanliness among the Romans and Romanised British, but sanitary arrangements were carefully made. There was a regular water supply: large leaden mains were laid under the paving of the streets, branching off to the houses. These led to cisterns, from which descending supply pipes were laid on to various parts of the house, as in our systems of to-day. Neatly finished watercocks and draw-taps facilitated the supply, while the turncocks in the mains had movable key handles which rivalled those in modern use.

And the people who lived in these well-equipped houses: what of them? Their dress was at once simple and serviceable. They rejoiced in the yellow cloth toga of Roman fame, a semicircular garment with folds ample enough to cover the head in bad weather. Though worn in its natural colour for the most part, various officials had the toga bleached, while in times of mourning it was dyed black. Later the toga gave way to the tunic, women wearing theirs long and adorned with fringe. But the only part of Roman dress that has descended to us entire is the leathern shoe or sandal. This was often of superb workmanship, rich in ornament, and proportionately costly to buy. The soles were cut for right and left feet, as they are to-day.

Some maintain that, unlike the Britons, the Romans ate little beef or mutton. As a medicine, roast beef or beef tea was used, but not as food. Poultry, originally brought from Rome, fish and game, pork and venison, were the food of the wealthy, while the more common food consisted of vegetables flavoured with lard or bacon.

The following record of a Roman supper party is illuminating. The first course consisted of

sea-hedgehogs, raw oysters, and asparagus; then came a fat fowl, more oysters and shell-fish with dates, roebuck, and wild boar. The third course was made up of wild boar's head, ducks, a compôte of river birds, hare, and cakes resembling our modern Yorkshire pudding.

Here is a Roman receipt called "Pig with Stuffing":—

"Clean out interior of pig and fill with the following stuffing. Pound an ounce of pepper, honey, and wine, make it hot; break a dry biscuit into bits and mix. Stir with a twig of green laurel and boil until the whole is thickened. Fill the pig with this; skin, stop up with paper, and put it into the oven to bake."

Receipts for boar and pig are numerous, for pork was a passion with the Romans. They would feed their pigs on figs and cook them with fifty different savours, for the Roman "cook was a poet."

Their fancy bread contained oysters, and was sold at about three shillings a peck loaf. Nor must it be forgotten that the Romans introduced into this country cherries, peaches, pears, mulberries, figs, damsons, medlars, quinces, walnuts, and vines. They likewise brought over

the first fallow deer, pheasants, geese, fowls, and rabbits, while there were no limes, planes, sycamores, or sweet chestnuts before the Roman occupation.

They established extensive pottery works in various parts of the island; specially famous were those which stretched some twenty miles along the banks of the river Medway, where at least 2,000 men were employed. They must have astonished the ancient Britons by the beauty and ingenuity of their work in this as in many other branches of industry, and one can imagine their surprise at the Roman looking glass of polished metal, tooth combs, padlocks, thimbles, baby's bottles, glass jugs, &c.

These civilised peoples taught the ancient Briton to write letters on tablets covered with wax with pointed bronze pens. The letter finished, the tablet was closed, tied with thread, and sealed. It was then despatched by hand to the person to whom it was addressed. Having read the message, he rubbed it out, wrote the answer on the same tablet, and returned it.

But, with all their advanced civilisation, the amusements of the Romans were horribly cruel. One of their great delights was to set fierce

animals to tear one another to pieces—not only bears and bulls, but elephants, tigers, giraffes, and even serpents. Three or four hundred bears might be killed in a single day. Criminals would be thrown to maddened bulls—"butcher'd to make a Roman holiday"; possibly in Britain also.

As in the case of the Stone Man and the Celt, we look into the tombs of the dead to learn the manners and customs of the living. The Romans dealt with their dead either by cremation or burial in wooden, clay, or lead coffins placed in stone sarcophagi. The Christian ideal was dawning slowly, and the old superstition was still deeply rooted in the minds of the people that articles of various kinds buried in the tombs would add to the comfort of the departed spirits. The dead were clothed in full dress with their jewels and personal ornaments, while in their mouth was placed a coin for the payment of Charon, the ferryman of the nether regions. Often wine and food were placed on or near the coffin, and the idea of action in the future life is manifested by the attention paid to the sandals, which were invariably placed by the dead body. Pathetic enough are the Latin inscriptions on some of the little tombs:

"To the gods of the shades.
To Succia Petronia, who lived
three years, four months, nine days
Valerius Peroniulus and Tuictia Sabina,
to their dearest daughter, made this."

Or again :

"To the gods of the shades.
To Simplicia Florentina
a most innocent thing
who lived ten months
her father of the sixth legion, the Victorious,
made this."

The traces of Christianity are of the scantiest description.

Nevertheless, to the Romans we owe the organisation of Christianity in our country, for they never forgot the distant province they had governed for over three hundred years, and when the time was ripe, they sent their little band of Benedictine monks to teach their brethren beyond the seas that Gospel that they themselves had learnt to love.

At last Rome called her legions home to defend their own country from the barbarians already knocking at her gates. And the Romans hurried from their island home in England to

obey the call of duty. They left their splendid roads and bridges, their walled cities, luxurious villas and spacious baths, their extensive mines and manufactures, their temples and Christian churches, and the little lonely graves of their dead.

Yet something of despair seized the Romanised Britons as the last shiploads of Roman invaders waved farewell. They had grown to depend entirely on their conquerors for municipal government and defence along the Saxon shore, and three centuries of official protection had sapped away the very strength of their manhood and the vigour of their independence.

True, the wealth of the island had grown rapidly during the Roman occupation, which had secured three centuries of unbroken peace: her mineral resources had been explored; commerce had increased everywhere, owing to improved communication; agriculture had been developed until, after supplying her own needs, England could export corn in considerable quantities to other lands; and cities had sprung up connected by an elaborate network of roads. But all these developments were necessarily costly, and the land was crushed by a heavy system of taxation.

At the same time, though doubtless Britain was a more comfortable place to live in than of yore, the old tribal patriotism had vanished under the despotism of the Roman government. The Britons were not called on to defend their land; thus there was no national organisation, no cause to call forth the sacrifice of life, so potent a factor in the vigour of a nation.

Hence a certain dependence and effeminacy characterised the people, and no sturdy patriots of the Caractacus and Boadicea type are forthcoming at this period of the nation's social history.

Most of the advanced Roman civilisation was swept away wherever the barbaric Saxon secured a footing, but much remains to this day.

Do not all our months bear Latin names, July and August perpetuating the great Julius Cæsar and Augustus Cæsar? Do not our pennies bear the stamp of the Roman Britannia? Did not the Roman teach us to put on mourning for our dead? They discovered our oyster-beds, they constructed our roads, they bridged our rivers. To use the words of a modern historian: "Rome left few traces on our language, none on our early laws, little on our

blood, but . . . wherever a civilised language is spoken, men think in the forms and speak the grammar, reason on the principles, and are judged and governed according to the standards of law and good government, which have descended to them from Imperial Rome." So that to-day we are all, "in the best sense of the word, children of the Roman Empire."

CHAPTER III

Circa 449—597

FROM THE SHORES OF THE NORTH SEA

"The sea is their school of war and the storm their friend."

FASCINATING is the story of the Saxon conquest, but perhaps even more fascinating is that of the Saxon settlement, with all its latent germs of our social life to-day.

Though for the moment the desertion of Britain by the Romans seemed an irretrievable calamity, yet, looking back across the ages of time, we cannot but note with gratitude the influx of those hardy tribes from the shores of the wild North Sea, who were destined to be the forefathers of a race which plays a part in the world to-day wholly disproportionate to the size of its home.

The Celt was losing the force of his manhood and the strength of his freedom under the somewhat effeminate influence of the luxury-loving Roman, while Jutes, Angles and Saxons on the further shores were developing that rough-and-ready civilisation which was shortly to sweep over our island home. They had come to their own from beyond the distant Caucasus. Westward they had already fought their way till stayed by the waves of the "Western Sea," and amid the waste of sand and heather, where no man dwelt, they made their homes.

A fierce, free, fearless folk were these ancestors of ours—broad-shouldered, large-limbed giants, with masses of long fair hair and confident grey-blue eyes—utterly reckless of life and limb, pitiless, merciless, and bloodthirsty. Worshippers of Woden, whose name we commemorate every Wednesday of our lives, they lived on a traditional creed which enacted "eye for eye and limb for limb." Each limb had its value. An eye or a leg was valued at fifty shillings, the loss of a thumb at twenty shillings, the jawbone and front tooth at six shillings, while the brutality of the age is illustrated in the unwritten code that condoned for three

shillings the tearing off a thumb nail or the pulling of hair till the bone became visible!

This sum, however, was not payable to the injured man, but to his family. And it is this sense of the value of the family bond that was such a marked characteristic of our forefathers, and has laid the foundation of so much in our social life to-day.

> "So long as The Blood endures,
> I shall know that your good is mine; ye shall feel that my strength is yours."

Each kinsman was kinsman in very deed and truth, bound to guard and protect his brother from wrong, to suffer for him and revenge him. There was no forgiveness in the old Saxon creed.

War was their very existence, plunder and slaughter the "very breath of their lives." Splendid sailors, the "blast of the wind and the roar of the storm was as music in their ears," and still we seem to hear their shouts of glee as they breasted the salt waves to greet the undefended shores of deserted Britain. True, a stubborn defence by unorganised bands of the Celtic inhabitants of the island took place, but they

were held together by no bonds of unity, bound by no patriotism, moved by no enthusiasm. Consequently, with daring spirit and boundless brutality the new-comers wrested from them portion after portion of the fair country, until Britain became Engle-land and the Celts were driven westward. Neither were the English slow to appreciate the material advantages of their newly acquired territory. If they were fierce warriors, they were also skilful agriculturists, and the rich water meadows, the flourishing condition of sheep, goats and cattle, the golden cornfields producing more grain than the island could consume, appealed to them with irresistible force. More so indeed than did the thirty walled towns, the elaborately warmed villas, the theatres and amphitheatres of their predecessors—the Romans.

Avoiding the towns as much as possible, they made their new homes in family clusters, surrounded by earthworks for protection. Here within these little townships, as they were called, dwelt the farmer freemen with their slaves, and under their Chief of the Clan. As they had crossed the North Sea, and as they had fought side by side for the land, so now they made

their homes, each family taking the name of some ancestor. Thus the family of the Wellings named their new home Wellington, the family of the Paddings, Paddington, of the Millings, Millington.

Their houses varied with the wealth or rank of their owners; all were of wood, for the Angles and Saxons had only one word for "to build," and that was "getimbrian." The centre of the homestead lay in the long public hall, with its hearth-fire in the midst—the smoke escaping as best it might through holes in the roof. This was the common living-room, and not infrequently, when night fell and the fire flickered low, the common sleeping-room, where weary men threw themselves down to sleep on bundles of straw. The walls of the hall were hung with tapestry worked by the ladies, to keep out the draughts, which must have been piercing in winter, for the doors were never closed.

The hospitality of our forefathers was proverbial. Any stranger presenting himself at the door was cordially welcomed; water was brought to wash his feet and his hands, and he took his place at meat with the family. The food, though simple, was abundant. A board placed on trestles in the centre served as a

table; it was covered with a linen cloth, while among the nobles bowls and dishes were of brass, silver, and gold, and drinking-cups were of horn and leather. On a raised platform at the head of the table sat the mistress of the house—the lady, or dispenser of bread—serving out the warm and freshly made loaves which formed one of the chief articles of diet in Anglo-Saxon times. Huge joints of meat were freely devoured, fingers taking the place of forks, while the bones were thrown about afterwards. For this reason finger bowls and tablecloths were introduced, a very necessary addition after a meal of this description. Butter, cheese, honey, and vegetables having been duly served, the board was cleared away, and the women of the household bore drinking horns of ale and mead to their lords and masters seated on benches round the walls. This was the main feature of the feast, and lasted late into the afternoon or evening. Hard drinkers were our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and fastidious withal as to the quality of their drink. The brewers thereof were for the most part women, known as ale-wives, and punished for brewing bad ale.

While ale and mead were being consumed with

fun and laughter, the wandering gleeman sang his song of heroic deeds performed by noble ancestors, or the harp was taken from the wall and handed round from hand to hand, for it was an accomplishment in those days that none could afford to neglect.

From this period, too, dates the wassail or loving cup, which is passed round to-day at large City feasts. When Hengist, the Saxon, brought his beautiful daughter Rowena to these shores she was introduced to the British King Vortigern at a royal banquet. Modestly advancing towards the King, according to the custom in her own country, she held out a golden cup of ale. "Waes hael hlaford Conny" ("Health to my lord"), she said in her own tongue. The words were interpreted to the British King, and the memory of the event has been preserved in England by the wassail cup at banquets and festivals. The sequel of the story is well known to readers of English history, and their marriage is one of our earliest romances.

Marriage in these early days was a simple business. Each woman had her value, and the man who selected her to be his wife had not only to pay to her father a given sum of money.

but he must produce a guarantor for his subsequent behaviour. Here we have the origin of the "best man" of to-day. Clasping hands in the presence of the family, at the house of either bride or bridegroom, constituted the marriage service of these pagan days. Nevertheless, we get many of the words in our Prayer-book to-day, copied, for the most part, from an old Anglo-Saxon marriage contract, couched in the language of a legal transfer of land:—

"I take thee, John, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer and poorer, in sickness and health, to be bonny and buxom, in bed and at board, till death do us part, and thereto plight I my troth."

With the introduction of Christianity later the words "If Holy Church do so ordain" were added.

The consumption of the home-made loaf (ancestor to the wedding-cake), made by the bride to denote proficiency in housekeeping, as well as the satin slipper institution, date from this period. The origin was practical. Upon marriage the authority of the father over his daughter was transferred to the husband, a fact

which was notified by the bride's shoe being delivered to the bridegroom, who touched her on the head with it in token of his supremacy over her.

With regard to this supremacy, girls were required to wear their hair long and loose before marriage, flowing locks being typical of their youth and freedom. After marriage the hair was cut short, like that of a slave, to show that a position of servitude had been accepted. As the social position of women advanced they rebelled against this idea, and obtained leave to bind it in folds and plaits close to the head.

It is a well-known fact that our forefathers systematically beat their wives. "Three blows with a broomstick" were considered salutary at times to keep them in order!

Notwithstanding this apparent subordination women among the Angles and Saxons were greatly valued and respected, being encouraged to take their place in public affairs with even more freedom than is theirs to-day. While woman was still the "spinster," spinning the thread and weaving the wool of every garment worn by the men of the family, yet she was allowed to possess and inherit her own lands,

she might sue and be sued in her own name in the courts of justice, she shared in all the social functions, she was present at the open-air moot, or meeting, of freemen to settle the local affairs of the little family township; while in some cases she accompanied her husband to the larger Witenagemote, or Meeting of the Wise Men, to settle the more burning questions of the still embryonic nation.

With regard to children, the Angles and Saxons had somewhat Spartan ideas. No sooner was a child born than the momentous question arose, Was it to be allowed to live? It was deemed an act of parental love to put to death any child born to a life of misery or possible starvation, for famine stalked the land not infrequently in these days before the reign of Commerce. Or because to rear a sickly child might bring disgrace to a family of brave men. Children were rigidly brought up. Flogging was looked on not only as a punishment, but as a system of tuition. If a child would not learn, it was beaten; if it did learn, apparently it was beaten also, with a view to impressing the fact learnt on its memory. Thus a man referred to his childhood in the

words, "When I was under the rod." A boy came of age when he could brandish his father's sword and bend his bow, tasks requiring no small amount of skill. But this accomplished, the young warrior was presented with shield and spear, and became a full-fledged citizen. Then the real business of his life began, for England in those days was a world of strife. Every man was a warrior as well as a legislator; every man bore arms alike as a duty and as a privilege. What all had helped to acquire, all demanded equally to share—a point of view somewhat lost sight of in these latter days.

All learnt the use of arms, and attended the local moot with spear and shield, assenting to the suggestions of chief or Ealdorman by the noisy clash of the one upon the other. Thus, it will readily be seen, the moot was in fact composed of the local militia, or "fyrd," just as the Witenagemote was the gathering of those Ealdormen who had not only presided at the local meetings, but had led the men in attendance to battle.

And yet a further strength was added to this early military organisation, involving some of those sterling qualities which characterised our

Anglo-Saxon forefathers. Around each Ealdorman fought a group of warrior kinsmen, bound not only by ties of blood, but by personal devotion and that "mutual trust of men who had been lifelong comrades." To permit the death of their chief was the deepest shame of this bodyguard; to sacrifice their lives for him was the highest attainable glory. Such a death alone won for them the joy of eternal feasting in the halls of Walhalla off a boar's head that never grew less and from drinking cups of ale that never failed.

It was small wonder, then, that intellectual accomplishments should give way before the more practical training of wrestling, shooting, running, and other sports necessitating bodily exertion.

Hunting was a very favourite as well as a necessary pastime. The country was thick in forest land, abounding with animals of all sorts. There were bears, buffaloes, and wolves for the more daring spirits; harts, hinds, roebuck, foxes, and hares for the more timorous.

When darkness fell on the land they had their resources indoors. Games with dice—the ancestors of draughts, backgammon, and chess—were

freely played; played often far into the night, when the dim hall was lit only by rushes smeared in fat, for high stakes involving loss of land and even of personal liberty.

Our forefathers loved practical jokes, many of which savour of barbaric cruelty. To tie thorns or prickles under the tail of a horse and set thereon a timid rider afforded them untold mirth, as did also the discomforting process of binding a man and chopping off half his long hair and beard, the pride and joy of his position of a freeman as opposed to that of a slave. The life of a wayfarer must have assumed new terrors by the knowledge that at any moment a band of facetious merrymakers might pounce on him, strip him of his clothes, dip him in hot pitch, and roll him in feathers!

The clothes of these days were very simple. Long white linen tunics with loose sleeves, girdled in at the waist, were worn by all alike, from slave to chief. Over this men and women wore a short cloak, while, in addition to and below these garments, the women wore a long gown reaching to the feet. No one went barefoot in Anglo-Saxon days; all wore shoes and stockings, though the latter more resembled the

modern puttees than stockings. Indispensable to the woman of the period was the bright-coloured hood, *couvre-chef*, or kerchief, with which she invariably covered her neck and head. In bad weather the hood was likewise adopted by men, who ordinarily went bare-headed, taking great pride in their long hair and beards, which they divided in the middle and combed with care.

For ornaments of the living at this early period of civilisation we have ever to go to the dead. They were buried in graves arranged in rows, over which low mounds were raised, as is the custom to-day. Here they have been found—these tall, big-boned ancestors of ours—lying on their backs, sometimes in wooden coffins, more often in the bare earth, all in full dress: the men with sword and spear, women with ornaments and jewels. Still we find the idea that material possessions will be available in a future life: that warriors would need their carving knives and drinking-horns in Walhalla, while those who were doomed to the cold shades of Hel might find compensation in past earthly splendour. It is unnecessary to add that the advent of Christianity ended this custom.

Such then, very briefly, were the manners and customs of our forefathers who made their homes in England during the fifth and sixth centuries. They were blue-eyed, fair-haired giants, sturdy pagans, fierce warriors, fearless lovers of sea and storm, reckless of life for life's sake, ever ready to suffer and if need be to die for one of the Blood. Brave, valorous, energetic, cheerful, if devoid of mercy and pity, they have bequeathed that force of character and "grit" to their successors—qualities which have carried England's sons successfully through unequal contest and inconceivable hardship, enabling them to ride fearlessly through surf and storm, and with dogged perseverance to build up new homes in distant lands, carving out the destiny of the British Empire, even as their forefathers carved out the destiny of England.

From the shores of the North Sea came our ideas of freedom, our right of free meeting, of free speech, free thought, free work. It is with respect akin to reverence that we look back across the stretch of over a thousand years to see in the Meeting of the Wise Men the germ of our Parliament to-day. On the other hand, it is not without anguish that we realise how completely

to-day we have lost sight of that principle grasped so firmly by the Angles and Saxons in their military organisation, a principle which made home defence not only the duty, but the privilege of every free-born man.

They have given us our language, they have given us our literature, they have bequeathed to us that invaluable legacy, not only of family life but of colonial instinct, in which lies the germ of that larger Imperialism which Englishmen of to-day are called to share with their kindred beyond the seas.

"Truly ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to ban;
Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man.
Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare;
Stark as your sons shall be—stern as your fathers were."

CHAPTER IV

Circa 597—1066

OUR GREAT INHERITANCE

"Post Tenebras Lux."

MIGHTY and momentous were the changes that now swept over the lives of our forefathers, still torn with those tribal controversies which are inevitable in any great settlement of people in a new-found land. But great as was the revolution which changed the tribal chief into the national king and developed the germ of feudalism by turning the freeman into a serf, yet still greater and more far-reaching was that moral revolution which was effected by the triumph of Christianity over the fierce worshippers of Woden. This is no place to retell the charming story of the little band of Benedictine monks who so successfully organised that Christianity in England which had already taken root among

the Celts. The strenuous opposition with which the Saxons greeted the new faith is comprehensible, when we consider their point of view. Not only was it the religion of their foes, the Celts, but it taught men to forgive injuries, which seemed to the stout pagan warriors a religion only fit for cowards, while a faith that held the highest life to be that of the cloistered monk was impossible to one whose only hope of eternity lay in a glorious death by battle.

But the time was ripening for a fuller conception of the responsibilities of life, when the mere gratification of passion and greed as well as the very material future offered by the Northern mythology was becoming totally inadequate.

The dawning change is so beautifully illustrated by the world-worn parable uttered by an old pagan chieftain in the North of England that we venture to repeat it, for the speaker voiced the feelings of his brethren when he exclaimed: "O King, often in winter when men are sitting at meat in your hall and the warm fire is lighted on your hearth, while the rain storm beats without, a sparrow flieth in at the door, tarries for a moment in the light and heat of the fire, and then goeth out by another door into the wintry darkness

whence it came. So tarries for a moment the life of man in this world; what has gone before and what will come after, none can say. If this new teaching can tell us aught of this, let us follow it."

The answer of Paulinus, the Roman teacher, must have been reassuring, for the pagan chieftain sprang on his horse, rode straight to the temple of his gods, and hurled a spear through the idols worshipped by his ancestors.

Slowly and painfully, through toil and tribulation, the persistent teachers made their way through the length and breadth of the land, followed closely in thought and prayer by Pope Gregory in distant Rome, till Christianity finally triumphed over heathendom. The liberal way in which the changes were effected is evident to-day. Thus, the heathen festival hitherto dedicated to Eostra, the goddess of the spring, became the Christian festival of the Resurrection, while the great Yuletide feast held in the winter solstice became our Christmas Day.

Little thick-walled churches, touching in their extreme simplicity, arose from out the townships scattered through the land. For the first time Pater Noster and Creed, Te Deum and Magnificat

were sung by English lips from English hearts, while the now familiar church bell called all alike to prayer across marshy meadow and lonely moor.

Accustomed to music and singing, our ancestors seem to have joined somewhat too eagerly in the solemn Latin chanting of the priests, for we find a law ordering those who sang out of time or tune to be turned out of church. Possibly the uniformity secured in Church music by the introduction of Gregorian chants in the eighth century affected the Anglo-Saxon enthusiast. A difference of opinion also took place between priest and people owing to the determination of the latter to bring dogs, hawks, and pigs to church with them.

Not only in church, but by moor and river, on the hillside and in the valley, the new faith was diligently preached to the men of England. While the new Walhalla was depicted in glowing terms as a place where there would be "peace without sorrow, light without darkness and joys without end," the alternative was relentlessly painted for those who fell short in obeying the Divine call. "Gold and silver cannot save us from those grim and cruel

torments," cried the preacher of a thousand years ago to a congregation of Englishmen, "from those flames that will never be extinguished, from those serpents that never die. There they are whetting their bloody teeth to wound and tear our bodies without mercy; there, beaten and bound, the afflicted soul will hang over hot flames, till thrown into the blackest place below."

Ecclesiastical organisation immediately followed the establishment of the Church in England, and a new social order arose. Bishops, priests, clergy, monks, forming a distinct class, required new legislation. By various stages the old township passed into the parish, with the church as the centre of village life, as it practically is in country districts to-day.

But the change that came over the individual was yet more startling. The new faith demanded a radical change of life. It forced on the Englishman not only new laws, new manners, new customs, but an altogether new conception of life and duty. There was no respite. The change must begin with babyhood and last to the grave. No infanticide was permitted, but the rites of baptism were ordained to be accom-

plished within thirty days of birth. Godparents appear for the first time in England, with more elaborate duties than they are called on to perform to-day. A more systematic naming of children now came into existence, their names for the most part denoting some personal characteristic. Thus we have Arnold (eagle strength), Alfred (noble peace), Godwine (friend of God), while among girls there is Edith (happy gift), Ellen (the excellent), and so forth. Of surnames there were none as yet, though to avoid confusion we hear of Ethelred the Unready, Edmund Ironside, &c. But these, it would seem, ranked only as nicknames, which our ancestors loved. Thus we get a glimpse of Tata (the lively one), Enede (the duck), and Elfgifu (the gift of the fairies).

Marriage now became a religious ceremony, performed at the church door and sanctioned by the blessing of the priest, while cremation in any form was forbidden, and burial took place in consecrated ground. Men's eyes were opened for the first time to the evils of slavery. Though there were different degrees at this time, yet all slaves alike were the property of a master, against whose cruelty there was no redress, neither had they any kinsmen to avenge their wrongs. They

were bought and sold with the land as if they had been sheep or cattle. Now it was ordained that they, with the rest of humanity, should rest on Sundays and feast days, and further, that their lives should be protected, in so much as a man who slew his slave was to do penance for two years, and the woman who, in a rage, beat her slave to death should do penance for seven years.

These penances, or fasts, played a very large part in the social life of this period. They must have been a very real trial to the Anglo-Saxon community, whose old ideal of material enjoyment can hardly have passed entirely. Severe indeed sounds the penance ordered to such as these. Each clause seems intended to mortify to the full the peculiar vanities of these men of old. To expiate sin, they must lay aside all weapons and walk bare-foot, nor must they take shelter at nightfall. They must fast and watch and pray day and night, weary though they be. They must take no warm bath, cut no hair or nails, touch no flesh, drink no ale or mead, enter no church, but just grieve continually for sin.

The possibility of redeeming these penances

was one of the first abuses that shadowed the purity of the movement. By building a church or bridging a river, by helping the widow or fatherless or freeing a slave, wealthy men could redeem their punishments.

It is illuminating to look at the capital sins that demanded these fasts in greater or less degree. They were pride, vainglory, envy, anger, despondency, avarice, greediness and luxury. Perhaps the quaintest is the fifth on the list, by which a man who permitted his want of liveliness to damp the cheerfulness of another was ordered to fast for a day on bread and water, though, be it noted, even this small penance was redeemable by the payment of a silver penny or the hurried repetition of many psalms!

But perhaps one of the strangest phases that passed over the social life of the English people at this time was the renunciation of the world for monastic life as an expression of the highest Christian obedience, a phase so important in its results that it requires some attention. Long ago the Celtic population had realised the value of the monastery. On storm-beaten shores and wind-swept islands little settlements had arisen,

in which many a devoted monk had spent his self-denying life of prayer and meditation. But it was not till the Benedictine monks had won over the main body of English by their example of high living, as much as by their teaching, that monastic life became at all universal in England.

To the monks of early England we owe all our most precious treasures in literature as well as in art. Can our country ever forget the old monk of Jarrow, the father of English learning, and the ideal of the divinity of work which he put before his people? Who but the monks translated the Latin prayers into Saxon and illuminated the Saxon Gospels, adorning the margins with virgins and apostles in Anglo-Saxon dress playing on Anglo-Saxon instruments? They were our keenest agriculturists, our most skilful fishermen, our best informed gardeners, our earliest doctors. They reclaimed the waste land, they cut the virgin forests: no labour was too hard, no toil too rough for these servants of God. The monastery was not only a school of learning: it was at once a shelter for the destitute and a refuge for the sick, from whose hospitable doors no stranger was ever

turned away. The monks were the only doctors in the land, but unhappily their knowledge was not equal to their enthusiasm. Hitherto the people had trusted to charms and incantations, magic and witchcraft, to cure them of their ills. A strange mingling of monkish knowledge and superstition now took place. Here is an early prescription for the cure of consumption :—"Take thrift-grass, betony, penny-grass, fane, fennel, Christmas wort and borage, and make them into a potion with clear ale. Sing seven Masses over the plants daily, add holy water, and drink the draught out of the church bell, while the priest sings: 'Domini sancti Pater omnipotens.'"

Bleeding was the favourite remedy for most disorders, but generally so clumsily performed as to be more dangerous than the disease itself. Its efficacy was supposed to depend on the day of the month on which it was performed, and was prohibited "when the light of the moon and the tide of the ocean were increasing."

Such very briefly was the state of things in England, when once again—so strangely does history repeat itself—a pagan population of sea-loving men poured themselves over our islands from beyond the wild North Sea. From Scandi-

navia and Iceland and the Baltic shores they came, and, emerging from a background of wild legend and grim saga, we recognise their kinship with the Angles and Saxons. Call them Vikings or Northmen, Norsemen or Danes, they have practically the same manners and customs, the same language and social order, the same gods, the same Walhalla and Hel, as those tribes which had peopled the island some three hundred years before them. Perhaps their strenuous struggle for bare existence and the uncompromising climate of their northern homes made them appear even more fierce, more sturdy, and more relentless than their predecessors in the land. Through the long dim ages of a thousand years we see again the famous black raven ensigns flying from their long narrow galleys, their weather-beaten faces of stern determination as they catch sight of the shores of England; again we hear snatches of their native sagas and their shouts of victory as they return successful from their wild plunder parties, leaving devastated lands and blackened ruins behind them.

"Let all folk do general penance," cried the distracted priests, "for three days on bread and water; let every man come barefoot to church

without ornament, and at eventide let all the assembly on bended knees before God's altar sing the third Psalm, till the Almighty pity us and grant us to overcome our enemy. God help us." But in their enthusiasm the Christian teachers had implored the English to abstain from that ceaseless warfare that had characterised them of old, till they had lost much of their skill. In addition to this, though alarm-fires blazed from every hill to summon the village fyrd to war, yet the freemen of England were now agriculturists and not warriors, and they regretfully passed from their newly turned furrows to grasp the unfamiliar spear and shield as they hastened—an undisciplined force—to meet the foe.

Armed from head to foot were the Danes, every man of them a well-drilled soldier, a fierce fighter, and thirsting for the blood of his enemy. Merciless but well ordered were their attacks, aimed more especially against the wealthy monasteries of the land. Priests were slain as they knelt at prayer, monks and nuns were pitilessly slaughtered, children were torn from their mothers to be tortured and killed. Never were the Danes more elated than when they were sacking a rich religious house or burning a little

church. At last England lay disheartened, dreary, devastated, and the Danes triumphantly possessed themselves of their new homes. Then, as the clash of battle died away, once more a new country arose on the blackened ruins of the past. Though the outer semblances of Christianity had been swept away, the new faith was strong enough to produce martyrs, such as St. Edmund, as well as to hold the new-comers within its almighty grip. When the storm clouds had been dispelled, behold "England was England still; the conquerors sank quietly into the mass of those around them, and Woden yielded without a struggle to Christ."

New churches arose, important monasteries were founded, a reconstruction of the army took place, a new impulse was given to learning; but what transcends all else in the material importance of the moment was the inauguration of the British navy. Whether that love of the sea has come to Englishmen through Saxon or Dane is ever a matter of mild dispute. Most of the effects of the Danish settlement in England have been merely the accentuation of those already existing characteristics bequeathed by their predecessors. If family life had been cherished by

the Anglo-Saxon people, it was yet more closely united by bonds of blood among the Danes; if freedom had been the watchword of the first comers, intensely free was the existence of the liberty loving Scandinavian; if devotion to Woden insisted on human sacrifice under the old *régime*, yet more persistently bloodthirsty were the pagan hordes of the ninth century.

But the inhuman and pitiless brutality of the age was now illumined for ever by the radiance of that light shed over England by her newly found Christianity, under whose startling *régime* Vengeance gave way to Forgiveness, Cruelty to Mercy, Pride to Humility, and the love of Family life to the larger Brotherhood which the dust of ages has proved powerless to dim, and the centuries, as they roll onward, have strengthened with indestructible unity.

CHAPTER V

Circa 1066—1204

"SAXON AND NORMAN AND DANE ARE WE"

"I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled,
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined Old
I saw the New."

WHITTIER.

WHILE the Danes were settling themselves into their new English homes, plundering parties of Viking pirates were wresting from France her sea-coast territory in the north-east, known to history as the Northman's Land or Normandy.

The same power of assimilation that had enabled the Danes to merge themselves in the English now characterised the Northmen in France. Like their brethren across the English Channel, they became Christian, they learnt to speak in the language of their adopted country,

they wore French dress, they absorbed French manners. From sea-faring men they became famous equestrians, and grew to be some of the foremost fighters in Europe.

Years passed by, accentuating on either side the sea this process of absorption, until in 1066 the Northmen of France stood face to face with the Northmen of England on English soil.

Every detail of the Battle of Hastings is known to lovers of history. Shoulder to shoulder, shield to shield, on the heights above Senlac in the grey October dawn stood the English, battle-axes in hand, under their leader Harold, the fair-haired Saxon. Arrayed against them was the Norman force, fully armed, and magnificently disciplined. There were archers and lancers backed by horsemen, and all under the Duke William, a very Viking chieftain himself, with his gigantic height, his fierce brows, his reckless bearing—Norman in his daring, Norman in his very pitilessness.

The conquest practically complete, the newly won land was distributed among the conquerors. Scattered over the country of the vanquished, the Normans kept the same order that had characterised them on the transports at sea as in the battle

itself, an order which united all in a great chain of duty. As the simple man-at-arms owed faith and service to his captain, so the knight owed his service to his military superior the baron, while in his turn the baron served his King. Thus, then, the Norman feudal army settled on the land amidst a people already acquainted with the feudal system. But the chances of war had carried men rapidly from the lowest to the highest grade of society. The foot-soldier with black bow and arrow appeared after the Conquest as a fully armed knight mounted on horseback, while many a poor Norman knight now commanded a company, whose rallying cry was his own name. Herdsmen and weavers, butchers and cooks, with obscure names in France, became illustrious barons on this side the water!

The possession of wealth and land now became the basis of society. The Anglo-Saxon freeman vanished under a system by which every landholder was made to depend on another, whom he was bound to serve, not as his chosen patron, not, as of old, by reason of the love he bore him as kinsman or friend, but as owner of the lands he cultivated, the leader he was obliged to follow into battle. Homage to his landlord—the faithful

promise on bended knee to be "his man for ever," sealed by a warm grip of the hand—was the rent he paid for the ground.

In the great Domesday Book, compiled by the Conqueror, every field and farm in England are faithfully recorded, every mill and fish-pond, every wood and bit of forest land, every pig and cow are entered—and taxed.

And so the famous day was ushered in when, on the hot plains of Salisbury, William the Conqueror gathered together the whole body of English land-owners, 60,000 men in all—Saxon, Dane and Norman—great and small from every part of the island. There each man knelt and swore to be the King's man, faithful to him above all others. Men have seen in this great Assembly the foreshadowing of our Lords and Commons in the Parliament of to-day. Be this as it may, it was without doubt the foreshadowing of that great national unity after which England had so long struggled in vain. At this Council (1086), England became for ever a kingdom one and indivisible, "which since that day no man has dreamed of parting asunder"—

> "Strong with a strength that no fate might dissever,
> One with a oneness no force could divide."

To guard against any attempted rising on the part of the conquered, castles were built in every position of importance, and these were the homes of the Norman barons. Familiar enough are the remains of these old Norman keeps to-day—familiar the thick massive walls, standing four square on rising ground, surrounded by river or moat, and entered by the solid and inhospitable gateway. Familiar are the towers and battlements frowning defiance over the surrounding country, their narrow slits of windows suggestive of draughts and sunlessness within. Inside is the square courtyard, grass growing unheeded on the spot where once clanked hosts of armed men. We see again the long hall, or salle, as the newcomers renamed it, at once dining-room and justice hall, serving as of old for sleeping accommodation for retainers and dogs, when the long day was done and the baronial family had ascended the outside staircase which led to their comfortless bedroom. For one bedroom in those days did duty for the whole family. The lord and his lady had a roof and hangings to their bed, while the rest of the family occupied small beds ranged round the room.

Quilts, made of feathers, seem to have taken the

place of the modern mattress; then came linen sheets and cloth coverlets made of cat's hair, beaver, badger or martin. On one side of the bedroom stood a perch for the falcons, on the other a similar arrangement for hanging articles of dress. The whole scheme sounds somewhat insanitary to modern ideas.

Their day was divided as follows:

> "Lever à cinque, diner a neuf,
> Souper à cinque, coucher à neuf,
> Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf."

The meals themselves differed little from those under the old *régime*. Close attention was paid to cooking, and we are told that William the Conqueror brought over his whole kitchen establishment to ensure good dinners on the English shores. As of old, a boar's head was considered among the best of dishes, and it was borne into the hall preceded by musicians sounding trumpets.

Here is one of the new King's menus:—

1. Boar's head with its tusks in its snout, garnished with flowers.
2. Venison, cranes, peacocks, swans, wild geese, kids, pigs and hens.
3. Spiced and seasoned meats, with wine, red and white.
4. Pheasants, woodcock, partridge, larks, plovers, brawn.
5. White powder and large sweetmeats.

The peacock was a favourite dish; so were crane and porpoise. Spiced wines and cordials were drunk freely by the Normans, who were naturally a more temperate people than the Saxons, but with the rapid assimilation of the two races this restraint soon disappeared. So fast indeed did Norman and Saxon blend, that in dress and language they soon became identical. The tunic, cloak and leg bandages were still worn; the women's gown became the "robe," her headgear the *couvre-chef* or kerchief. The women of the period wore their hair in long plaits, sometimes reaching to the feet, one on either side. So much indeed did the Normans admire the long flowing hair of the Saxons, that they imitated them by allowing their closely cropped hair to grow immoderately long. This fashion was denounced strongly by the clergy as effeminate, and it is recorded that on Easter Day, 1105, the priest, after inveighing against it, coolly drew a huge pair of scissors from his pocket and went from seat to seat mercilessly cropping the whole congregation, from the King downwards!

The clergy, after the Conquest, had much to contend with. The Church was in a deplorable condition. The Saxon clergy had grown illiterate

and ignorant; the discipline of the monastic houses was lax; monks had cast aside their habit to enter into the sports and secular life of the people. Inasmuch as the Norman Conquest bore the character of a religious mission, and a banner blessed by the Pope had waved over the victorious Normans at Senlac, it is natural to find great changes taking place in the Church. An age of vigorous growth was now ushered in, an age of "great men, of grand ideals and noble ventures." The substitution of Norman ecclesiastics for Saxon was at once begun, and such names as those of Lanfranc, Anselm, and Becket speak to us of reform within and without. Scholars, statesmen, enthusiasts—each had his message to an age of violence and turbulence. Separate legislation for matters spiritual and temporal, the revival of learning among the clergy, together with a stricter celibacy and the closer connection of the Norman Church in England with the great centre of civilisation in Rome—these were among the important reforms of the thirteenth century.

The Norman prelates brought into England a passion for building. Abbey churches, minsters, and cathedrals began to arise in every diocese. The sees of bishops were transferred from villages

to popular towns; thus the Bishop of Thetford migrated to Norwich, and Dorchester to Lincoln. To-day we love and reverence the simplicity and strength of all that remains to us of early Norman architecture. Its chief characteristics are well-known—the low round arch, the stupendous columns, and the stern style of decoration, good examples of which may be seen still at Durham, Canterbury, and Peterborough. Though the secret of mortar-making had not gone with the Romans, yet much early Norman work has perished. The tower of Winchester Cathedral, built in 1093, fell fourteen years later, and though at the time the catastrophe was attributed to Divine displeasure, it was undoubtedly due to bad mortar! Within the great minsters some few organs were now built for Church music. There was a famous one at Winchester with 400 pipes and twenty-six bellows, worked by seventy strong men, "covered with perspiration." Two monks played on two sets of keys simultaneously, with the somewhat natural result that an overwhelming roar was heard all over the city.

In connection with the cathedral was the monastery. As in the old days, those who wished to live the highest Christian life took refuge in

monastic discipline and rule. The paths of life were few and sharply defined. All men were warriors ; the warriors of God must be monks. As heretofore, monasteries were the centres of learning : here Norman and Saxon children alike learnt to read and to write and to sing ; here books were copied and illuminated and chronicles kept—imperfect and untrustworthy, but beyond all words precious. Here, too, were the hospitals, where the sick poor were provided with food and clothing ; here were the wooden houses for those stricken with that scourge of the Middle Ages, leprosy.

It is this spirit or consciousness of sacrifice made ungrudgingly for the sick and suffering that gave rise to the spirit of Chivalry, which was such a characteristic of this age. For it is to the new life breathed into Christianity by direct contact with Europe after the Conquest that we owe the spirit of knighthood, suggestive of a new ideal and more generous impulses than any hitherto known in this country. Knighthood in the Middle Ages was no lightly earned title, as it is to-day. The ceremonies then were entirely of a religious character. After bathing, typical of baptism, the candidate for knighthood was clothed in a

white tunic, symbol of purity; then a red robe, symbolical of the blood he might be called upon to shed in the defence of the oppressed; over which garments was placed a black tight gown, representing the mystery of death to be solved hereafter. Left alone for twenty-four hours to fast and pray, the young man then made his confession, received the sacrament, attended Mass, and listened to an address on his new life and duties. This over, a sword was hung round his neck; he was dressed in new garments, spurs, armour, a coat of mail, cuirass, gauntlets were presented, and he kneeled before his lord, who pronounced over him: "In the name of God, of St. Michael and St. George, I make thee knight. Be valiant, fearless, and loyal."

These words were accompanied by three taps on the shoulder with a sword, and the young man rose a knight, member of the great Christian brotherhood of chivalry, one of

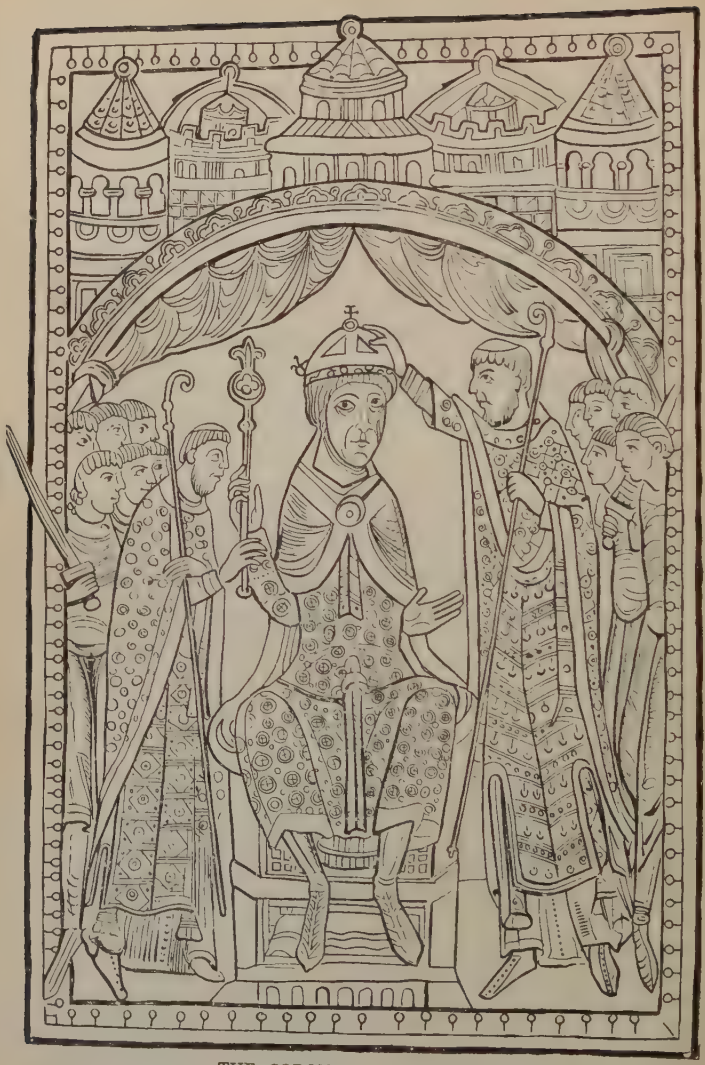
> "A glorious company, the flower of men,
> To serve as model for the mighty world."

The whole spirit of knighthood lifts us into another atmosphere, and it seems strange to mark the co-existing condition of brutality, murder, highway

robbery and cruelty that characterises the same age. The Crusading fever is but the result of the new-born desire to minister to those in need and to relieve the oppressed.

By the year 1204, Saxon, Dane, and Norman were practically one people. "Sons of one mother," they soon learnt to speak the same language, to obey the same King, and to worship the same God. The Norman Conquerors were gradually lost in the great mass of the English people, but in the process they left their indelible mark, and England is the richer for their coming. The brighter, loftier, and more enthusiastic Norman temper mingled happily with the stolid, resolute nature of the Anglo-Saxon. Norman severity was necessary to strengthen Anglo-Saxon patriotism; the Norman genius for order and organisation was able to define and concentrate existing Anglo-Saxon institutions. The Normans did not sweep and destroy, they strengthened and added. Perhaps our language illustrates this rich addition best. Such words as sceptre, royalty, homage, duke, palace, castle, were used for the first time. Synonyms exist, the one homely Anglo-Saxon, the other ornate Norman, as "heavy" and "ponderous," "earthly" and "terrestial," "shin-

ing" and "radiant," while even to-day our language bears traces of the Conquest, and the very words separate master from servant. Thus, in the fields animals were called sheep, oxen, and calves, fed by poor Englishmen; at table they became mutton, beef, and veal, eaten by the Normans. Both peoples had to pass through a fiery ordeal, but there rose as from a furnace a new product—the English national character; and to its fusion of Norman fire with Saxon earnestness we owe the noblest scenes in our "rough island story." It is the "Norman graft upon the sturdy Saxon tree" that has made the English people great, and produced the scholars, soldiers and sailors that are the pride of her history. It is likewise this blend of Norman, Saxon, and Dane, this single race of Englishmen, that has built up the young nation across the restless Atlantic. Our kin are their kin, our forefathers are their forefathers, while we are bound together not only in blood and in speech, but by a rich inheritance of noble achievement and glorious association.



THE CORONATION OF A KING.

(From Gardiner's "England," by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)

CHAPTER VI

Circa 1204—1250

AN AGE OF PROMISE

"To none will we sell or deny or delay right or justice."
MAGNA CHARTA.

EMERGING from the dark days of turbulence after the Norman Conquest, when the Englishman's castle was in very deed and truth his home, we turn to the thirteenth century to find considerable development in the social life of our forefathers. The days of warfare past, the English home no longer required the strong defensive construction of the castle, with its frowning battlements and towers. Smaller dwellings with less gloomy surroundings now succeeded the fortress home, and the English manor-house sprang into existence. The Norman hall still played a large part in its construction. Though no longer built over dark dungeons for

the imprisonment of human foes, it was, nevertheless, built over strongly vaulted cellars. It was dark and it was draughty. True, the long narrow windows of the castle had been enlarged, and wooden shutters constructed to cover them, but glass was still too dear for anything but Royal palaces. It cost six shillings a foot, and it was risky work carting it over the rough roads of this period. Hence we get a Royal command in 1238 to place a window of white glass in the Queen's bedroom at Winchester, "so that the chamber be not so windy as it used to be," but the houses even of the rich barons were exposed to all the winds of heaven.

Tapestry covered the walls as of old, worked with patience and ability by the English ladies, who had plenty of time on their hands—plenty of imagination and sentiment too, to cover their walls with inspiring representations of noble deeds and knightly heroism. There were few carpets as yet, and the floors were strewn with rushes, which were not changed so often as might have been wished. One vast improvement took place. The piled up fire in the middle of the hall gave way to a regular fire-place built against the side of the room, with a canopy constructed

over it to draw away the smoke, which was led to escape through a hole in the wall. Chimneys were rare in the halls of the Middle Ages, which makes the law prohibiting the use of coal quite intelligible. Next to the hall, and hardly second in importance, was the kitchen, for these were days of immoderate use of food and drink. Indeed, the splendour of the baronial dinners is a matter of history. Minstrels and troubadours loved to dwell on the magnificence of these "domestic pageants," where the gross display of food impressed the guests with the wealth of their host.

Ten a.m. was the dinner hour, somewhat akin to the modern breakfast hour in the houses of those who have no need to work. The tables literally glittered with gold and silver, for the accumulation of household plate at this time was equivalent to the modern practice of banking, as it could take the place of money in times of necessity. The most important feature of the table was the salt-cellar, which was sometimes of gold and fashioned in strange devices. It was treated with exceeding reverence and placed midway on the table as a boundary of distinction; all seated between it and the head of the table

being guests, while those of inferior rank sat below. Our modern superstitions about salt date from early days; many of our forefathers threw a pinch over their left shoulder as they helped themselves, while others muttered a blessing, for it augured ill to spill it or to help another to it. The company, having washed their hands in bowls of water perfumed with sweet extract of herbs and flowers, seated themselves at table, and the tablecloth was laid with great ceremony. The chaplain then asked a blessing and placed the alms-dish on the table. "To serve God first," no food was touched until a loaf had been placed in the alms-dish, to which contributions were constantly added, to be distributed to the poor who assembled daily at the gate.

Then to the joyous strain of clarion and trumpet the procession entered from the kitchen, headed by the marshal of the ceremonies bearing the cup and spice plate belonging to the head of the house. He was closely followed by cooks and yeomen bearing their savoury burdens. Huge pieces of meat were served on slices of bread, which slices, sodden with gravy, were placed in the alms-dish for the poor. Roasts

and birds were carried to table on their spits, and each guest tore off as much as he wished. Fearsomely greedy were the men and women of the thirteenth century. There is a story which tells of a man and wife who sat down to a roast fowl. Tearing from the spit joint after joint, the woman greedily devoured the whole bird. "Lo," cried her wrathful husband, "you have eaten the whole bird yourself, and nothing remains but the spit; it is but right you should taste that also."

Thereupon he took the spit and beat her severely with it.

Forks had not yet arrived in England from Venice, and our ancestors ate, as their fathers had eaten, with their fingers.

"Your meat genteelly with your fingers raise,
And as in eating there's a certain grace,
Beware with greasy hands lest you besmear your face."

It was the custom of the Middle Ages for a man to bring his own knife to table, and a whetstone hung near for him to sharpen it from time to time. Ladies and gentlemen sat side by side, so that they might share the same plate.

"If you eat with another," runs an old book on etiquette, "turn the nicest pieces to him, and do not go picking out the finest and largest for yourself"—words that would be applied to children to-day rather than to grown-up folk.

It is amusing to note, in passing, the evolution of the modern pie. The medieval cook was fond of serving up birds in their coffins. Thus a peacock, still retaining the glory of its plumage, was brought to table in a coffin of paste with neck erect, tail expanded above the crust, and comb richly gilded. Brought into the hall on a silver dish, heralded by the blast of many trumpets, it was placed before some knight whose prowess had won the laurels of the day. Rising, he broke the crust, vowing the while that he would rescue some captive lady from some mythical monster or die, though his vows, like the pie-crust before him, were made to be broken.

Our ancestors loved strong flavours. Porpoise or sea swine, whale, and sea wolf were favourite dishes at this time; but, while the tables of the thirteenth century were literally loaded with flesh, fish, and fowl, vegetables were so scarce that it was customary to salt them for keeping. Potatoes were of course unheard of, and cabbages were

imported for the next 300 years, as much as 20s. being paid for six cabbages or a few carrots. The consumption of spice was enormous—every dish was flavoured with it; cinnamon was handed on a golden salver, and sugar was originally treated among the spices, till about this time it began to be used more liberally in the houses of the wealthy, taking the place of honey.

There was little refinement in these rough days. Books of etiquette throw light on the coarseness of table manners. "Set never on fish, flesh, or fowl more than two fingers and a thumb." "Look thy nails be clean, lest thy fellows loathe thee." "If thou spit over the table thou shalt be considered discourteous." There are requests not to use the tablecloth as a handkerchief—handkerchiefs not being in use—nor for cleaning the teeth; suggestions that the mouth should be wiped before drinking, lest grease go into the wine, which is very unpleasing for the person who drinks from the same cup.

If such suggestions were necessary in high life, what of the labouring classes? Their condition was pitiable indeed. Their primitive hovels were as squalid as an Irish cabin of to-day Covered in with turf and thatch, they had no

windows and no chimneys, neither were there any tapestry or hangings to keep out the bitter cold. The labourer could not read or write; his bread was black, and tough as his shoe leather. He had no pipe to smoke, nor had he any gin, rum, or whisky—for those spirits which have become the curse of modern England were as yet undiscovered. Only little "ardent spirits" known as cordials, were made in well-appointed houses and dealt out by the lady of the house in thimblefuls. Money was scarce; the silver penny was the chief coin of the realm till halfpennies and farthings were first coined in 1276. But what did the agricultural labourer want with money? He paid his "rent" in hens and eggs and forced labour. For it will be remembered that England was as yet entirely an agricultural country, and the holder of much rich land was the man of wealth. At the same time we must note the industrial progress of the period, with its germs of that great mercantile development, which has played such an immense part in the history of social life in England. Each village practically supplied its own wants in these days, and what could not be made was done without. There was no dumping down of foreign goods—the Englishman valued his own

too highly for that. Local wool and hemp supplied the coarse material to be woven into the loose tunics worn by all alike in varying degrees of quality; the village tanner supplied the skins of leather for boots and sandals; the hunter procured wolves and cats for fur caps and other garments. There were no factories. The medieval shop and factory were in one. Goods were made within and displayed in the porch without, while the family slept in the upper part, when there was one—truly a much more snug arrangement than the vast factories of to-day, with the specialising of work, whereby a man may make screws year in, year out, ignorant of the part they are to play in the whole.

The industrial life of the towns was controlled by "gilds"—unions of traders to regulate trade and exclude foreign rivals. It was the business of these gilds to punish short weights and measures, to censure "shoddy" material, to reprove unskilled workmanship—in short, to insure commercial morality, a subject under close discussion to-day. It was this early insistence on honest dealing which made the English merchant respected throughout the commercial world, and finally helped to raise him to a position un-

equalled by European traders. The head of the gild was a very important person, who was practically the head of the town, presiding over the gild-hall or centre of commercial administration. He, too, had the organisation of the great markets and fairs which were such a feature of the thirteenth century. The fairs depended for their success on the local trade of each centre. Here, in wooden booths arranged on either side the narrow streets, the men from the neighbouring villages displayed their wares. All shops were closed for the two or three weeks of the fair, and merchants from all parts of England and Europe exchanged their goods. It was dangerous work getting to and from these fairs, for the merchant class were unpopular, and heartily despised by barons and nobles.

"Nobles and gentlemen," they were wont to say, "do not carry packs, nor go about trussed with bundles. It belongs to beggars to bear bag on back, and to burghers to bear purses." Indeed, the young nobles were not above plundering markets and fairs, or waylaying the heavily burdened merchant to deprive him of his goods.

Nevertheless, it is to the merchant class of

England that we owe the "full tradition of Teutonic liberty." The right of self-government, the right of free speech in free meeting, the right to equal justice at the hands of equals, were brought safely across the ages of tyranny by the burghers and shopkeepers of our towns. "They have done more than knight and baron to make England what she is to-day," by their sturdy battle with oppression, their steady, ceaseless struggle for right and freedom.

Their influence can be traced in the Great Charter signed by King and barons in 1215, this "earliest monument of English freedom . . . to which from age to age patriots have looked back as the basis of English liberty."

The same feeling for liberty made itself felt in other ways. A new impulse, gained from the Crusades, was spreading through the country; a spirit of restlessness and inquiry was abroad, of "impatience with the older traditions of mankind," rousing scholars to crowd to the few seats of learning, where teachers were gathered together. The rise of the Universities was a triumph over the rule of brute force of past ages, a movement which, unlike the feudal system, recognised no distinction between man and man. It formed a

new society, resting on a democratic basis, where knowledge alone gave superiority, and ancestry counted for nought. Masters and poor scholars began to discuss matters hitherto taken for granted, and the attitude of the Pope towards England was eagerly disputed. But, at the same time, a great religious "revival" was in process, instituted by the friars who now poured across the seas into England. The Dominican and Franciscan brothers played no small part in the social life of the people. They not only preached a higher life, but they taught sanitation and ventilation; they nursed the outcast leper and ministered to the sick and needy; they fought the hideous crime of the thirteenth century, and pierced the darkness that had gathered over the country.

CHAPTER VII

Circa 1250—1348

THE DAWN OF LUXURY

"For each age is a dream that is dying
Or one that is coming to birth."

O'SHAUGHNESSY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the barrenness and discomfort of the homes of the fourteenth century, a strange luxury marks the dress of the period. The journeys of the Crusaders to the East affected the social life of all Europe. Rich silks, costly embroideries, cloths of gold, silver girdles, and that mysterious material called samite, found their way into England and played a large part in the quaint garments of our ancestors of this period. Variety was the order of the day; brilliant colours and fantastic shapes characterised the dress of the motley crowds that sported in Medieval England. There were

no short cloth skirts and thick boots for the women of those days, though the conditions of life were such as to make such a fashion most desirable, for there were no carriages to drive in, and the mud and the ruts of the country roads must have been truly appalling. But the lady of those days bravely trailed her long skirts over the dirty rushes in the hall, and picked her way over the muddy roads and tracks in long pointed shoes of some bright coloured material, stretching some inches beyond her toes and with ridiculously high heels. They were both unlovely and unserviceable. So inconvenient, indeed, were they, that the knights, who also indulged in this fantastic shoe, found the long toes so sadly in the way that it was no uncommon sight to see the points fastened up to the knee by chains of gold or silver. These shoes were known as "Crackowes," after the Polish city where they originated. With them the men wore bright coloured stockings crossed up the legs with garters—not unlike the old Saxon leg-bandage—but with their love of colour and variety they often wore one stocking green and the other blue, which contrast must have looked curious enough below their short coloured tunics. Both men and

women seem to have been as much the slaves of fashion in those old days as we are to-day. In their long peaked shoes they went to church, but their devotions were seriously disturbed thereby :—

> "When other knelis
> Thei stonde on here helis
> For hurtying of here hose
> I trow, for her long toes."

The clergy were not above wearing these long peaked shoes themselves ; so the fashion passed unrebuked for a time. The gorgeous tunics worn by the nobles came from the East, with jewelled girdle and dagger, more for ornament than for use, and over this lavish costume hung a splendid mantle, literally shining with gold thread—a fine-weather garment, one would suppose, and wholly unsuited to our gloomy English skies and torrents of autumnal rain. They had no umbrellas or parasols, for which reason, perhaps, they wore somewhat elaborate headgear. While the men wore their hair long and carefully curled, the ladies mostly gathered theirs up into nets of gold thread, or plaited it with gold wire to make it stand out more stiffly under the bright kerchief

with jewelled pins or the odd frames which often enough encircled their heads. With this and the throttling wimple round their necks, they were amply protected. Hoods with long points were worn by the poorer classes, or flat caps made of fur. The dull uniformity and sombre hues of our modern dress were left for monk and merchant, for each profession had its distinctive costume, each social grade was distinguished by the cut and texture of its garments. To-day the workman can dress as the duke, the tradesman's wife as a Royal Princess, but in the fourteenth century this was utterly impossible. Thus, loitering about the streets of an old medieval city one might recognise the young noble with tippet and long jagged sleeves, short tunic, piebald legs and pointed shoes, followed perhaps by a servant carrying his mantle; the hooded merchant in his long gown of brown or grey, girded at the waist; the workman in his russet smock and flat cap; the monk in his sombre frock, and the pilgrim distinguishable by his long beard and staff in hand. Some of the most extravagant fashions were adopted by the clergy, whose vestments and robes were magnificently embroidered with flowers and figures and lined

with costly furs. Gloves were a great feature of ecclesiastical dress, and often bequeathed as valuable legacies. But for all their extravagances, the clergy were a great power in the land. Our ancestors attended church regularly and methodically on Sundays and holydays; they sat in pews according to their rank, which remains of feudalism have survived in country churches to this day, while the retainers and servants stood in the "alleys." The walls of the churches were bright with fresco, so that the most ignorant could glean lessons from the stories of the Saints. There were no pulpits yet, and sermons were rare, but the Sacraments of the Church were duly administered, and the faith of our medieval forefathers was touching in its extreme simplicity.

Simple indeed were their lives altogether. They still went early to bed—sleeping between the sheets with nothing on but a nightcap—and rose with the sun. They started off on their hunting and hawking expeditions when the labourers were starting for their work in the fields. Men and women went hawking together, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, but this sport was reserved for the King and nobles, and no poor man might even keep a

hawk. The birds were chosen, bred, and trained with the greatest care and skill; they had perches in the bedroom and hall of their owners, whom they accompanied everywhere—even to church. They were attached to the wrist by a leather or silk strap, called a jesse, which passed between the fingers of the owner's left hand.

Perhaps this account of an old Royal hawking expedition will serve to explain the sport: "The King rode in front, attended by his seneschal, marshal, constables, chamberlains, falconers and other household officers, to a neighbouring wood, where there was a noted eyrie of herons, and there in a marshy meadow by the woodside they could see in the distance several of the great birds of which they were in quest. The King was desirous of proving a magnificent Norway hawk of a snowy whiteness. As soon as the falconers with their dogs arrived, the noble falcon, already unhooded, was thrown off upon the track. Then, although the heron flew as stoutly as could have been wished, the falcon, cutting the air with her strong pinions, closed in upon him and overtopped him in ever narrowing circles, when, having gained her distance, she swooped upon him like a thunderbolt, and down

they fell together, through a cloud of feathers, into the tree tops on the edge of the wood, where the falcon was secured."

Sometimes a whole party of ladies would go hawking or hunting alone, so keen were they on sport in those days. Accompanied by greyhounds, they hunted stag and rabbit, shooting them with bows and long-headed arrows. Not infrequently they roused the game by means of beating on a tabor. Partridges, quails and woodcocks were usually hawked. One cannot help feeling that the women must have looked very unsportsmanlike with their long gowns trailing behind them and coloured kerchiefs on their heads; but they could ride astride their horses as well as on side-saddles,[1] they could wind a horn as well as any man, and use their spurs without compunction. They joined with men in all out-door sports, which were of a somewhat boisterous description, and lacking in that refinement and delicacy of which we think so much to-day. But those were days of light hearts and merry faces, when responsibility sat less heavy than it does in this twentieth century, and sorrow was faced with a firm, unwavering

[1] Introduced by Anne of Bohemia.

faith that neither doubted nor despaired. Like happy children—if uncouth and ill-mannered—they played their riotous games of Blind Man's Buff or Hoodman Blind, as they called it, Hot Cockles, Battledore and Shuttlecock, Prisoner's Base, and Frog in the Middle; they danced and they "tumbled"; they played with balls, with whipping-tops, with ninepins, with bowls; they revelled in cock-fighting and bull-baiting, and derived amusement from many another pastime.

Martial sports, too, were developing, and the knightly tournament played its part in the lives of the English nobility. Perhaps the spirit of knightly chivalry attained its highest development in the fourteenth century. Its effect on the minds of Englishmen was distinctly good: it "inspired a thousand generous thoughts and heroic actions, and laid the foundation of that most perfect character, the true English gentleman;" but too often the spectacle degenerated into odd extravagances and added fire to passions already fierce and uncontrolled, so that the splendid arena was defiled with brutal and regrettable incidents. Magnificent indeed was the armour of the knight as he tilted at the tournament, rich

with ornament and literally sparkling with jewels while the seats of the spectators were heavy with gold and silver embroidery, and the dresses of them that sat therein were extravagant in fantastic freak and reflected untold wealth. The presentation of rich prizes, distributed by the fairest in the land to the victorious competitors, completed the entertainment; and the night was spent in feast and dance.

Nevertheless, there must have been many long, dark evenings indoors between the months of November and February, when the dim lights in hall and bedroom made work impossible. Chess was still the favourite game with the upper classes, as it had been with their forefathers. The game was played for money, often for very high stakes, and it is no matter of surprise to learn that in those days of strong passions and lack of self-control feeling ran high, and the game gave rise to constant quarrels and hot disputings, ending not infrequently in bloodshed. The chessmen were elaborately carved and large enough to be formidable when hurled at an adversary in rage. Indeed, there is more than one instance in history of an opponent being brained with a chess-board, of knives being drawn

and men slain in the heat of the game! Backgammon, under the name of "Tables," was played with double boards and dice, even as it is to-day, as also was the game of draughts, which came over from France under the name of "Dames." There was no card playing as yet, for cards were not introduced into England till quite the end of the fourteenth century, and they did not become universally popular till later, when chess went out of fashion.

Even during the playing of chess and draughts it was no uncommon thing for the domestic jester to enliven the family circle and for troops of jugglers, tumblers, rope-dancers, buffoons, with attendant apes and dogs, to crowd the hall in gay confusion. There was no privacy in those days. In public they ate and drank and talked and played and slept, in public they were punished for their crimes, both great and small. Thus a man would sit on the village green with his feet in the stocks; a scold would sit in the village street on the cuck-stool, to be derided by all who passed; a fraudulent baker or butcher would stand with hands and neck in the pillory, with his name writ large above him, while the disputed goods were burnt under his nose or hung round his

neck. Every village had its whipping-post, every town had its gallows for hanging, and public disgrace played a prominent part in the punishments of medieval times. The derision and scorn of the populace must have been hard to bear, however well it may have been deserved. But, after all, it must be noted that the lighter punishments fitted the crimes of those days, and were in some cases more wholesome than the solitary confinement of the modern prison. The heavier crimes were over-severely punished. From the days of Edward I. theft was punished with death in some form or another, and treason by hanging, drawing, and quartering. The low value set on life in the fourteenth century marks a strange contrast to that of the twentieth century, and it is instructive to mark the want of concern at the public death of a medieval criminal as though it were an everyday occurrence. On the other hand, Englishmen were revolted by the idea of the Inquisition, with its attendant tortures, that was making its way over the Continent at this time, and, though torture was used later as a means of extorting confession from the criminal, yet it is ever to the credit of our forefathers, in a rough and barbarous age, that they had

the humanity and strength to stand out against the merciless and excruciating tortures which characterise the European punishments of these times.

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

(From Gardiner's "England," by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)

CHAPTER VIII

Circa 1348—1399

DEPOPULATION

"They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy crowds of long ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
That have been, and shall be no more."

LONGFELLOW.

THE sufferings inflicted by the punishments of the Middle Ages must have been slight compared to the miseries produced by the gross ignorance of the doctors and surgeons of these old times. It is impossible not to smile at their strenuous efforts to appear learned before their unhappy patients. Our forefathers suffered from much the same diseases as we do to-day: they had consumption and cancer, gout and rheumatism and measles, epilepsy and whooping-cough; they had wounds and sores to be treated with no antiseptic dressings, operations to be performed

by rough barbers with no anæsthetics. Faith healing still played a large part in the cure of Middle Age maladies, and so deeply-rooted was the idea that prayer and intercession, combined with a concoction of herbs from the monastery gardens, would heal the sick, that it was deemed a want of faith to employ other remedies. "It is better," they said, "to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of men," a beneficial reflection, when one considers for a moment what the "hands of men" meant. A strange mixture of magic and superstition, astrology and astronomy, logic and alchemy, seemed to be necessary for the medieval doctor. Men had a firm belief in the relation between the human body and planets, and medicine was administered according to planetary influence only. Chaucer's physician is well "groundit in astronomy":

> "He kept is pacient a ful gret del
> In hourys by his magyk naturel;
> Wel couth he fortunen the ascendent
> Of his ymags for his pacient."

The famous medical schools at Salerno "supplied the fires from which the other nations lit their torches" during the eleventh, twelfth, and

thirteenth centuries. Wounded Crusaders brought to England news of new methods and practice in the art of medicine and surgery; Franciscan and Dominican Friars had given a fresh impetus to medical learning in this country, but Roger Bacon, the most learned Englishman of his day, devoted too much of his time to the creation of tinctures and elixirs for the renewal of youth. Indeed, all the medieval doctors devoted much attention to this subject, which was of prior importance in these days. Here is one of their receipts:—

"To make the hair golden, take of elder bark, flowers of broom, yolk of egg, and saffron, equal parts; boil them in water; skim off what floats on the surface and use as pomade."

And here is another:—

"A Marvellous Balsam.—Take thrice distilled turpentine, lign-aloes, ambergris, and musk, equal parts, rub them up to a liquid ointment and distil nine times. Used on the face it will preserve youth, heal all wounds, marvellously clear the eyes, and preserve the body from all forms of putrefaction."

The following hints to medieval doctors show how little medical knowledge they really possessed:—

Central Library

"When called to a patient commend yourself to God and to the angel who guided Tobias. On the way learn as much as possible from the messenger, so that if you can discover nothing from the patient's pulse, you may still astonish him and gain his confidence by your knowledge of the case. On arrival, ask the friends whether the patient has confessed, for if you bid him do so after the examination it will frighten him. Then sit down, take a drink, and praise the beauty of the country or extol the liberality of the family. Next, proceed to feel his pulse. Do not be in a hurry to give an opinion, for his friends will be more grateful for your judgment if they have to wait for it. Tell the patient you will by God's help cure him, but inform his friends that the case is a serious one."

"Suppose you know nothing," suggests a writer of this period, "say there is an obstruction of the liver. Perhaps the patient will reply: 'Nay, Master, it is my head or my legs that trouble me.' Repeat that it comes from the liver and especially use the word 'obstruction,' for patients do not understand it, which is important."

"When you go to a patient, always try and do

something new every day, lest they say you are good at nothing but books."

"Work on your patients; secure their confidence, light up their imagination, and you are sure of success."

The doctor's fee was a much-considered item: "Never dine with a patient who has not paid you; it will be cheaper to get your dinner at an inn, for such feasts are usually deducted from the surgeon's fee."

Here is an ingenious device for securing the fee: "When you are treating a wound or accident, the friends of the patient should be excluded, for they may faint and cause a disturbance, but sometimes a higher fee may be got from persons present fainting and breaking their heads against wood and the like, than from the principal patient."

Some of their prescriptions are equally suggestive. Here is an ingenious cure for lethargy: "Shave the patient's head and anoint it with honey; the flies will so worry him that he will continually strike out at them, which will cure his lethargy."

Or here are instructions for the treatment of palpitations: "Let the patient avoid all coarse

meats, such as that of oxen, goats, horses, camels, and water-fowl, rich fish, pastry, new bread, and old or moist cheese. Let him take moderate exercise before eating and rest entirely after it, and then ride horses or gently-trotting mules, avoiding rapid ascents or descents. Frequent combing of the hair is a great help, especially after sleep, for it assists the evaporation of the humours which ascend to the head."

In the same book there is an elaborate receipt for driving away mice: "Take realgar, salt, pomegranite bark, hellebore root, sulphur, litharge, and shells of shrimps, equal parts, rub together, and sprinkle on hot coals through the house. All mice will flee and will never come back. But do you also avoid that fume, for it is horrible exceedingly!"

One paragraph is specially funny. "In this book," says the author, "I propose with God's help to consider diseases peculiar to women, and since women are, for the most part, poisonous creatures, I shall then proceed to treat of the bites of venomous beasts."

Such, briefly, were the crude ideas surrounding the art of medicine, while surgery was chiefly in the hands of the barbers, when the terrible Black

Death burst over England, defying all human skill to stay its deadly onslaught. It was a "calamity which was the most stupendous that ever befell this island." Having carried off some five million Chinese, it crept over Asia, Africa, and Europe, depopulating each city it attacked. It varied in form, but rarely in its fatal results. In England it was characterised by large boils and black spots, known as "God's tokens," from which it took its name, and ended with violent inflammation of the lungs and death. It might last three days; more often death ensued in a few hours. It attacked all classes: from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the poorest labourer, none was safe; it spread like wildfire through every village and town in England; it carried off mother and child alike. Homes were left childless, children fatherless; churches were left without pastors, monasteries without priors, convents without abbess or nuns.

"So they died! The dead were slaying the dying,
And a famine of strivers silenced strife:
There were none to love and none to wed,
And pity and joy and hope had fled,
And grief had spent her passion in sighing;
And where was the Spirit of Life?"

At last the plague was stayed, but not till half

the population of England lay dead. The whole organisation of the country was disturbed, cultivation was at a standstill. "Sheep and cattle strayed through the fields and corn, and there were none left who could drive them." Harvests lay rotting on the ground, fields were unploughed, crops ungathered, seeds unsown: the sound of the grinding was low, and mourners went about the streets.

It was this wholesale destruction of life that gave rise to a new social order of things in the land, creating for the first time that discord between the employer and employed which has been so marked a feature of economic England from the fourteenth century even to the present time. Already the system of cultivation by forced service had given way to payments in kind, which in the reign of Edward III. had become yet more general. But now half the labourers had disappeared from the face of the land, and those who remained alive demanded higher wages. They had suddenly become indispensable to the large landowners and were in a position for the first time to dictate their own terms. Women who had worked in the fields for a penny a day now demanded twopence. With

one accord the poor refused to live on "penny ale and bacon"; they demanded "fresh flesh or fish fried or baked." Measures were hastily taken against this insubordination on the part of the working classes. A Statute of Labourers recalled the survivors to a sense of their menial position, fixed a scale of wages at the same rates as they had been before the Black Death, and ordered punishment to be inflicted on those who demanded more. The result spelt friction between rich and poor, landowner and wage-earner. Up to this time the whole system of social inequality had passed "unquestioned as to the Divine order of the world." Now a smouldering discontent arose, which could not be smothered. John Ball voiced the general feeling. For the first time Englishmen listened to one who upheld natural equality and the rights of man—the words of the agitator sum up the social status of the people:—

"Things will never go well in England so long as goods be not in common and so long as there be villeins and gentlemen. By what right are they whom we call lords greater folk than we are? On what grounds have they deserved it? If we all come of the same father and mother, of Adam and Eve, how can they say or prove that they are

better than we, if it be not that they make us gain for them by our toil what they spend in their pride? They are clothed in velvet and warm in their furs and their ermines, while we are covered with rags. They have wine and spices and fair bread; we have oat cake and straw, and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses; we have pain and labour, the rain and the wind in the fields."

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

sang the English labourer, newly roused to a sense of his natural rights—rights which no legislation could crush and no tyranny deny. Through the intervening centuries the assertion of these rights has been more and more pronounced, until to-day the time has ripened for yet vaster natural developments, and the labourer has secured that representation in Parliament which is his right in a free country.

CHAPTER IX

Circa 1399—1485

RISE OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

"Das Alte sturzt, es andert sich die Zeit
Und neues Leben bluht aus den Ruinen."

SCHILLER.

THE fifteenth century ushered in yet more far-reaching changes in the social condition of the people than any that had gone before. The ideas of dawning change have already been suggested, for the great fabric of the feudal system, which for over four centuries had resisted all pressure, had been hard hit by the Peasant Revolt. Now it was to fall into ruins, from which the great middle class, that "backbone of England," was to rise triumphant. And—paradoxical as it may seem—the barons themselves caused the change. At the height of their wealth, when luxury in food and dress was at its zenith and the poor were

down-trodden and miserable, the heads of many great houses in England hurled themselves into a conflict, known as the Wars of the Roses, from which they never again rose to their ancient pride and splendour. While they fought, merchants and artisans, tradesmen and small landowners quietly strengthened their position, developed the industries of the country, accumulated wealth, and ushered in that new social condition that made England what she was in the Victorian era —the greatest commercial country in the world. The weary contest with France at an end, the acquirement of wealth by the middle classes tended to the comfort and improvement of the home. Beside the castle and manor-house a number of houses sprang up in town and country—houses with the addition of court and garden, with a second story containing several bedrooms instead of one, a withdrawing-room to ensure more privacy, and a parlour (parlering or speaking room) to obviate the necessity of receiving guests in the bedroom. This parlour was better furnished than the hall, which still remained somewhat bare with its plain wooden benches and long dining-table, though even here luxury was creeping in and covering the benches with cushions of damask

from Damascus. A massive fireplace and chimney characterised the parlour, and a coal fire, necessitating the invention of tongs, supplemented the use of logs. Wooden benches, usually to hold three people, were attached to the walls, while the rest of the furniture included a movable wooden chair, a table on trestles, a cupboard, and curtains of "worsted," which material was now being made at the little Norfolk village of that name. This worsted supplied a substitute for the rich tapestry which still helped to keep out draughts from the large hall and added warmth and comfort to the parlour. But perhaps the most important feature of the new room was the large window recess, furnished on either side with goodly benches of stone-work, the windows glazed with small diamond-shaped panes. These recesses formed pleasant retreats for the maiden with her distaff, as also for the young squire or gallant who sought to court her, with all the romantic fervour that characterised the age. From this window, too, could be witnessed those festivities which still made the old halls ring with joyous mirth. The walls of the parlour were usually painted. For some time past it had been considered a luxury to smooth the surface of walls with cement and to panel the

lower part with oak wainscoting. Above the oak were mural paintings of historical or religious subjects. From the roof, beams were suspended to hold several candles, and the floor was either paved or covered with a Spanish carpet, though rushes were still strewed in the hall as of yore.

Nevertheless, with all its obvious advantages, the parlour was looked on as an innovation by the conservatives of the fifteenth century. The growing practice of dining in "privy parlors with chimneys" is denounced by a contemporary as a degenerate luxury. "Sondrie nobil men, gentlemen, and others, doe much delighte and use to dine in corners and secret places, not repairing to the high chamber." This was the complaint of the age. Dinner was still one of the chief events of the day, though the manners at table were yet rough and ready, as may be seen by the old books of etiquette of this time. "Do not spit upon the table" is an oft repeated maxim. Among other things, we find requests "not to return back to your plate the food you have just put into your mouth; not to drink from a cup with a dirty mouth; not to offer another person the remains of your pottage; not to eat much cheese; to take only two or three nuts when they are placed

before you; not to get intoxicated during dinner; not to carry the victuals to your mouth with a knife." Our forefathers still ate with their fingers; though forks, often of silver, had been introduced into England, they were only used for eating pears and fruit or for picking up "soppys."

The art of cooking had developed, and a number of manuscript cookery books throw floods of light on the domestic life of this period. Here is one of the shortest menus for a little medieval dinner—

First Course.

Boar's head larded and "bruce" for pottage.
Beef. Mutton. Legs of Pork.
Swan. Roasted Rabbit. Tart.

Second Course.

Drore and Rose for pottage.
Mallard. Pheasant. Chickens stuffed and roasted.
"Malachis" baked.

Third Course.

Rabbits in gravy and hare in "brase" for pottage.
Teals roasted. Woodcock. Snipes.
"Raviuolis" baked. Pork pies.

Each of these items needed elaborate preparation. Here is the receipt for "bruce": "Take the umbles of a swine and parboil them, and cut them small and put them in a pot with some good

broth ; take the whites of leeks and slit them, cut them small and put them in with mixed onions and let it all boil ; next take bread steeped in broth and 'draw it up' with blood and vinegar, and put it into a pot with pepper and cloves and let it boil ; serve all together." Here, too, is the receipt for "drore," which must have made a most savoury soup: "Take almonds and blanch them and mix them with good meat broth and seethe this in a pot ; then mince onions and fry them in fresh 'grease' and put them to the almonds; take small birds and parboil them, and throw them into the pottage with cinnamon and cloves and a little fair grease and boil the whole."

The fifteenth century was famous for its feasts, where the consumption of food was almost incredible. Here are but some items out of a much longer list of orders for a feast in 1466: 300 tuns of ale, 100 tuns of wine, 104 oxen, 6 wild bulls, 1,000 sheep, 304 calves, 304 swine, 400 swans, 2,000 geese, 1,000 capons, 2,000 pigs, 104 peacocks, 204 kids, 2,000 chickens, 4,000 pigeons, 200 pheasants, 500 partridges, 400 woodcocks, 4,000 cold and 1,500 hot venison patties, 4,000 dishes of jelly, 4,000 baked tarts, and 2,000 hot custards, &c.

It is little wonder that the death-rate was high in the Middle Ages, and that the wealthy mostly died under the age of forty, though this was due to many causes besides the enormous consumption of meat and the almost entire absence of vegetable diet.

In the garden of this period grew very few vegetables, for England was behind France, Italy and the Low Countries in this respect. Nevertheless, the garden, hitherto restricted mostly to the monasteries, now began to be a necessary addition to the new half-timbered house that was springing up in town and country. True, there had been pleasure grounds and "pleasaunt playing places" for the ladies of the wealthy long before this—grounds with grottoes and fountains and sweet-smelling herbs; here, too, was the trellised arbour half smothered in rose and honeysuckle, vines and creeping flowers. But the fifteenth-century garden was made mainly for the purpose of supplying and flavouring foods, as well as for medicinal purposes. Thus special flowers were grown for flavouring soups, including sweet violets, corn-marigolds, red nettles, daisies, and columbine; for making sauces, there were sorrel, violets, parsley, and

mint; for salads, violet flowers, parsley, red mint, cress, primrose buds, daisies, dandelion, and red fennel, to be eaten raw with olive oil and spices; the roots included parsnips, turnips, radishes, "karettes," and saffron. One great ambition of the medieval gardener was to excel in the art of grafting. They grafted vines on cherry-trees, pears on hawthorns, apples on elms. They were thoroughly ingenious, but hopelessly unpractical. "If thou wilt that in the stone of a peach be found a nut-kernal, graft a sprout of a peach-tree on the stock of a nut-tree," suggests an old gardening book; and yet again: "A peach-tree shall bring forth pomegranates if it be sprinkled with goat's milk three days when it beginneth to flower, and the apples of a peach-tree shall wax red if its scion be grafted on a playne-tree."

But if our forefathers neglected the cultivation of vegetables, they encouraged the art of fruit-growing in England. Apples and pears grew in great variety; they had medlars, figs, and cherries, quinces, plums, peaches, gooseberries, and mulberries; cultivated strawberries were yet rare, but they grew to a good size in the famous gardens at Holborn. For the most part they

were eaten wild out of the woods, as we gather blackberries to-day.

Let us picture for a moment the garden of this period. There is a square enclosure bounded by walls of stone, brick, or thick-set hedge with two entrances, one opening from the house, the other into an orchard or field. It is very neatly kept and the air is sweet with fragrant herbs: at intervals there are recesses with seats and benches covered with turf, "thick-set and soft as any velvet," past which run little paths covered with sand or gravel, intersecting the garden. Surrounding the arbour are periwinkles, marigolds, lilies, wild geranium, mallow, or cowslips, daffodils, and foxgloves. Here the ladies come to gather flowers to make wreaths and garlands for their heads. We see again Chaucer's "Emilie" wandering in the garden at sunrise, her braided yellow hair hanging down in its long plait below her waist, singing out of the very lightness of her heart as she weaves a garland for her head.

The ladies of the fifteenth century were very much taken up with their head-dresses. These were truly wonderful. They were large, heavy, and ungraceful, and excited much wrath and

ridicule. Some were like steeples, with long streamers hanging down from the top; they were made of rolls upon rolls of linen, towering some two feet above the head and ending in a point, not unlike an extinguisher. Some were like a bishop's mitre, immoderately broad and high, while some fastened two great projecting towers of rolled lawn and ribbon on their heads, which looked like two great horns. Indeed, so extreme and immoderate were the head-dresses that the doors of the Royal palaces had to be made higher and wider to enable the ladies to pass through. The lady of the period must have been sorely hampered and harassed by her costume, though the long trailing skirt was fast passing out of fashion. Men and women were alike adopting the doublet, or short padded jacket, pleated below the waist and fastened with a girdle laced in front across a stomacher of coloured satin, linen, tawny silk, or murrey-coloured taffeta. Enormous hanging sleeves were worn, and it is related that Edward IV. used to tie his behind his back to avoid tumbling over them as he walked. For a time pointed shoes continued to be the fashion, but soon length gave way to breadth and broad

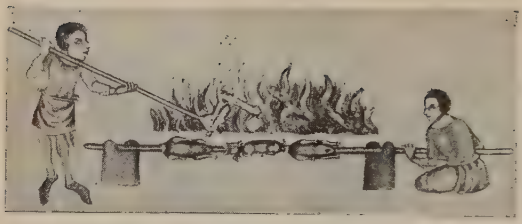
shoes came in, known as "duckbills." Leather was now used for boots and shoes, which were often double-soled, a distinct advantage, considering the deep mud of the uncleaned roads. So exaggerated and costly had dress become that in 1463 a petition was presented to Parliament against the "inordinate use of apparell and aray of men and women." The rising power and wealth of the middle classes made the nobles feel that their dignity was at stake when their fashions in dress were copied by the democracy. Laws were passed enforcing the social barrier, as far as dress was concerned. Only a lord and his wife might wear a stomacher worked in gold or sable; only a Knight of the Garter might wear velvet; small squires might not wear damask or satin; yeomen were forbidden to pad their doublets or to wear costly fur, while the labouring classes might not buy cloth above two shillings a yard, and were for the most part restricted to coarse flannel, fustian, and linen girdles.

Linen and woollen stuffs were largely used, and to encourage home manufactures Henry IV. prohibited the importation of foreign cloth. Linen sheets and blankets were used now for

beds, which must have been much more comfortable than in olden times. True, the mattress or matted truss of straw was still used, but the feather bed had been recently imported from France. In an old "Guide to Servants," written in the fifteenth century, the groom of the chamber is told "the feder bed to bete, but no federys waste." On this feather bed was laid the fustian or blanket, over it the linen sheets, which still served the purpose of nightgown, and the bed was covered with a "pane" of ermine or a richly embroidered quilt. Beds were handed down from generation to generation as valuable personal property, and it is interesting to remember how, at a later date, Shakspere's will is explicit on the subject of leaving his "second best bed" to his wife, though he says nothing of rights in his plays. One of our forefathers bequeaths his daughter "a feather bed next the best, a mattress lying under the same, three pairs of sheets, two pillows and a pair of blankets," while another, a rich tradesman, leaves to his niece "my green hanged bed, stained with my arms therein, that hangeth in the chamber over kitchen, with the curtains, the green covering belonging thereto; another coverlit, one pair of

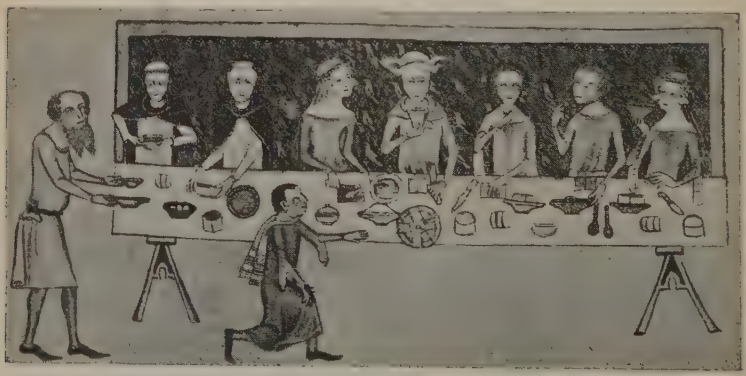
blankets, one pair good sheets, a great pillow and small pillow and feather bed."

With a greater degree of comfort came an exaggerated idea of luxury, which was criticised and preached against as it is to-day. But compared with the nineteenth century the luxury of the Middle Ages is indeed unenviable, and it is impossible to look back with any longing or regrets to the days of our medieval ancestors.



ROASTING.

PREPARING DINNER.



AT TABLE.
(Reproduced from the Luttrell Psalter.)

CHAPTER X

Fifteenth Century

CHURCH AND PEOPLE

"For all we thought and loved and did
And hoped and suffered, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit."

TENNYSON.

IT is impossible to turn from the manners and customs of the Middle Ages without noting the immense influence of the Church on the social life of the people. In her "yet unbroken unity," she "appealed with overpowering force to the imagination of her children. Her ceremonies were associated with every important phase of private life from the cradle to the grave; her cathedrals and parish churches were the only public buildings to which every class had the same rights and opportunities of access . . . her sanctuaries alone could give passing shelter to

the hunted criminal or outlaw, her holidays alone brought rest and freedom to the serf."

In the very midst of town and hamlet stood the parish church—the pride and joy of the people. Gradually the Norman style, already described, had been replaced by the pointed arch of Gothic architecture, and after a period of transition, during which the nave of Durham Cathedral and the choir of Canterbury arose, the Early English style came in, and was first used on a large scale in Lincoln Cathedral, to be replaced in its turn by the Perpendicular. While their homes, judged by our modern standards, were yet bare and comfortless, our ancestors lavished money and thought on the decoration of their church. To adorn and beautify it was a labour of love in which every class of society shared. The poor man gave his toil, the prosperous burgher presented painted glass windows, the successful gilds bestowed altar-cloths, the traveller brought back Eastern silks, the wealthy gave silver chalices, embroidered copes, costly hangings, banners, lamps, shrines; no man died without bequeathing what he could to his parish church. So likewise the local artist carved the seats, local scribes wrote the Mass-

books and psalters ; a sense of personal possession pervaded all classes. To the church the busy trader would wend his way after a day of stir and turmoil, there to listen to the chanting of vespers, or to tell his beads before the image of some favourite saint. Not only did the people keep their church for prayer and meditation, but, if necessary, they stored in it their grain and wool ; here councillors met for consultation on local affairs ; here, in the long, dim aisles, lay at times the sick and the dying. No line sundered matters of religion from the affairs of daily life : State and Church were blended into one ; the people looked to the priests in matters secular as well as in matters spiritual. The education of the children was entirely in the hands of ecclesiastics, for they were the only scholars in the country ; they taught the children a little Latin, the rudiments of reading and writing, grammar and deportment. One sorrow of childhood was spared the children of the Middle Ages : they had no spelling to learn ; phonetic spelling was general ; the letters of one word are constantly varied, and we have the word "chancellor" spelt in five different ways in a single deed of Oxford University. Boys and girls were taught together for the most part, but the

sixteen grammar schools founded during this period were exclusively for boys. Besides these, were the new schools of Winchester and Eton, which take such a leading part in the educational world of to-day. Both were established for the supply of educated clergy—Winchester with a warden and some seventy scholars "to study grammar and to live together to the honour and glory of God and our Lady."

Not only was all education—public and private—under ecclesiastical control, but to the Church was due the elaborate pilgrimages, which were such a characteristic feature of these times. True, the movement had lost much of the simple enthusiasm and artless faith of former days, and too often resembled a party of holiday-makers, merely journeying together for company and protection. A love of wayfaring, gossip, and good company, together with the merry incidents of the road, attracted many under the guise of pilgrims to undertake the journey to the famous English shrines of St. Thomas Becket at Canterbury or Our Lady of Walsingham. To cross the rough Channel and tramp the long distance across France to the tombs of SS. Peter and Paul, one of the severest penitential disciplines

enjoined by the Church, was a pilgrimage undertaken only by the most sincere, for the journey took three months, and the discomforts of the way were great.

Sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, journeyed the medieval pilgrim. Twenty miles a day was the ordinary rate of progression, but much time was spent in the taverns by the way, and in changing horses at roadside inns. For Canterbury they started from the famous Tabard Inn in Southwark, paying twelvepence to Rochester and another twelvepence for a horse to Canterbury. Chaucer, in his well-known "Canterbury Tales" gives us the whole atmosphere of the fourteenth century pilgrimage with graphic candour. We see the "verray perfight gentil knight" in cassock and coat of mail, with his curly-headed squire beside him, fresh as the May morning, and behind them the brown-faced yeoman in his coat and hood of green, with the good bow in his hand. A group of ecclesiastics light up for us the medieval Church —the brawny, hunt-loving monk, whose bridle jingles as loud and clear as the chapel-bell; the wanton friar, first among the beggars and harpers of the country side; the poor parson, threadbare, learned and devout; the summoner, with his fiery

face; the pardoner, with his wallet "bret-full of pardons, come from Rome all hot"; the lively prioress with her courtly French lisp, her soft, little red mouth, and "Amor vincit omnia" graven on her brooch. Learning is there in the portly person of the doctor of physic, rich with the profits of the pestilence; the busy serjeant-of-law, "that ever seemed busier than he was"; the hollow-cheeked clerk of Oxford, with his love of books, and short, sharp sentences that disguise a latent tenderness which breaks out at last in the story of Griseldis. Around them crowd types of English industry: the merchant; the franklin, in whose house "it snowed of meat and drink"; the sailor fresh from frays in the Channel; the buxom wife of Bath; the broad-shouldered miller; the haberdasher, carpenter, weaver, dyer, tapestry-maker, each in the livery of his craft; and last, the honest ploughman, who would dyke and delve for the poor without hire.

All these types we can picture as they journeyed over the rough and almost impassable roads of medieval England. For the roads and bridges were indeed of the most hopeless description; moreover, they were infested with beggars of every kind, robbers and banditti lay in wait

for the unwary, the forests were filled with outlaws, ready to slay the pilgrim and plunder the solitary merchant. Fortunately, there were plenty of inns on all the main roads, though they must have been rough and uncomfortable.

"William," advises a traveller who has had a disturbed night at one of these wayside inns, "William, undress and wash your legs, and then dry them with a cloth, and rub them well for love of the fleas, that they may not leap on your legs, for there is a pack of them lying in the dust under the rushes. Hi! the fleas bite me so!"

Here, notwithstanding dirt and discomfort, wayfarers supped and slept, pursuing their journey at daybreak. In addition to the inns there were ale-houses by the road side, indicated by a long stake on which hung a garland or bush, giving rise to the proverb "Good wine needs no bush." Here was much drinking and merry-making, and though no spirits were as yet invented, the atmosphere and conviviality remind one of the modern public-house. "Many come here," says a woman writer of the times, "in order to drink, and they spend here, 'tis perfectly true, more than they have gained all day."

With such roads, it is small wonder that even

Kings preferred making their journeys on horseback to using the cumbrous and awkward vehicles which constituted the carriages of these days. They were mounted on four wheels and drawn by several horses harnessed in a row, or two and two in teams, ridden by postilions with short, many-thonged whips and spurs. From the solid beams of wood which rested on the axles rose a framework like an archway, rounded in the manner of a painted and gilded tunnel. The inside was hung with tapestry, on the wooden seats were embroidered cushions, and the square windows were hung with silk curtains. Inside this cumbrous vehicle sat the unfortunate ladies, whose fate it was to move in state from one place to another. With groaning wheels, the heavy machine advanced by fits and starts, now descending into rotten hollows, now in peril of capsizing over some uneven surface, now sticking altogether in the deep mire, or splashing through some low-lying part of the road flooded by a neighbouring stream.

No wonder they mostly preferred riding on horseback to sitting in these cumbrous carriages for any long distance. The woman of the period loved the open air and was an undoubted addition

to the merry parties on horseback that wended their way ceaselessly along the bad roads either on pilgrimage or for purposes of merchandise. Indeed, the equality of the sexes is a characteristic feature of the Middle Ages. Men and women from the cradle to the grave shared life equally and naturally, neither was there any idea at this time of debarring them from taking their part in public affairs. Boys and girls were educated together, they had their games in common; together they hunted, together they went shooting. It was also an age of romance, of love-making and of great immorality, for the which both sexes were punished equally. Women took part in the pilgrimages; they took their place in the growing world of trade. They were members of the old social and religious gilds established for good fellowship during life, for due burial, prayers, and Masses after death, and the charitable assistance of needy survivors. Thus the Gild of Corpus Christi, Hull, was founded in the fourteenth century by eighteen men and twenty-five women, while the Gild of the Holy Cross, Stratford-on-Avon, had half its members men, and half women. The Trades Gilds also admitted

women as sisters, with equal rights with the men: they could wear the livery, take apprentices, and sit at the election feasts; they belonged to the Drapers' Company, the Brewers' Company, the Fishmongers, Weavers, Grocers, and Stationers. Neither do they seem to have abused this right in the Middle Ages. For any fraud they took their place with the men in the stocks; for any insubordination they were apparently still beaten by their husbands. Again, women and noblewomen of position and property could be Marshals, High Constables, Sheriffs, patrons of livings, peeresses in their own right, and as such liable to be called to Parliament in person; they might be burgesses—in fact, they had full municipal and parliamentary rights. Thus the spirit and letter of Magna Charta were carried out simply and naturally by our medieval ancestors: "To none will we sell, to none will we deny, to none will we delay the right of justice.'

This inclusion of women in the public life of the nation did not preclude women from taking their part in household matters. They were the family nurses and doctors: they knew what herbs to use in cases of cut fingers, bruises, and small ailments; they could all spin and embroider and

knit. Some of them, too, were fairly accomplished in the arts of painting and music, professions hitherto restricted to the clergy.

Even as the fifteenth century dies, we find the power of the clergy waning. The early Mystery and Miracle Plays, drawn from Scripture and the legends of the saints for the instruction and amusement of the people, had degenerated into the Morality Play, which, though professedly religious in character, had departed from the old earnestness of earlier days. The plays reflect the life of the period, being personifications of the vices and virtues of the age, rudely represented and coarsely conceived.

If the Middle Ages die away in a wail of sadness, if the rude manners, low morality, coarse tastes, and gross ignorance of the people seem in strong contrast with the influence of the Medieval Church, it must be remembered that degeneration invariably precedes renaissance, that the darkest hour is before the dawn, and that a new life was about to burst over England, pregnant with a new morality, a new refinement of tastes, a new enthusiasm for learning, and a more generous interpretation of the needs of humanity by the Church of England.

Wife of Edmund Clere,
Stokesby, Norfolk, 1488.

Wife of John Gouge,
Chipping Norton, 1440.

Isabella Cheyne,
Blickling, Norfolk, 1485.

CHAPTER XI

Circa 1509—1547

LIFE UNDER HENRY VIII

"Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been."

LONGFELLOW.

WE turn from the period of the Middle Ages, with its tyrannies and trammels, its bondage and blindness, its mental stagnation and spirit of superstition, with feelings akin to those which ushered in the new era of the wondrous sixteenth century. It is like turning from the darkness of night to the morning sunshine, if we allow the period under Henry VII. as the breaking of the dawn and the Elizabethan era as the noontide of triumphant glory. This is not the place to repeat the charming story of the Renaissance, that movement which marks the

transition from the Middle Ages to the Modern World, or to dwell on the spirit of the time which witnessed the liberation of reason and gave rise to that passionate recognition of humanity—that escape, "at first hesitating and then triumphant, from a circumscribed life of ecclesiastical tradition into "joyous freedom and unfettered spontaneity." It is not the intellectual side of the New Birth that concerns us here: there was movement everywhere, affecting every sphere of life. The awakening of the nation meant new energy in every department—an energy that was daily gaining strength under Tudor rule. A new England was shaping itself—Englishmen had broken with tradition; they questioned where once they were dumb; they were filled with new hopes, new desires, new ideas. But if men were thirsting after a wider knowledge, they were still as boisterous and merry as in the olden times; if they were ready to educate their children more effectually, they were still keen on festivities, shows, masques, revels, public processions and tournaments; if they reasoned within themselves on matters of State and reform, they were just as unreasoning as heretofore on matters of dress. Thus the age that saw the great Reformation

witnessed the Field of the Cloth of Gold: the same King who encouraged the new learning set his people an example of every kind of extravagance. In one year he spent £5,000 on silks and velvets, and during his reign banquets and pageants reached the summit of luxury. Familiar enough is the description of Henry VIII. at the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold, from which he returned "all safe in body but empty in purse." "His grace—the most goodliest Prince that ever reigned over the Realme of England—was apparelled in a garment of Clothe of Silver, of Damaske, ribbed with Clothe of Gold, so thick as might be; the garment was large and plited verie thicke and canteled of verie good intaile, of suche shape and makyng, that it was marveillous to beholde." What the King did the people did, then as now. When Wolsey became Chancellor of the kingdom, his gorgeous dress rivalled that of the King himself. He wore silks and satins of the finest texture dyed a rich crimson, his shoulders were covered by a tippet of costly sables, his gloves were of red silk, his hat was scarlet, his shoes were silver gilt inlaid with pearls and diamonds. His retinue consisted of some 800 persons, his very cook wore a velvet jerkin

with a chain of gold about his neck. The wardrobe of every gentleman was full of furs, frills and feathers; there were doublets of cloth of gold, gowns of rich velvet, coats of crimson satin, hose of crimson, fur-lined hoods, rings and brooches, chains of gold and jewelled caps, broad-toed shoes with huge Tudor ribbon roses on the instep. Indeed, the servants had much ado to tie up the many points of their master's hose, to lace his doublet and to arrange the frilled shirt to his satisfaction. It was well-nigh impossible for a sixteenth-century gentleman to dress alone: all his garments were laced and tied together—even his sleeves were often laced to show his fine lawn shirt beneath, dainty ruffles of which appeared at the wrist. Low velvet hats with large plumes were introduced by the King, who also insisted on his courtiers cutting off their hair, which they had worn long and lavishly dressed for some time past. Indeed, an almost effeminate vanity characterised the men of the time, specially with regard to hair-dressing:—

> "I knyt yt up all the nyght
> And the day time kemb it down ryght,
> And then yt cryspeth and shyneth as bryght
> As any pyrled gold,"

says an old ballad.

Ladies, on the other hand, now let their hair flow over their shoulders from beneath little gold nets, which they wore on their heads like caps. The tall head-dress had given way to a diamond-shaped gear, which in its turn was superseded by a close linen cap, projecting forward with a lappet hanging down behind, allowing the hair to be seen. Dresses fitted closely, being cut low in the neck. Very often they were looped up all round, a fashion which prepared the way for the full gathered skirt of Elizabethan times. Thus it would seem that at this period the women were more moderate in their dress than the men.

"I think no realme in the worlde . . . doth so much in the vanity of their apparell as the Englysh men do at thys present," says a contemporary writer. "Theyr cote must be made after the Italian fashion, theyr cloke after the use of the Spanyards, their gowne after the manner of the Turks, their cappe muste be of the Frenche fashion, and at the laste theyr dagarde must be Scottish, wyth a Venetian tassel of sylke. . . . O what a monster and a beaste of manye heads is the Englyshe now become. To whom maie he be compared worthely, but to Esoppes crow? For, as the crow decked hys selfe wyth the fethers of all kynde

of byrdes to make hys selfe beautifull, even so doeth the vaine Englyshman, for the fonde apparelyng of hymselfe, borrow of every nation to set forth hymselfe galaunt in the face of the world."

Extravagance in dress was but one item of the reckless expenditure and love of display which characterised this period. The pageants which had existed from quite early times were a special feature of the sixteenth century. Full of dramatic elements, together with moralities, interludes, and masques, these pageants were the forerunners of the drama, which was to arise in all its glory before the century had died away.

Though full of fanciful suggestion, they would seem tame spectacles compared with modern ideas of amusement. The pageant was drawn before the spectators by two beasts, perhaps a lion flourished all over with gold damask and an antelope with silver damask and tusks of gold, ridden by ladies richly clad, and led by men covered all over with green silk. Chained to the animals by golden chains was a forest scene: the forest was full of trees and flowers, fern and grass, made of green velvet, damask and silk, in the midst of which stood six foresters in coats

and hoods of green velvet. There, too, stood a golden castle, before the gate of which sat a man making a garland of roses, as a prize for the victor of the joust which would follow. As this strange spectacle—a compound of the real and unreal—rested before the spectators, the six foresters blew their horns, the forest opened, and out stepped four armed knights ready to fight.

Equally extravagant were the huge banquets given in this reign. The "glory of hospitality" was an Englishman's boast. For every man who chose to ask for it, there was free food and free lodging, though the latter might be but a mat of rushes in a spare corner of the hall. There was little fear of this privilege being abused, for suspicious characters might not wander at large in these days, and for any one who could not give a satisfactory account of himself there were the village stocks. For the sin of idleness our forefathers had no mercy; they abhorred it as a vice which would undermine their sturdy commonwealth, as, indeed, it is undermining the England of to-day. An Act passed in 1531 decreed that any person "being whole and mighty in body and able to labour," found begging, might

be arrested, and if unable to give a satisfactory account of himself, he was brought to the nearest market town, tied to the end of a cart, stript of his clothes, and beaten with whips through the town, bleeding and ashamed, after which degradation he was sent to his native place, on his oath to "put himself to labour, like a true man ought to do." If the "sturdy vagabond" were caught a third time in idleness, he was to suffer death "as an enemy to the commonwealth." Any child found idle was taken up by the parish officers and handed over to some tradesman or farmer to be taught; if he refused or ran away, he was publicly whipped with rods, at the discretion of the justice of the peace. It is further interesting to remember that at this time private persons were forbidden to give money to beggars, though they might always give food. For the really deserving poor, two collectors were appointed by each parish, with a list of the needy and the parishioners. Their orders were to "gently ask and demand" regular weekly payments from every man and woman on the register (Henry VIII. had added to the already existing coins a double sovereign, a half sovereign, a gold crown and half-crown). If any declined

to subscribe, he was sent for and reprimanded by his parish priest, and if still obdurate, handed over to his Bishop. There was little spontaneity about the charity of these times. A day's work meant a day's work in the sixteenth century. From the middle of March to the middle of September, the work hours were from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m., with half an hour for breakfast, an hour and a half for dinner and the mid-day sleep which was allowed from May to August, while in winter the work hours were from sunrise to sunset.

To supply work for all was the duty of the State, and to this end we find abundant legislation, and the faint shadow of Protection creeping over the country. "The King's Highness," runs one Act, "calling to his most blessed remembrance the great number of idle people daily increasing throughout this his Realm, supposeth that one cause thereof is by the continued bringing into the same the great number of wares and merchandise made and brought out and from the parts beyond the sea into this Realm, ready wrought by manual occupation; amongst which is linen cloth of divers sorts." Seeing then that his people buy ready-made linen, instead of spinning and

weaving it themselves, "to the high displeasure of Almighty God, great diminution of the King's people and extreme ruin, decay, and impoverishment of this Realm. . . . Therefore for reformation of these things . . . and to avoid that most abominable sin of idleness out of the Realm," every person occupying land shall, for every sixty acres under plough, sow one quarter of an acre in flax and hemp. Thus care was taken to make every Englishman contribute his share of work to the common weal.

It must be remembered that every Englishman at this time was trained to arms, ready equipped for fighting with arms corresponding to his rank, though there was no regular army or uniform for soldiers. The law which in the thirteenth century enacted that every man from fifteen to sixty should bear arms, from bows and arrows to swords and daggers, still held good. Shooting was the common amusement of the people; every village had its pair of butts, and on Sundays and holidays all able-bodied men were required to appear in the field "as valiant Englishmen ought to do." But in the early part of the sixteenth century the people were growing slack: they played their games of bowls,

quoits and dice, instead of practising their bows and arrows, until the King, who was the best rider and the best archer in England, set himself to "brace again the slackened sinews of the nation." He ordained that every man, with but few exceptions, under the age of sixty must have bows and arrows "ready continually in his house, to use himself in shooting"; that every boy from seven to seventeen must learn to shoot, possessing a bow and two arrows, and after seventeen a bow and four arrows. Certain it is that at this time Englishmen were a "sturdy, high-hearted race, sound in body and fierce in spirit, and furnished with thews and sinews which, under the stimulus of those great shins of beef—their common diet—were the wonder of the age." "What comyn folk in all this world . . . is so mighty, so strong in the felde, as the comyns of England?" says a proud writer in 1515.

Strong indeed must our forefathers have been at this time, to have survived the insanitary conditions of their lives. The country during the sixteenth century was hardly ever free from outbreaks of the plague and "sweating sickness," partly owing to the "filthiness of the streets

and the sluttishness within doors," says Erasmus, writing after his first visit to this country. "The floors are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes, so renewed that the substratum may be unmolested for twenty years, with an ancient collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, spittle, and everything that is nasty." This horrid mess was utilised by the sixteenth-century doctors, who professed to cure what they diagnosed as a "stitch in the side" by taking a well trodden clod of this refuse, making it into a cake with vinegar, well toasted, and clapping it on to the side. Other old prescriptions show that medicine had made very little progress.

"If a man were become verye weake and feable by reason of a longe sicknesse, even that he seemeth to be consumed, nether can recover, then take twentye olde cockes, dresse and dighte them as though they should be eaten, seth them in the thyrde part of a tonne of water, stampe them in a morter, so that the bones be al to brused, make a bath therewyth and let hym bathe therein." Yet more inadequate are some other prescriptions. For headache, the patient is ordered to roll up and down on his tongue while fasting, a mixture of pepper and mustard

about the size of a bean, in order to draw the evil humours out of the head into the mouth!

Small wonder that the doctors were paralysed when confronted with the plague, though some sort of quarantine was now observed for the first time. The door of an infected house was marked with a wisp, which developed later into St. Anthony's cross painted on a small piece of canvas, together with the words "Lord have mercy upon us." If it were necessary for a member of the infected house to go out of doors, he had to carry in his hand a white rod for forty days, while the penalty for concealment of the plague was death, "the man to be hangit, the woman drownit."

So far, then, in this age of contradictions, there seems to have been but little material progress in the social lives of our forefathers; it was a period still "instinct with vast animal life, robust health and muscular energy, terrible in its rude and unrefined appetites, its fiery virtues and fierce passions."

"It was merry in England before the new learning came up," said the people; but to that new learning and the vast changes it wrought it is interesting now to turn.

EDWARD VI.

(From Gardiner's "England," by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)

CHAPTER XII

Circa 1509—1558

THE NEW WORSHIP

"For, indeed, a change was coming upon the world . . . the paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away and the faith and life of ten centuries was dissolving like a dream."—FROUDE.

WHEN the frail little nine-year-old son of Henry VIII. succeeded to the throne of England in 1547, the great change in the worship of our forefathers had already begun. How momentous and far-reaching a change this was, all students of the Reformation well know. The severance, already accomplished, of the Church of England from allegiance to the Church of Rome, with all it entailed, swept away those habits of life and thought to which Englishmen had grown accustomed for the last ten centuries. No more would they ride off on those sociable and

picturesque pilgrimages to the shrines of St. Thomas of Canterbury or Our Lady of Walsingham, for pilgrimages played no part in the reformed worship. Moreover, the shrine itself had been despoiled, the sacred bones of St. Thomas scattered to the wind, and his name erased from the new Church calendar, while the famous miracle-working image of "Our Lady" had been likewise destroyed. No longer were they required to murmur their prayers in the Latin tongue, as heretofore, for in Edward's reign they were provided with the now familiar Book of Common Prayer, they had a collection of hymns compiled by Miles Coverdale, and a great Bible translated into the English tongue was chained, by law, somewhere in every church, so that all who could might read it for themselves. The parish churches themselves, so thickly planted over the country that no land in Europe could compare with them for number—the pride of the people, the joy of past generations, glorious with offerings from rich and poor, with shrine and image—these were now robbed and confiscated to swell the Royal treasury.

Neither was this all. The famous Abbeys and smaller monasteries that had arisen throughout

the country during the past ten centuries had likewise been ruined, till out of some two hundred and fifty religious houses, not one was at the last left in England. True, the inmates had for the most part lost much of their old enthusiasm and religious fervour: luxury and wealth had bred vice and immorality within their walls, but to the King of England they were "garrisons of the Pope" within his realm, stout upholders of the traditions that he wished to set aside, and strong opponents to his wishes. Moreover, they had rich lands and stores of treasure which were sorely needed to meet the King's increasing expenditure. Though for the most part men succumbed to what they deemed the Inevitable, and, "stupid in their despair," left their monasteries at the King's command, yet there were those who were ready to die for the faith they held to be more precious than life itself. Amid the prevailing gloom we see "gallant men whose high forms, the sunset of the old faith, stand transfigured on the horizon, tinged with the light of its dying glory." The old Abbot of Glastonbury—infirm and broken—hangs on the gallows erected on the Tor overlooking his once famous Abbey on a bleak November morning in 1539, strong in his

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courage, firm in his faith. We call to mind pathetic scenes in connection with the Carthusians of the Charterhouse, men still earnest in their high ideals, their piety and devotion. They had not lost the old simplicity and asceticism of ten centuries ago, and their refusal to acknowledge that Henry VIII. was Supreme Head of the Church of England on earth was the signal for their doom. Some were hanged, some cast into prison, where they were chained in an upright position for the space of thirteen days, after which they were executed. After the monasteries were suppressed and some 9,000 friars, monks, and nuns cast adrift, wanton destruction of property took place: chalices of gold and silver, embroidered stuffs, illuminated books and missals, bells, images —the very lead from the roof was seized, and only the lonely moss-covered walls speak to us to-day of the departed glory of a bygone age.

With the suppression of the monasteries came the closing of many schools in connection with them. But the grammar schools of Edward VI. are still famous in many provincial towns, and it is a fact of no mean significance that between the years 1509 and 1553 over one hundred schools were opened in England. Notwithstanding this,

the education of our forefathers was still very crude and scanty, and the period of their childhood very unhappy. There was little parental display of affection. The poor apprenticed their children at the age of seven, away from home if possible, and the wealthy sent their boys and girls to be brought up in the houses of strangers from a very tender age. "On enquiring their reason for this severity, they answered that they did it, in order that their children might learn better manners. But I, for my part," says a contemporary, "believe that they do it, because they like to enjoy all their comforts themselves, and that they are better served by strangers than they would be by their own children." Not that a sixteenth-century father felt any scruples about beating his own child. Sir Peter Carew was leashed like a dog and coupled to a hound by his father for playing truant at school.

The birch played a large part in the bringing up of children. "It serveth for many good uses," says Dr. Turner, "and for none better than for betyng of stubborne boys that ether lye or wyll not learn." It was the general opinion of the age that the best schoolmaster was the greatest beater, and many a story is told of Nicholas Udal, the famous

Eton master. One of his boy pupils has recorded his miseries in verse :

> "From Paul's I went, to Eton sent
> To learn straightways the Latin phrase ;
> Where fifty-three stripes given to me
> At once I had
> For fault but small or none at all,
> It came to pass, thus beat I was.
> See, Udal, see the mercy of thee
> To me, poor lad."

But no mercy was forthcoming from those who had charge of the young. In vain Ascham pleads for gentleness and kindness in teaching children : "Learning is robbed of her best wits by the great beating," he cries sadly.

Education was certainly not made attractive to the little grammar-school boys of these days. The tolling of a bell summoned him to school at 6 a.m. As the maids of the household were supposed to rise at three, presumably he had some breakfast of sorts—perhaps bread and ale—before he started, for he stayed at school till eleven. The school itself, we are told, was like a prison or dungeon, cold and bleak, bare and ugly ; and here the boy spent another four hours from one to five. Holidays were always the same. They began on the

Wednesday before Christmas, Easter, and Whitsunday, and lasted twelve days. There was no rush to the seaside for parents, children, and masters during the brief vacation. Scholars were required to attend daily from eight to nine and two to three, to repeat such lessons as the schoolmaster deemed profitable for them. It is hard to realise the mass of useless information which was forced on the unfortunate boy—a barbarous Latin taught in a still more barbarous manner, freely interrupted with pitiless floggings to subdue the natural animal spirits of youth. "They went to the grammar school little children," says Ascham, "they came from thence great lubbers, always learning and little profiting: learning without book little or nothing," for "their whole knowledge of learning without a book was tied only to their tongue and lips, and never ascended up to the brain and head." At the University things were not more luxurious. "There be divers at Cambridge which rise daily about four or five of the clock in the morning, and from five till six of the clock use common prayer with an exhortation of God's word in a common chapel; and from six until ten of the clock use ever either private study or common lectures. At ten of the clock they go to

dinner, whereas they be content with a penny piece of beef among four, having pottage made of the broth of the same beef with salt and oatmeal, and nothing else. After this slender diet, they be either teaching or learning until five of the clock in the evening; whereas they have supped not much better than their dinner. Immediately after which they go either to reasoning in problems or to some other study, until it be nine or ten of the clock; and then being without fires, are fain to walk or run up and down half an hour to get a heat on their feet when they go to bed." Another glimpse of unhappy childhood is afforded us by Ascham. He found Lady Jane Grey indoors one day diligently reading Plato's "Phædo," in Greek, at the age of thirteen, while her parents, together with the gentlemen and women of the household, were hunting in the park. In answer to a question why she was not hunting with the others, she replied smiling, with a wisdom beyond her years, "I wis all their sports in the park is but a shadow of that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant!"

"And how came you, madam," asked Ascham, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure?"

"I will tell you," said the girl. "One of the

greatest benefits that ever God gave me is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else; I must do it as it were in such weight, measure and number, even so perfectly as God made the world; or else I am so sharply threatened—yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them), that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, and fear."

Likewise the Princess Elizabeth so displeased her father that she was sent away from Court for a whole year, when he at last forgave her. The learning of the Princess Mary rivalled that of Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey. At the age of twelve she was "ripe in the Latin tongue," at

fourteen she spoke and wrote Greek with "incredible skill," at fifteen she was beginning Hebrew.

But in the humbler classes of life there was little time for women to cultivate themselves in the newly found classics. Even in this rushing age, we read breathlessly of the list of duties which were required of the "well conducted housewife" of these days. She had to spin, from the wool and flax produced on the farm, sufficient cloth and linen for the use of the family; it was her duty to measure out the corn to be ground and send it to the miller; the poultry, pigs, and cows were under her charge, and it fell to her lot to superintend the brewing and baking. The garden was under her, and on it she had to depend for herbs, long since given up, for medicinal use; she had to look after the fruit trees and to see that plenty of wild strawberry roots were transplanted from the woods to be brought under cultivation. For, be it noted, Englishmen had just discovered the excellence of strawberries and cream. Further than this, an old writer tells us it was the wife's duty to make hay, drive the plough, and take to market the produce of dairy and poultry yard, rendering

the accounts thereof to her husband. These were the days in which the yeoman farmer could sing:

"Good bread and good drink, a good fire in the hall;
Brawn, pudding, and sauce, and good mustard withal;
Beef, mutton, and pork, shred pies of the best,
Pig, veal, goose, and capon, and turkey well drest,
Cheese, apples, and nuts, jolly carols to hear,
As then in the country is counted good cheer."

Picture the small farmer's wife going to the nearest market to sell her wares. Sometimes she would walk beside a heavily packed horse or mule, sometimes she would ride the animal harnessed into the most elementary farm cart. The distances were long, the roads were very bad, there were no umbrellas to shield her from the rain or sun. But once arrived at the market or fair, she would not hasten home, for there was a deal of gossip, when social intercourse was difficult to obtain and women's tongues as loose as they are to-day. The market prices were fixed by law. Thus in the year 1541 a large fat hen cost 7d.[1]; 100 eggs in summer 1s. 2d., in winter 1s. 8d.; butter was 3d., but

[1] It must be remembered that the value of money was different in these days.

sugar 1s. 4d.; a sack of coals cost 10d., a pound of soap 8d., though this was not much in demand as yet, for the value of cleanliness was unproved. Prices were rising year by year.

"Cannot you remember?" said a man of this period to his friend and neighbour, "within these thirty years, I could buy the best pig or goose that I could lay my hand on for 4d., which now costeth me double and triple the money? It is likewise in greater ware as in beef and mutton. I have seen a cap for 13d. as good as I can get now for 2s. 6d.; of cloth ye have heard how the price is risen, how a pair of shoes cost 12d., yet in my time I have bought a better for 6d." Such is the plaint of human nature, which amid all the changes of the world remains ever the same.

CHAPTER XIII

Circa 1558—1603

"MERRIE ENGLAND"

"The very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."—SHAKSPERE.

FROM the necessarily serious attitude of our forefathers under the religious changes of the early Tudors, it is a relief to turn to the study of England under her first great Queen, to dream once again of that "merrie" country so fantastically described by Spenser, and to realise that

> "This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,"

so dramatically represented by Shakspere, resembles more closely than heretofore the England of to-day.

The Middle Ages have gone for ever. Past is

the vision of glittering knights pricking over solitary plains, making their way through gloomy and pathless forests in lowering twilight to the relief of phantom ladies in distress; gone is the splendid glow of colour; pierced at last is the impenetrable mist concealing the real humanity of our medieval ancestry. Individuals stand forth from the crowd, and at the head of all reigns the Maiden Queen, Elizabeth, ludicrous perhaps in her artificiality, but very human, frivolous, and fanciful. She knew—who better?—the temper of her people; she was ready to encourage their enterprise, to smile compassionately at their devotion, to reward, however shabbily, their deeds of heroism and daring. Hence the Elizabethan age is one of restless energy and splendid achievement, tempered with unbounded courage and reckless daring. Once more the blood of the Viking was passionately stirred, and across the tempestuous seas the Elizabethan explorer sailed to new lands and new scenes, in boats which showed no very marked advance on those in which our Saxon forefathers had approached our shores, some thousand years before. New worlds had opened before their astonished eyes, and with

the delight of children they bounded forward to take possession of their new-found lands across the seas. The expeditions were full of danger, but faith in an omnipotent God steeled their spirits. Every explorer took the sacrament in his parish church before he set forth on his adventures, and his first act on landing in a strange country was to kneel in thanksgiving for his safe arrival in port. There were many who never returned home, and in days of few letters and no telegrams one can picture the anxiety of the eager throng that would crowd round the weather-beaten sailors—bronzed and bearded men with deep-set eyes and hollow cheeks—men who had seen strange sights and heard strange tales. Their ships were laden with gold dust and ingots of silver, pearls, emeralds, and diamonds; they had negroes on board and Red Indians, crocodile skins, chattering monkeys, and gorgeous-hued parrots. "The little world had become . . . inconceivably large."

Wealth increased by leaps and bounds, and commerce began that more rapid development which till the end of the Victorian era made England supreme among nations. London, too was becoming the wonder of the world, "a large

excellent, and mighty city of business, and the most important in the whole kingdom," as a foreigner truly remarked after a residence in this country. "Most of the inhabitants are employed in buying and selling merchandise, and trading in almost every corner of the world, since the river is most useful and convenient for this purpose, considering that ships from France, the Netherlands, Sweden, Denmark, Hamburg, and other kingdoms, come almost up to the city, to which they convey goods and take away others in exchange. One can scarcely pass along the streets on account of the throng." When Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne the commercial centre of the world was Antwerp; when she died the commercial centre was London. The opening of the Royal Exchange—the gift of a rich merchant—by the Queen herself marks the commercial progress of the day. Foreign merchants, picturesque in their native costumes, brought their wares to the new "Burse." At six o'clock in the morning a bell rang from the lofty tower, summoning all together for the day's work. New luxuries found their way into the country, amongst which may be mentioned apricots, turkeys, hops, tobacco, and potatoes. New

manufactures sprang up in England, and for the first time we find such things as pins, needles, shoe buckles, tacks, paper, fans, and wigs being made in this country. This is no place to speak fully of the great woollen industry that grew apace in the Eastern Counties, of the increase in dyeing and spinning, or the fame of English wool. The results are directly visible in the lives of the people. Shopkeepers, merchants, farmers, manufacturers, all grew rich and prosperous, and an increase of comfort and luxury in ordinary life was the natural outcome of the new energy. Yet wise men shook their heads over the growth of luxury, even as they do to-day. That it would "eat out the hardihood of the people" was their growing anxiety, for in the increase of comfort they saw the signs of England's decay.

"We see the change," cries one, "for when our houses were builded of willow, then had we oken men; but now that our houses are come to be made of oke, our men are not onlie become willow, but a great many altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration. Now have we manie chimneys and yet our tenderlings complaine of rheums, catarrhs, and poses. Then had we

none but reredosses and our heads did never ake."

"England spendeth more on wines in one year than it did in ancient times in four years," grumbled another. The increase of luxury has undoubtedly its dangers, but there are degrees of luxury after all, and one can hardly regret the substitution of chimneys for the open hearth, of carpets for the stale rushes with their accompanying accumulations of dirt, of forks for fingers, not to mention items which to-day are considered necessaries rather than luxuries, as nightgowns, potatoes, and toothbrushes.

If the great feudal household was a creation of the past, and the hall no longer found the lord and his lady sitting at board with their army of feudal retainers, yet the Elizabethan household was an immense affair. The sixteenth century was the era of palaces, spacious and stately buildings, where open hospitality still reigned as in the bygone days, though the old simplicity of life had past. Elaborate and complicated were these Tudor palaces, with their fretted fronts and gilded turrets, their picturesque gables and castellated gateways. The foreign element was as visible in Elizabethan architecture as in every-

thing else Elizabethan. Everything was ornamented, nothing was plain. Outside and inside there was carving, painting, sculpture, and needlework. Turrets, gables, and domes were decorated, brick chimneys were elaborately carved, towers were surmounted with carved figures, roofs were castellated, and oriel windows ridiculously exaggerated. From the narrow and draughty Gothic loophole of the past the sixteenth-century architect turned to an almost painful extreme of glaring light. We hear of a window with 3,200 panes of glass in it, and remember Lord Bacon's warning, "You shall have sometimes fair houses so full of glass that one cannot tell where to be out of the sun or cold." From these windows the wealthy English owner could look out on to his newly laid out garden, with its stately terrace, its broad flights of steps, its vases and fountains, mazes and grass plots, its yew hedges in grotesque shapes. The primitive medieval garden, which had developed into the pleasure garden of the early Tudors, had now grown into the formal old English garden of the Elizabethan era. The architect who designed the house, as a matter of course in those days, designed the garden also. In front lay the wide terrace, from

which a flight of steps led to broad, straight walks, intersected with flower-beds geometric in form. The patterns harmonised with the details of architecture; the tracery surmounting the Elizabethan house found its counterpart in the design of the flower-beds. The garden was square "because it doth best agree with a man's dwelling," and bounded by a high brick wall, often covered with rosemary and "divers sweet smelling plants." But the old formal garden is too well known to need description, for it has many imitations in these modern days. Familiar in our minds are the quaint yew hedges fantastically clipped, the "covert walks" and "shade alleys" formed by intertwining willows and wych elms, where "one might walk twoe myle . . before he came to their ends." Familiar the maze set with privet, some six feet high, with lavender, marjoram, or thyme, and cut into "meanders, circles, semicircles, windings, and intricate turnings, the walks or intervals whereof are all grass plots"; familiar the fair fountains with their marble sculpture, Neptune and his horses, Thetis and her dolphins, Triton and his fishes, with water spurting vehemently upwards. Indeed these fountains gave rise to many a practical

joke, for it was a favourite pastime to order the gardener at a distance to turn a wheel, which, forcing the water through a number of little pipes, played upon the ladies standing by so as to wet them thoroughly from "top to toe."

On another side of the house lay the kitchen or cook's garden, no longer given up entirely to herbs as of yore. Here grew melons, gourds, cucumbers, radishes, parsnips, carrots, turnips, and salad herbs, for these were no longer the food of the "poor commons," but to be found henceforth at the "tables of delicate merchants, gentlemen and the nobility." Hence more care was given to their cultivation. But by far the most important addition to the kitchen garden was the potato, now brought back from the New World for the first time, "thicke, fat and tuberous," some round as a ball, some oval or egg fashion, some longer and others shorter, which "knobbie rootes are fastened into the stalkes with an infinite number of threddie strings." Such was the potato of these days; it was cooked, "either rosted in the embers, or boiled and eaten with oile, vinegar and pepper, or dressed any other way by the hand of some cunning in cookery."

The Elizabethan orchard, which "takes away

the tediousness and heavie load of three or four score years," was usually to the east side of the flower garden, so that the fruit trees might shelter the tender plants, while tall forest trees in their turn sheltered the fruit trees. The newly imported "apricocke" was carefully tended on the south wall with peaches and nectarines; quinces and plums were grown on the west, spread up and fastened to the walls by the help of tacks, now used for the first time. In front of the wall fruit was usually a path bordered with low trained fruit trees, cherries, gooseberries, pippins and currants—a sort of wild grape—while between the raspberries and currants the ground was "powdered with strawberries." What a joy these gardens were to our forefathers is well expressed by a contemporary writer: "A garden then so appointed as wherein aloft upon sweet shadowed walk of terrace, in heat of summer, to feel the pleasant whisking wind above or delectable coolness of the fountain spring beneath; to taste of delicious strawberries, of sweet odours, breathing from the plants, herbs and flowers; to hear such natural melodious musick and tunes of birds, to have in eye, for mirth, sometime there under springing streams, then, the woods, the waters, the deer, the

people, the fruit trees, the plants, the herbs, the flowers, the change in colours, the birds fluttering, the fountain streaming, the fish swimming, all in such delectable variety, order, dignity; whereby at one moment, in one place, at hand, without travel, to have so full fruition of so many of God's blessings, worthy to be called Paradise."

Neither can one forget Spenser's joyous voice singing—

> "Bring hether the Pinke and purple Cullambine
> With Gelliflowers;
> Bring Coronations and Sops in wine,
> Worn of Paramowers;
> Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies
> And Cowslips and Kingcups and loved Lillies."

Indoors, too, flowers abounded. In summer time the chimneys were trimmed with banks of moss and a white flower "called everlasting." "Their chambers and parlours strawed over with sweete herbs refreshed me," says a Dutch traveller in 1560. "Their nosegays finely intermingled with sundry sorts of fragrant flowers in their bed-chambers with comfortable smell, cheered me up and entirely delighted my senses."

But flowers were a small detail of the luxuries which filled the inside of Elizabethan houses.

The great hall of feudal fame, now robbed of its ancient importance, was merely the stately approach to a wide and decorated staircase, leading to magnificent banqueting rooms and endless wide galleries, which were hung with rich tapestries and embroideries, and adorned with cloths of gold and silver, with some few pictures of Royal personages carefully tended behind little curtains. Long passages led to suites of gorgeous bedrooms occupied by huge four-post beds—the glory of the Tudors. The massive pillars reaching to the ceiling, richly carved and gilded, bore a weight of heavy hangings, often edged with gold and silver lace, caught up at intervals with long loops and buttons. Over the feather bed, the blankets, and the sheets lay a gorgeous silk and satin coverlet, embroidered in Venetian gold, with silver spangles, and lined with foreign silks of glorious hues. Then there were seats with quilted cushions, inlaid cabinets shining with gold and silver and precious stones, basins of silver "filled at convenient times with sweete and pleasaunt waters." Thus Imogen's bedroom:

"Her bed-chamber was hanged
With tapestry of silk and silver, . . .

A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value. . . .
The chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing. . . .
The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted."

Nor must we omit the looking-glass, a product of this century, often framed in copper and gilt and bordered with gems or velvet.

All this outward show was a direct result of the sudden contact, with other countries. Luxuries and comforts hitherto undreamt of found their way into England and completely revolutionised the social life of the people. And yet, with all this increase of comfort, it is strange to find that a great many of the common necessities of modern life were still entirely absent. Thus, it has been noted, in the absence of soap, clothes were washed with cow-dung, hemlock and nettles, which gave them such a disagreeable savour that we are not surprised at the exclamation of an Englishman of the age, "I cannot abide to weare them on my bodie." A clean shirt was a luxury, not a necessity, as it is to-day. Nightgowns were only just invented. The Queen's first nightgown was made of black velvet with lace of murrey silk and

gold, lined with fur, and one smiles at her order for the delivery of fourteen yards of murrey damask for the "making of a nyghtgowne for the Erle of Leycester."

But this brings us to the subject of Elizabethan dress and a brief description of—

"Silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things,
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery."

CHAPTER XIV

Circa 1558—1603

"MERRIE ENGLAND" (*continued*)

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."
SHAKSPERE

THE same outward show and display of wealth that characterised the Elizabethan dwellings likewise characterised their dress. "Oh, how much cost is bestowed nowadays upon our bodies, and how little upon our souls!" laments the historian of the period. "How long time is asked in decking up of the first and how little space left wherein to feed the latter. How curious, how nice also, are a number of men and women, and how hardly can the tailor please them in fitting their bodies! How many times must it be sent back again to him that made it! What chafing, what fretting, what reproachful language,

doth the poor workman bear away!" Words that might be uttered to-day as well as three hundred years ago, yet they are not surprising if we examine for a moment the elaborate dress of the Elizabethan era. Artificiality reigned supreme. No regard was paid to the natural form of the body, but the whole figure was deformed by means of steel and whalebone. There were no more loose and flowing sleeves, no more trailing skirts with tight-fitting bodies, as in the past—all was rigid and stiff and uncomfortable as artifice could make it. And this was greatly admired by Englishmen in the sixteenth century:—

> "Her long slit sleeves, stiffe buske, puffe verdingall,
> Is all that makes her thus angelicall."

The vanity of the Queen herself was proverbial, and the three thousand dresses found at her death bore witness to it. She would endure no criticism, and when the Bishop of London preached before her on the "vanitie of deckinge the bodie too finely," she remarked sternly, "If the Bishop held discourse on such matters she wolde fitte him for heaven, but he sholde walke thither without a staffe and leave his mantle behind him."

Such being the case, fashions became more

ludicrous and pronounced. The crinoline, appearing in France in 1530, soon made its way into England. It was first worn as a round petticoat stiffened with whalebone ; later it was distended at the hips till the circumference below the waist was greater than round the bottom, and formed a sort of table, on which the arms could rest. The upper part of the figure was squeezed into a stiff pointed bodice, involving severe compression and consequent discomfort. Round the neck was worn the famous ruff, so familiar to students of Elizabethan times.

This was of Spanish origin. It began as a large slender collar of cambric, which grew larger and higher as time passed on, till the wearer found it so inconvenient, "flap-flapping" in the wind, that wires were inserted to hold it out from the neck. Six years after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, the ruff was re-organised by the introduction of starch, "the devil's liquor" as it was afterwards called by the Puritans. The wife of the Queen's Dutch coachman set up a clear-starching establishment in London, and soon had her hands so full of crumpled ruffs to stiffen and starch that she took pupils at five guineas each to learn the trade, which every good laundress to-day

knows so well. The innovation was greatly opposed at first. "The devil's kingdom of great ruffs is underpropped . . . by a certain kind of liquid matter, which they call starch," cries an angry contemporary, "wherein the devil hath learned them to wash and die their ruffs, which being dry, will stand stiff and inflexible about their necks." The ruff reached so nearly to the top of the head that hair could no longer be worn long, as in the last century. Elaborately dressed hair now took the place of head-dresses. It was "curled, frizzled and crisped, laid out on wreaths and borders from one ear to the other"; it was dyed golden to match that of the Queen, and false hair was abundantly added. "Her hair shall be of what colour it please God," says Benedick, describing the woman of his choice, in condemnation of the prevailing fashion. Indeed, in such demand was false hair that it was not safe for children with good hair to be seen alone, lest it were cropped by the women who sold long tresses for curls and twists. Freely, too, were the dead robbed:

> "The golden tresses of the dead,
> The right of sepulchres, were shorn away
> To live a second life on second head,
> And beauty's dead fleece made another gay."

Then, as now, the Court was the model for fashion. Queen Elizabeth had a pale complexion, hence the ladies of the realm swallowed "gravel, ashes, and tallow," and one has but little doubt that they successfully achieved their object. The Queen had a variety of new ostrich feather fans, hence no well dressed lady could be seen without one suspended by a gold chain from her wrist "to flit away the flisking flies." The Queen also wore silk stockings with clocks instead of the old cloth hose; she wore high-heeled shoes or Venetian "chopines"; she also carried a pocket-handkerchief too richly trimmed with gold and silver to be of much use; she had gloves "trimmed with tufts of rose coloured silk," and "sweet as damask roses" from perfume. Gloves for women were quite an innovation; hitherto they had been a distinctive feature of men's dress.

But not everybody might copy the Queen's toilet. By the sumptuary laws of the period, only the nobility might wear woollen goods made out of England; only those with an income of £200 a year might wear velvet or embroidery ornamented with gold and silver; none but those receiving over £100 might wear satin, damask, silk, or taffeta. The size of men's breeches, the texture of their

material, the woolly caps to be worn by all maidens above the age of six, the very length of the apprentices' blue gowns—all these details were rigidly settled by law.

Not only apprentices, but the numerous domestic servants of these days wore blue coats. "The English are lovers of show," observes a contemporary, "followed wherever they go by whole troops of servants who wear their master's arms in silver, fastened on their left arms." These servants were subject to very strict regulations, and heavy fines were imposed for every misdemeanour. Thus to be absent from morning or evening prayers without just cause involved a fine of 2d.; to be found in bed after 6 a.m. or out of bed after 10 p.m. a fine of 2d.; breakages in the household were deducted from the quarterly wage, and if there was uncertainty as to the culprit, the butler paid 12d. Unpunctuality was severely punished, and if the tablecloth were not laid at 10.30 a.m. and 5.30 p.m. for the main meals of the day, the fine was 6d. Further it was enacted, "That none toy with the maids on paine of 4d.: That no man weare foule shirt on Sunday, nor broken hose or shoes or dublett without buttons on paine of 1d.: That all stayrs in the house be made cleane on

Fryday after dinner, on paine of forfeyture 3d." These fines were deducted from quarter-day wages and bestowed on the poor. Perhaps it is no wonder that England was called by foreigners "a paradise for women, a prison for servants, and a purgatory for horses." A paradise for women when compared with other countries it undoubtedly was.

"Wives in England," says an Antwerp merchant who lived long in this country, "are entirely in the hands of their husbands, their lives only excepted. Therefore, when they marry, they give up the surname of their father and take that of their husband . . . yet they are not so strictly kept as they are in Spain and elsewhere. Nor are they shut up, but they have the management of the house or housekeeping . . . they go to market to buy what they like best to eat . . . they are well dressed . . . and commonly leave the drudgery to their servants . . . they sit before their doors decked out in fine clothes, in order to see and be seen by the passers by. In all banquets and feasts they are shown the greatest honour: they are placed at the upper end of the table, where they are first served. All the rest of their time they employ in walking and riding, in playing at cards . . . in visiting their

friends and keeping company, conversing with their gossips, and making merry at child-births, christenings and funerals, and all with the permission and knowledge of their husbands."

Indeed, this making merry on solemn occasions was characteristic of Elizabethan days. At Christmas, commemorated in other countries by devotional practices, England "rang from one end to the other with mirth. Sports and fooleries, feasts and frolics, games and revels filled the joyous days from All Hallows Eve to the Feast of Pentecost. They loved a noise: the firing of cannon, the beating of drums, the blast of trumpets and the ringing of many bells was as music in their ears. Our Elizabethan forefathers were not yet afflicted with the nerves of the twentieth century. Bear-baiting and bull-baiting presented no horrors to their minds; men and women watched, with varying degrees of pleasure, the hoodwinking of the wretched animals; they applauded the circle of those who plied the tethered beast with whips till it madly charged its unknown foes. But then they were familiar with the sight of public executions, performed by the local butcher on market days, and their fathers had watched the martyrs in the cause of religion tied to stakes at

Smithfield while the flames consumed them. It was the age of rack and thumb-screw, and familiar to all were the heads of traitors freely exhibited to a callous public.

Of out-door sports, hawking and hunting still held their place, while within, dancing was becoming more and more popular. Elizabeth herself was a famous dancer, and woe betide the courtier who could not tread a measure or go through the stately movements of the "peacock." Card-playing had now superseded the game of chess, and was growing more and more in favour. Primero, trump, and gleek were the favourites, involving heavy stakes, which bring back the cry of Falstaff: "I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero."

But all these amusements pale before the growing delight of play-going. To the allegorical morality play—revived to-day by the Elizabethan Stage Society in the representation of "Everyman"—succeeded historical representations, at first crude, but carried to a triumphant height by Shakspere. When Elizabeth ascended the throne there was no theatre: miscellaneous plays were acted in the courtyards of great inns or other open spaces, on temporary stages standing

on four legs and protected by an awning in bad weather. But in 1576 a regular playhouse was established and called The Theatre. Here the stage literally was a stage—a platform erected against one end of the square building. On the other three sides stood the spectators in the pit or yard, while all round ran galleries, boxes, or rooms, like the galleries of an old inn-yard. There was no arrangement for scenery; everything was very simple, and much was left to the imagination. The locality was indicated by a ticket bearing one such word as "Garden," "Thebes," and the spectators pictured the scene according to experience. The coarseness of some of the early plays may be inferred from the stage directions, such as "Enter Anne in bed," &c. Sir Philip Sydney laughed openly at the inadequacy of scenic effect: "Now you shall see three ladies walk to gather flowers," he says, "and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place; then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock; upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke; then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave." A regular company of players was appointed, and on Sundays at one

o'clock the flag was hoisted on the top of the theatre to announce that the play was about to begin. A flourish of trumpets ushered in an actor in a long black velvet cloak to speak the prologue. Then the play began, lasting some two hours, the women's parts all being taken by young men and boys. Then, as now, a new play had to pass through the fiery furnace of public criticism, and our ancestors were evidently as capricious and successful as their descendants in howling down a piece. The passion for plays increased, and we hear the complaint that there were now "four or five Sundays in every week": new theatres were built and more companies formed, one of which included William Shakspere. The representation of stirring scenes from past history grew and grew, till the young actor came forward to supply the demand. Comedies, tragedies, and historical plays succeeded one another, each of surpassing greatness, each complete in its knowledge of human nature, unexpressed by the ages that were passed. For the first time, men and women, convincing in their reality, played out their lives on the stage, and the drama reached a height hitherto undreamt of.

But if the amusement of theatre-going owes its origin to this period, there is another important addition to the social lives of our forefathers. The habit of smoking dates from the sixteenth century. The story of its introduction from the New World is too well known to repeat, but the process is quaintly described by a contemporary. "In these days (1573)," he says, "the taking in of the smoke of the Indian herb called Tabaco by an instrument formed like a little ladle, whereby it passeth from the mouth into the head and stomach, is greatly taken up and used in England against rheums and some other diseases engendered in the lungs and inward parts, and not without effect." Though used at first as a drug and for medicinal purposes, Sir Walter Raleigh made it fashionable, till to "take" tobacco soon became a necessary part of a gentleman's education. "They have pipes on purpose made of clay," says a foreigner, "into the farthest end of which they put the dry herb, so that it may be rubbed into powder, and, lighting it, they draw the smoke into their mouths, which they puff out again through their nostrils like funnels." For some time smoking was an expensive luxury, for tobacco cost as much as 18s. an ounce in modern

money. One pipe was often handed round the table for several people to use in turn, while in the inns the landlady often hired out a pipeful of tobacco to her guests. The inns of the period were a great advance on old days, and the comfort of the guests was much studied. "As soon as a passenger comes to an inn the servants run to him, and one takes his horse and walks him till he be cold, then rubs him down and gives him meat. Another servant gives the passenger his private chamber, and kindles the fire; the third pulls off his boots and makes them cleane." Each newcomer, we are specially told with pride, is sure to lie in clean sheets, "wherein no man hath been lodged" since they came from the laundress or out of the water wherein they were last washed. But evidently in the minds of the travellers some doubt yet lingered. "My she friend, is my bed made? is it good?" asks a traveller of the chambermaid "Jane."

"Yes, sir, it is a good featherbed; the sheets be very clean."

"Pull off my hose, and warm my bed; draw the curtains and pin with a pin, my she friend; kisse me once and I shall sleep the better. I thank you, fair maiden." Presumably, according

to the free-and-easy manners of the day, "Jane" acquiesced, for we hear the traveller called for her in the morning and tipped her well at his departure.

The large beds of Elizabethan days found their way into the inns and accommodated many travellers :—

> "At Ware was a bed of dimensions wide;
> Four couples might easily sleep side by side."

The charge was somewhat elastic, and great good-nature usually prevailed. Having eaten at dinner as much as he can, the guest is free to set by a part for the next day's breakfast. His bill is then made out, and should he object to any charge, "the host is ready to alter it." Coaches as yet were rare as a means of conveyance, and the roads were bad for travelling. "For, indeed, a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of it put both horse and man into amazement; some said it was a great crab shell brought out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan Temples in which the canibals adored the devil." Nevertheless, Queen Elizabeth drove in her coach and the ladies of the land strove to follow her example. Luggage

was for the most part carried in a chariot with "seven great trotting horses," and here is an amusing list of personal possessions which a gentleman's servant had to remember not to leave behind in inns—purse, dagger, cloak, night-cap, kerchief, shoeing-horn, wallet, shoes, spear, hood, halter, saddle cloth, spurs, hat, bow, arrows, sword, horn, leash, gloves, string, pen, paper, ink, parchment, red wax, pumice, books, penknife, comb, thimble, needle, thread, bodkin, knife, and shoemaker's thread.

So passed life in England during the forty-five momentous years of Elizabeth's reign. Our country had grown up around a Queen whose instinctive sympathy with her people had suggested possibilities hitherto undreamt of. "Round her, with all her faults, the England which we know grew into the consciousness of its destiny."

A PURITAN FAMILY.

(From Green's "History Illustrated," by permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

CHAPTER XV

Circa 1603—1642

THE PURITANS

"Go, and in regions far such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came; and plant our name
Under that star not known unto our north."

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

JAMES I. loved show and magnificence quite as much as his predecessors, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, so that we find the dress of the last period yet more exaggerated, extravagant sums of money spent on luxuries, banquets, masques, and other entertainments, and a general light worldliness pervading society during the early part of the seventeenth century. The Court itself was a "nursery of intemperance"; we hear rumours of the King being carried away from the dinner-table in his chair, unable to stand, ladies rolling about in intoxication. Thus the honour,

glory, and prestige of the nation bequeathed by Elizabeth soon vanished under her thriftless heir. The manners and customs of the Court became the manners and customs of the nation, until we are told "every great house in the country became a sty of uncleanness." Masques, coarse plays, and bear-baiting deteriorated public taste and mocked the past glory of the drama. Dress, too, had grown so exaggerated that in a rush of ladies to see a masque at Whitehall four or five got wedged together by reason of their huge farthingales, unable to move themselves, and effectually blocking the entrance to others till half through the play. For a time these "impertinent garments" were forbidden by the King, but neither this incident nor the Royal proclamation made any difference, and the size of the farthingale grew ever larger and larger. Indeed, the Queen, Anne of Denmark, even rode in a huge "wheel farthingale," with a ruff standing up round the back of her neck, stiff as pasteboard, starched with the fashionable yellow starch. The King himself figured daily in a new suit. But matters reached a climax when the Duke of Buckingham went to the French Court to fetch Henrietta Maria to England as a bride for the

King's son Charles, dressed in a suit of uncut white velvet, a cloak set all over with diamonds valued at eighty thousand pounds, a diamond feather in his hat, sword and girdle all set with precious stones. Feasting and riotous living were as conspicuous as extravagance in dress, until the household expenses of the King amounted to double those of his predecessor.

While such were the habits of the Court, one recalls with satisfaction the fact, that there were many of the country gentlemen left who followed the routine of the last generation. There was still in England the family rising at daybreak and assembling at family prayers read by the domestic chaplain. Breakfast consisted of a pint of beer and a pint of wine for each person, a piece of salt fish, some baked herrings, a chine of mutton or "three mutton bones boiled," together with the inevitable manchet, for which this is a seventeenth-century receipt: "Take a bushel of fine wheat flour, 20 eggs, 3 lb. of fresh butter; then take as much salt and barm as usual; temper it together with new milk pretty hot, then let it lie the space of half an hour to rise, so you may work it up into bread and bake it; let not your oven be too hot." After

breakfast, the master of the household and his sons got into the saddle and went off to hunt the deer, followed by scores of attendants, while the lady and her daughters superintended the dairy and buttery, dealt out bread and meat to the poor at their gates, and ordered the day's spinning. Indeed, the spinning of wool and flax was laborious and incessant, and the beautiful linen was handed down from generation to generation, as was also the hand embroidery, which often took some generations to complete. Needlework was a very necessary part of a woman's education in the seventeenth century; not less important was a knowledge of fine cooking, curing, preserving, distilling, candying, the making of syrups and jellies, beautifying washes, vinegar, pickles, and essences. Thus we get a lady excusing herself for not writing her letters, "Being almost melted with the double heat of the weather and my hotter employment because the fruit is suddenly ripe and I am busy preserving."

At noon came dinner, proclaimed by a noisy bell—a large and solid meal, after which sack and home-brewed ale, foreign wines, card-playing, love-making, dancing and other amuse-

ments passed the time to sunset, when the hour for bed was at hand. For those who could read, there was the library, which usually consisted of some six or eight huge printed volumes. Here was the great family Bible, Fox's "Acts and Monuments," Froissart's Chronicles, "The Seven Champions of Christendom," and others of like description.

But even as the century passed, we find a more mercenary spirit creeping over domestic life. Here is an amusing letter from a newly married lady stating her requirements:—

"MY SWEET LIFE,—I suppose it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me. I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £2,600 quarterly to be paid. Also I would, beside that allowance, have £600 quarterly to be paid for the performance of charitable works and those things I would not, neither will be, accountable for Also I will have three horses for my own saddle that none shall dare to lend or borrow. Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, also, believe it, it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when

God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate—also for either of these said women I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also I will have six or eight gentlemen, and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself with four very fair horses, and a coach for my women lined with cloth and laced with gold, with four good horses. Also I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, for that it is undecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gownes of apparel, six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also I would have to put in my purse £2,000 and £200, and so you to pay my debts. Also I would have £6,000 to buy me jewels and £4,000 to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have been, and am, so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children apparel and their schooling, and all my servants—men and women

—their wages. Also I will have all my houses furnished and my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. So for my drawing chamber, in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpets, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging."

Marriage in these days was very much a commercial proceeding, so much portion against so much income. The love of husbands and wives, of parents and children, was as strong as it had ever been and will ever be, but the ordinary falling in love of young men and women was not considered of the slightest importance.

"I mean to marry my daughter to £2,000 a year," wrote one Englishman of this period to another.

"I am afraid in these bad times you will not match your sisters as you desire," wrote another.

Thus a man was an appendage to fortune, children but pawns to advance the position and wealth of their parents. There was bargaining

about money matters, discussion as to what the bridegroom elect was bound to supply, the unscrupulous dropping of one proposal after another with the barest motives of interest. Here is the triumphant announcement of an engagement: "Sister Pegg is suddenly to be married to Mr. Elmes, of Northamtonshire; his estate is knowne to the world to be at the least £2,000 a year. He makes her of his owne offer £500 a year good security Joynter"; but a few weeks later follows a lamentable account of this commercial union: "Poor peg has married a very humersome cros boy has ever I see in my life, and she is very much altered for the worse since she was married; I do not blame her, because sometimes he maks her cry night and day."

Large families gave the mother of the period ample occupation; the infant mortality was tremendous, and, if over half the children survived babyhood, the mother was considered a remarkable manager. We hear of a healthy baby of a month old overlaid by his nurse, of another "seven weeks languishing, breeding teeth and ending in a dropsy," of another dying after six fits of a "quartan ague," suffocated by the

"women and maids that attended him and covered him too hot with blankets as he lay in a cradle, near an excessive hot fire in a close room." Children were unsuitably fed and unsuitably dressed. They were little miniatures of their parents, and must have suffered much in the big ruffs and padded breeches of the period. A great deal was expected of them. We hear of a child of three years old being complained of for being "shy and rustic" by his father, till even his stern old grandmother is obliged to intercede for him. "Sonn," she writes, "Edmund must be woone with fiar menes. Let me begge of you and his mother that nobody whip him, but Mr. Parrye; yf you doe goe a violent waye with him, you will be the furst that will rue it, for i veryly beleve he will reseve ingery by it." There was little happy childhood for the children of these days. Lucy Hutchinson has told us that at four years old she could read English perfectly, and was "carried to sermons," which she could afterwards repeat word for word, while at the age of seven she was receiving instruction from no less than eight tutors. But even this pales before the knowledge of poor little Richard Evelyn, a

few years later, who died at the age of five. His accomplishments are almost incredible, but his father declares that at two and a half years old he could perfectly read any of the English, Latin, French, or Gothic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly. "He had before the fifth year not only skill to read most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs, regular and most of the irregular, got by heart almost the entire vocabulary of Latin and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turn English into Latin, and *vice versa*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, ellipses, and many figures and tropes; began himself to write legibly, and had a strong passion for Greek. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious; he had read Æsop, he had a wonderful disposition to mathematics, having by heart divers propositions of Euclid that were read to him in play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them. He had learned all his Catechism early, and understood the historical part of the Bible and New Testament to a wonder."

Letter-writing, too, was on the increase, encouraged by improved means of communication. In 1635 the first inland post was established by Charles I., who commands his "Postmaster of England . . . to settle a running post or two to run night and day between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days, and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to any post-town in or near that road." Five years later eight postal lines were running in England, the rates of postage being 2d. for 80 miles, 4d. for 140 miles, while to Scotland cost 8d. Distance was little considered in these days. Prince Henry, the delicate son of James I., rode 96 miles to meet his father, setting out at one o'clock in the morning to avoid riding through the heat of the day. Hackney carriages were as yet in their infancy. It was not till 1625 that some twenty of them made their appearance in the streets of London, and one smiles at the proclamation ten years later forbidding hackney coaches in London, Westminster or the suburbs to travel more than three miles an hour because they "pestered the streets, broke up the pavements, and made walking dangerous." A few years later, some

Central Library

fifty hackney coaches were plying in London and the suburbs, but a greater luxury was the sedan chair, in which ladies and gentlemen who could afford it, might be carried from place to place.

It was against these and other luxuries that the Puritans now directed their fiercest attacks. These Puritans had been growing in numbers and strength since the times of Queen Elizabeth. Their aims have been summed up by Carlyle as: "The struggle of men intent on the real essence of things against men intent on the semblances and forms of things . . . fierce destroyers of Forms; but it were more just to call them haters of untrue Forms."

That worship at this time needed reform, few denied, but by suppression and persecution during the reign of Elizabeth the Puritans had become martyrs and their cause grew apace. The new King (James I.) had hardly crossed the Border when the Puritan ministers pressed further for reform. Among other things, they demanded certain alterations in the Prayer-book of Edward VI., they pleaded against the sign of the cross in baptism and the ring in marriage, against the use of cap and surplice, against the "longsomeness of service and the abuse of Church songs and

music." They did not want to separate themselves from the Church of England, only to reform the abuses that had crept in. A conference took place, but neither party would concede ground. The King definitely declared for the historic tradition of the Church service, but agreed to the Puritan demand for a new translation of the Bible. This accordingly was made by forty-seven scholars and dedicated to King James I. in the year 1611, since which date it has been in general use till to-day.

The results of the conference were far reaching. Two irreconcilable parties had arisen in England —those who clung to the historic Church of England and those who dissented from it or refused to conform to it. Hence the name Dissenter and Nonconformist. Statesmen who had little sympathy with the religious spirit pleaded for the purchase of national union by ecclesiastical reform.

"Why," asked Bacon, "should the Civil State be purged and restored by good and wholesome laws made every three years in Parliament assembled, devising remedies as fast as time breedeth mischief, and contrariwise the Ecclesiastical State still continue upon the dregs of time and

receive no alteration these forty-five years or more?"

But James was resolute against changes in Church discipline, and matters took their natural course. The first congregation of nonconformists crossed the sea to Holland, where they might feel free to follow their ideal life and develop those principles of a free worship for which they had struggled in vain at home. Thence they sailed to the New World. The beautiful, if pathetic story of the Pilgrim Fathers is well known; every detail of the terrible voyage, of the stout hearts and calm endurance of the stricken travellers to the little settlement of New Plymouth, is familiar.

And "over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England," our ancestors carried the manners and customs of their country. As time went on, more and more Nonconformists sailed across the broad Atlantic to make new homes. In 1630 some thousand men of education and culture, of fortune and position, left their English hearths, their estates, their friends, for the privilege of worshipping God as they chose in a new land. "Farewell, dear England; farewell the Church of God in England. We do not go to New England

as Separatists from the Church of England, but we go to practise the positive part of Church reformation and to propagate the Gospel in America. We esteem it an honour to call the Church of England our dear Mother . . . we wish our heads and hearts may be fountains of tears for your everlasting welfare, when we shall be in our poor cottage in the wilderness." Such were the Englishmen—statesmen, theologians, pioneers—who went forth into the waste lands to enjoy the freedom that they thought the old country had lost. English houses, English gardens, orchards, cornfields, all sprang up in these lands beyond the seas. Into the New World the Englishmen carried all that was dear to them at home, and the traditions of English endurance, of courage, perseverance, and dogged resolution carried thence have been large factors in the moulding of the American nation. For "truly they come of the Blood," and though some three hundred years have rolled away since our fathers left their English homes, and the little Puritan colonies have grown into a great and independent nation, yet their ancestors are our ancestors, and no width of stormy sea can wash out the old blood relationship which is a

bond stronger than love, a force mightier than time.

"While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach
More audible than speech,
'We are one.'"

CHAPTER XVI

Circa 1642—1660

ENGLAND A COMMONWEALTH

"For the apparel oft proclaims the man."—SHAKSPERE.

IF a large number of Puritans had sailed away from England to make new homes in America, yet a vast and ever increasing number remained at home. And these, growing stronger and stronger, influenced to no small extent the manners and customs of their country. Dress became a matter, not of fashion, but of conscience, and we get at this period two distinct types existing side by side—the Puritan in his sombre and plainly cut garments, the Cavalier in the glory of his slashed silk doublet, his point-lace collar, and his broad-brimmed, plumed hat. To the Puritan, "beauty was a curse and luxury a crime." He turned in disgust from the extravagance of the

Court, he held aloof from those amusements and pursuits which he felt were dragging his country to ruin. He cut his hair close round his head, thus earning the nickname of Roundhead as opposed to the long-haired Cavalier, for long hair was to him a luxury and a temptation to vanity. He disliked the soft brimmed hat of the Cavalier, with its graceful ease, wearing instead a stiff, high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat at once severe and forbidding. His doublet and hose were of dark coarse cloth, and his stockings of thick worsted. He wore no bright colours, no lace, no jewels, no ruff; round his neck was a broad folded band of linen. Here were no slashings, no "rustle of silks, no waving of plumes, no clink of golden spurs."

The Puritan lady dressed likewise in sombre hues. She wore a plain silk gown of grey with a folded white handkerchief, or cape with long close sleeves and a plain hood tied under the chin, or a broad-brimmed felt hat with a high crown. All was neat and plain and picturesque, a contrast to the Court beauty and to her gay courtier n his graceful clothes. His doublet was of silk or satin with loose, slashed sleeves, his wide collar of fine lace high up round the throat and turned

over, his shirt of the finest linen, trimmed with lace and richly embroidered, his short trousers finished with fringe below the knee, his boots of Spanish leather with wide ruffs at the top. His hair was long, and usually arranged in thick curls, the forerunner of the periwig. No wonder that contemporaries bemoaned these "thousand fooleries unknowne to our manly forefathers," and that against such effeminacy the Puritans made their stand.

It was not dress alone that determined the ever-widening breach between Roundhead and Cavalier. The Puritans were strong enough in the Parliament of 1642 to interfere with popular sports and pastimes in England. Bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and horse-racing were forbidden, theatres were closed, and acting companies dispersed. "Whereas," ran the proclamation, "public sports do not well agree with public calamities, nor public stage plays with the seasons of humiliation . . . it is thought fit that while these sad causes . . . do continue, public plays shall cease." Sunday was very strictly observed, and all persons were forbidden to be present on Sundays at wrestling, shooting, bowling, ringing of bells for pleasure, games,

dancing, masques, or other pastimes. Up to this time, Sunday had been the great day for games of all sorts: tennis and golf, cricket and the new game of pall mall and football were all played on Sunday, though the latter game in the time of the Commonwealth seems to have been very rough and to have incurred much displeasure. We hear of an apothecary, John Bishop, who with "force and arms did wilfully and in a violent and boisterous manner run to and fro and kick up and down in the common High Street of Maidstone a certain ball of leather commonly called a football unto the great annoyance and incumbrance of the said common highway and to the great disquiet and disturbance of the good people, and to the evil example of others."

But the clash of arms put an end to Puritan legislation, and the Civil War that burst out between Cavalier and Roundhead brought about an abnormal state of society. Both sides occupied themselves in raising volunteers, collecting subscriptions, and drilling raw recruits. Fire-arms were scarce, and the old long-bow and cross-bow were again brought into use. Old armour hanging in the ancestral halls was brought down and cleaned for use. The rustic labourer was changed

into a soldier, the young farmer became a dragoon with carbine and pistol. There was no uniform as yet, for there was no standing army. Cavaliers fought in buff coats shining with gold and silver embroidery, in large Spanish hats with drooping feathers, their long hair floating over their shoulders; they were for the most part gentlemen's sons, men of honour, courage, and resolution, fighting for King and Church against the splendid middle class of the country, the Roundheads of Cromwell, "men of religion" as they called themselves, Puritans, who allowed no drinking, blasphemy, or impiety in their ranks. There were great men on either side ready to lay down their lives for "The King" or "The Cause."

Women, too, rose to meet their responsibilities with a capability and courage that stands out brightly in our social history. To pay the necessary expenses, the wealthy brought their bags of gold and silver, the poor their smallest offerings, "a thimble, bodkin, and spoon," until Cavaliers jeered at the "thimble and bodkin" army of the zealous sisterhood.

"Women that left no stone unturn'd
In which the Cause might be concern'd
Brought in their children's spoons and whistles
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols."

A brewer's wife, the Puritan Ann Stagg, headed a procession of women to the House of Commons with a petition when war was imminent. "It may be thought strange and unbecoming to our sex to show ourselves here, bearing a petition to this honourable assembly; but Christ purchased us at as dear a rate as He did men, and therefore requireth the same obedience for the same mercy as of men; we are sharers in public calamities."

"Repair to your homes, we entreat," was the earnest answer, "and turn your petitions into prayers at home for us."

No less earnest were the wives of the Cavaliers. Lady Bankes in the defence of Corfe Castle and the Countess of Derby at Lathom House are instances of women's splendid achievements in the strife that was rending their hearts and taking from them husband and son. How their sufferings were intensified when these fought on opposite sides is shown in the case of Lady Denbigh: "O my deere son, that you would turn to the King. . . . I cannot forget what a son I had once. . . . I do more travell with soro for the grefe I suffer . . . than ever I did to breeng you into the world." And again after the death of her husband: "O my deere Jesus, put it into my

deere son's heart to leve that merciless company that was the deth of his father, for now I think of it with horror, before with sorrow. So, deere sone. . . . Our Lord bless you. Your loveing Mother."

Neither are the brave letters of Brilliana, Lady Harley, less conspicuous. In the absence of husband and son she managed the estates, harbouring her Puritan neighbours in the Castle. At the end of a six weeks' siege she died at her post. But during that six weeks we have glimpses of her making pies and cakes to send to her husband, knitting socks, and sending shirts and handkerchers to the deere son Ned she loved so well, and to whom she pens her last letter: "My deere Ned, I thank God, I am not afraid; it is the Lord's cause that we have stood for."

Not only as defenders of their homes, but as sick nurses, too, women shone in these three stern years of civil war. One "with excellent balsams and plasters" dressed many dangerous gun-shot wounds with such success "that they were all well cured in convenient time." Standing at her door one day, she saw three sorely-wounded prisoners carried past her bleeding: she ordered them to be brought to her, and, although they

were her enemies, she bound up and dressed their wounds. These were not days famous for mercy, pity, and forgiveness, and she was remonstrated with. "I have done nothing but what I think is my duty," she affirmed, "in humanity to them as fellow-creatures, not as enemies."

So, too, Anne Murray worked, evidently with some knowledge of nursing and strong nerves. "I believe threescore was the least that was dressed by me and my women and a man who I employed to such as was unfit for me to dress; and besides the plasters or balsam I applied I gave every one of them as much as might dress them three or four times, for I had provided myself with things necessary for that employment, expecting they might be useful." Many of the wounds had been left too long, but when others shrank from dressing them, this brave woman struggled on. "None was able to stay in the room, but all left me," she says of one bad case. "Accidentally a gentleman came in, who seeing me cutting off the man's sleeve of his doublet, which was hardly fit to be touched, he was so charitable as to take a knife and cut it off and fling it in the fire."

Instances such as these might be multiplied,

but a few words must be said about the first newspapers by which men and women got their news during the war.

As early as the year 1622 Nathaniel Butter hit on the idea of printing all the news of the day upon a single sheet and publishing it regularly week by week under a distinctive title. The news writers, special correspondents as we call them to-day, used to make their way from tavern to tavern, picking up odds and ends of news; they would squeeze into the Old Bailey to report some interesting trial, or obtain admission to the gallery of Whitehall to notice how the King was dressed. With the outbreak of the war the demand for news increased, and each side started its own newspaper. The Royalist paper, *Mercurius Aulicus*, appeared in 1643, and numerous others followed. There was the *Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer*, the *Weekly Post*, the *Mercurius Politicus*, the *Public Advertiser*, &c. One hundred and seventy weekly papers are said to have started between 1642 and 1649. These little sheets had a powerful effect. They were distributed through the villages by carriers and foot posts; countrywomen carried them from the market town in their egg-baskets, and those who could read eagerly

devoured the news, which was often more false than true.

By this means the people learnt that the war was at an end; that after a trial, famous in history, the King had been beheaded; that "the House of Peers in Parliament was useless and dangerous and ought to be abolished," and, finally, "that the office of King in this nation was unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous to the liberty, safety, and public interest of the people, and ought to be abolished." Such revolutionary measures must have filled the people's minds with that idea of instability which must needs accompany rapid change. With the victory of Puritanism fresh measures of suppression took place. Cathedral worship was put down, buildings were defaced and injured, altars and tables of stone in churches were abolished, communion tables removed from the east end of the church, rails pulled down, candlesticks taken away, crucifixes, images, and crosses destroyed. How careless men had grown about public worship is shown by Evelyn: "They read and pray without method, without reverence or devotion. I have beheld a whole congregation sit with their hats on, at the reading of the Psalms . . . in divers places they read not the Scriptures at all, but up into the

pulpit, where they make an insipid, tedious, and immethodical prayer . . . after which follows the sermon . . . which nor the people nor themselves well understand, but these they extend to an extraordinary length . . . and well they may, for their chairs are lined with prodigious velvet cushions, upon which they loll and talk till almost they sleep. Few take notice of the Lord's Prayer; it is esteemed a weakness to use it. Such of the churches as I have frequented were dammed up with pews, every three or four of the inhabitants sitting in narrow pounds or pulpits by themselves. The apprehension of Popery having carried them so far to the other extreme, they have lost all moderation and decorum." The idea of the Commonwealth was to make men religious and temperate by Act of Parliament. Hence profane cursing and swearing were fined; the first offence for a duke, marquis, earl, viscount, or baron was 30s.; a baronet or knight, 20s.; esquire, 10s.; gentleman, 6s. 8d.; and all others 3s. 4d. A woman indulging in oaths was fined according to the position of her husband or father. Those unable to pay were put in the stocks, or, if under the age of twelve, they were whipped. All buying and selling on Sunday was stopped, travelling was forbidden,

drunkenness was fined, and all Sunday amusements were stopped, till the country wore an air of gloomy satisfaction, very unlike the merrie England of Queen Elizabeth.

A Republican simplicity ruled supreme—the reformed style of living resembled the old Saxon coarseness. The Protector's wife set an example of pious plainness. She ate marrow puddings for breakfast, and fed her husband on sausages of hog's liver. When she suspected general discontent in her household she was heard to remark: "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace." Nevertheless, when the huge experiment of the Commonwealth was ended and all is said and done, when two centuries and more have matured the harsh austerity of the Puritans and toughened the graceful ease and luxury of the Cavaliers, it must be owned that Puritanism left the mass of Englishmen what it made them, "serious, earnest, sober in life and conduct, firm in their love of . . . freedom." It introduced a note of sobriety and purity into English society; it imposed self-restraint, simplicity of living, stern justice, and elevation of thought, and it has been thoughtfully said that the "whole history of English progress since the Restoration . . . has been the history of Puritanism."

CHAPTER XVII

Circa 1660—1688

THE RESTORATION

"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

1 Cor. xv.

WHEN Charles II., the Merry Monarch, came to his own again in 1660 and once more occupied the throne of his ancestors, the whole country burst into unrestrained joy. But if Englishmen had eleven years previously swept away a Court and its vices, they now had unwittingly restored a Court with worse vices. Deplorable indeed were the morals of the newly-restored Court. The age was one of "coarse wit and loud laughter, of clever talk, of dancing, duelling, dining, theatre-going, card-playing, horse-racing, and of amusement raised to the dignity of a fine art." Passions sternly repressed

by the Puritans burst forth unrestrained as soon as the check was withdrawn. The desire for amusement was indulged to the full, little or no restraint being imposed. Cock-fighting and bull-baiting, "butcherly sports," were once more freely witnessed by all classes of society. Ladies and gentlemen, disguised with masks, mixed with the common people at crowded fairs and low entertainments. Cards and gambling passed away the precious hours, and "cursing, swearing, grumbling, and rejoicing were heard to an accompanying rattle of guineas." Women joined enthusiastically; night after night they sat at the card-table indulging in this fashionable folly, heedless of rebuke and warning:

> "Yet sitting up so late, as I am told,
> You'll lose in beauty what you gain in gold."

The game of Gleek, popular in Queen Elizabeth's time, sprang into favour at the Restoration. Pepys learnt the game in the winter of 1662: "My Aunt Wright and my wife and I to cards, she teaching of us to play at Gleek, which is a pretty game." Whist was played towards the close of the reign of Charles II. In 1674 a book appeared called The Compleat Gambler; or, Instructions how to

Play at Billiards, Bowls, and Chess, together with all Manner of Gentile Games either in Cards or Dice." One chapter is devoted to "English Ruff and Honours and Whist," which apparently every child of eight years old was expected to play. That a good deal of cheating took place we may infer from the following significant passage: "He that can by craft overlook his adversary's game hath a great advantage, for by that means he may partly know what to play securely. There is a way to discover to their partners what honours they have; as the wink of one eye or putting one finger on the nose or table, it signifies one honour; shutting both the eyes, two; placing three fingers or four on the table, four honours." Billiards, one of the few games allowed through the gloomy Commonwealth, now grew in popularity, till in 1688 there were few towns in England without a public billiard table. The game at this time differed very considerably from our modern game. The balls were very small, the cues were tipped with ivory, the bed of the table was made of oak or marble, the pockets or hazards were merely wooden boxes.

Once more the bear-gardens and cock-pits, practically deserted during the Commonwealth,

were daily packed. Every class resorted thither to gamble and bet, quarrel and thieve.

"To Shoe Lane," writes Pepys in 1663, "to see a Cocke-fighting at a new pit there, a spot I was never at in my life: but Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from Parliament man . . . to the poorest prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen and what not; and all these fellows are cursing and betting. I soon had enough of it." To render the cocks fit for this horrid sport their crests and spurs were cut off, while their food was mixed with pepper, cloves, and the yolks of eggs, to heat them and render them more vigorous for battle, which ended only with the death of one or the other. Play-going was enthusiastically revived, but the drama was very different to what it had been in the glorious days of Shakspere. True, we hear of revivals of "Henry IV.," "Hamlet," and "Henry VIII.," but for the most part the new comedies to which our forefathers flocked at this time were of the coarsest nature, a clear reflection of their ideas and manners. We see them crowding the theatres with noisy enjoyment, roaring applause to brilliant dialogue, sparkling wit and repartee. Love, marriage, immorality were treated with coarse freedom; virtue

was at a discount; humanity, noble sentiments, manly courage and high achievement no longer represented Englishmen on the stage. For the moment these things had passed away!

Trivial enough, too, were the indoor amusements of grown-up folk. "I love my love with an A," was a favourite game. It was played after dinner by "all the great ladies sitting upon a carpet," with much wit and personal indelicacy. "Drawing characters," too, opens up a terrible vista of possibilities. "Crambo," "Hunt the Slipper," "Blind Man's Buff," and "Hot Cockles," were all favourite amusements of the day.

An enormous amount of time and thought was lavished upon dress by men as well as by women. Pepys never wearies of describing to us his fine clothes; he tells us of new suits of silk and cloth trimmed with scarlet ribbons, of velvet coats and cloaks shining with silver buttons, of high-crowned beaver hats adorned with plumes of feathers and worn indoors as well as out, of lace ruffles and rich falling collars of lace, high-heeled shoes, and the introduction into England of the famous wig. This was in the year 1664, when the large periwig or peruke found its way, like all other fashions, from the Court of the French King. One by one

men and women succumbed to the prevailing mode. At once arose a great demand for hair to make wigs, and we get a despairing letter from the North of England, to which fashions penetrated slowly: "Peg can hear of no hair at any barber's."

Women now began to use paint for their faces and to wear little black patches, so popular in the reign of Queen Anne. Paris still dictated English fashions. While powder and patches were among ordinary toilet necessaries, tooth-brushes were yet costly luxuries, and only obtainable in France. These little "brushes for making cleane of the teeth" were for the most part covered with gold and silver. Not only were friends commissioned to buy these rarities abroad, but others travelling to London were given lists of commissions which were drawn up in the greatest detail: "If you would please to employ somebody to choose me out a lace that hath but very little silver in it and not above a spangle or two in a peak," writes a lady of high degree; "I would not have it too heavy a lace; about the breadth of a threepenny ribbon, very little border, will be enough, and I pray you to choose me out some ribbon to make strings; six yards will be enough; some shaded satin ribbon will be

the best, of fourpenny breadth, and I would fain have some very little edging lace, as slight as may be, to edge the strings, and but little silver in it; ten yards will be enough."

The close summer of 1665 brought our ancestors something else to think of besides dress and recreation. After a dry winter and spring, June dawned with unusual heat, and the twelfth and last plague swept over England, carrying off hundreds and thousands of men, women, and children of every class, deadening all effort, paralysing all commerce, and defeating all attempts to stay it.

Walking in the streets of London, men suddenly became aware that an ever-increasing number of houses were marked with the fatal red cross on the door, accompanied by the pathetic prayer, "Lord, have mercy upon us." The sign was familiar enough to those who had lived through the terrible visitation of 1603, and that of 1625, which had devastated so many homes. Since those days the population of London had almost doubled, and it was little short of half a million when the plague broke out. But if the population of England had increased, one condition throughout the large towns remained

the same. They were all badly drained; the streets were narrow, dark, and dirty; the water was insufficient for the needs of the people. Cleanliness was little considered in these days. Rubbish from the houses was shot into the street, where it lay about in heaps with rotten fruit, ashes, dead cats and dogs, and other filth, till kindly rains swept all together into the nearest stream or river.

> "Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
> Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
> Dead cats and turnip tops, came tumbling down the flood."

And if gross ignorance prevailed with regard to sanitary matters, gross ignorance likewise prevailed with regard to medical precautions. This is amply illustrated by the very inadequate remedies suggested to allay the plague when Englishmen were dying by hundreds, till "the nights were too short to bury the dead."

One lady beseeches her young nephew "to wear a quill as is filled up with quicksilver and sealed up with hard wax and served up in a silk thing with a string to wear about the neck; this is as sartine as anything is to keep from taking the

Plague." "The quicksilver," she adds, "must be corked up fust and then sealed, for itt tis nitty for ones teth and eies." Further she recommends "Lente figs in readiness in case any of the family should have a swelling, for when roast and mashed together with a little mustard they will heal the sores." "Take the mistletoe which grows upon a oak-tree," advises another amateur, "dry it and beat it to powder and give as much of it as will lie upon a sixpence three mornings together."

This, at any rate, must be harmless. Very unpleasing is this cure against the infection: "Take of mummie (man's flesh hardened) cut small 4 ozs., spirit of wine 10 ozs. Put them into a glazed vessel and set in Horse dung to digest for the space of one month," or "Take the Brains of a young man that hath died a violent death together with its membranes, Arteries, Veins, Nerves and all the pith of the Back bone; bruise these in a stone mortar till they become a kind of pap, then put as much of the Spirits of wine as will cover three fingers' breadth, digest for half a year in Horse dung and take a drop or two in water once a day." The College of Physicians prescribed for the stricken people: "Take a great onion, hollow it and put

into it a fig, rue cut small and a dram of Venice treacle (consisting of vipers, white wine, opium, liquorice, red roses, &c.) close stopt in a wet paper, roasted in the embers." This poultice was to be applied to the great tumours which were such a distinctive feature of the plague. For "Goddard's Drops" the King paid £6,000, but men fell to disputing whether they were made from the skull of a hanged man and dried viper or from volatile spirit of raw silk rectified with oil of cinnamon. Tobacco was considered a preventive of the plague, and Eton boys were ordered to smoke every morning while it lasted. But when all was said and done, still the great remedy lay in flight. The King, Queen, and Court, doctors and clergy, for the most part, left the stricken city. So passed the melancholy summer of 1665.

When the disease had carried away some hundred thousand of London's inhabitants, it stopped, shops reopened, trade revived, and slowly Londoners returned to their homes. The coaches, which had only been running for the past few years from the "George Inn, Aldersgate," every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, reaching Salisbury in two days and York in four days, once more started with passengers. Travelling

by coach was no unmixed pleasure in these early days of the Restoration. Like other innovations, it was strongly opposed. "These coaches," wrote a contemporary, "are one of the greatest mischiefs that hath happened of late years to the kingdom, mischievous to the public, destructive to trade, and prejudicial to lands." Despite opposition the coaches increased both in number and in speed, till, attaining the breakneck speed of fifty miles a day, they were dignified by the name of "Flying Coaches." The roads were very bad, the ruts deep and dangerous; not infrequently the whole coach and its occupants was upset; the difficulties and discomforts were inconceivably great. But even these were as nothing compared to the very real danger which beset the travellers of the seventeenth century. To-day the mounted and masked highwayman is an unknown personage, except in romance; then, he was a genuine terror to the stoutest-hearted Englishman, for whom he lay in wait on every main road or lonely common in the country. The waste tracts which bordered the highways from London to the provinces were haunted by these robbers and thieves. Hounslow Heath, Finchley Common, Epping Forest, were famous for

highwaymen even in broad daylight. Hence the drivers of stage-coaches, as well as the occupants, were fully armed, and no traveller ventured forth without pistols, blunderbuss, swords, bullets, and a horn of gunpowder. Every danger was increased as darkness came on, and all were glad to seek the friendly shelter of the wayside inns, famous for their comfort, freedom, and hospitality. Here, too, the mounted postman was sometimes forced to seek refuge, though he was supposed to journey through the night with his mail-bags at the rate of five miles an hour. He carried the famous news-letters, published twice a week in London, to the distant towns, where they were eagerly devoured. The news which filled two small pages was for the most part collected in the coffee-houses, which were an innovation of this age. It has been said that the "history of coffee-houses, ere the invention of clubs, was that of the manners, the morals, and the politics of a people."

In the year 1656 a Turkish merchant introduced coffee as a novelty into London, but wearying of the constant intrusion of curious people wishing to taste the new beverage, he

deputed to an attendant the sale of his coffee to those who liked to pay for it. Roset set up his coffee-house in Lombard Street with a portrait of himself as a sign over the door. Other drinks were soon admitted besides coffee, and we get this advertisement in a current news-letter of the day: "That excellent and by all physicians approved China Drink called the Chinaman's Tcha, by other nations Tay alias Tee is sold at the Sultanes Head, a cophee house by the Royal Exchange, London." But as yet this newly imported tea was very expensive, costing in 1660 as much as from £5 to £10 a pound. "I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I had never drank before," said Pepys in this same year, adding two years later, "Home, and there find my wife making of tea, a drink which the Pothicary tells her is good for her cold and defluxions."

The coffee-houses soon increased mightily in number and in importance. "Jonathan's" was opened by an apprentice of that name; the "Rainbow," by a barber in Fleet Street, and many others were crowded with customers from morning to night. It was not long before they departed from their first uses, and each was

patronised by a distinct and separate class of society. Thus all the physicians would collect at one to consult together about their profession, at another the Puritans would assemble to discuss their views of life.

There was the Quaker's coffee-house, where no healths were drunk, no oaths uttered, no colours to be seen. There was "Will's," frequented by our friend Pepys.

> "'As I remember,' said the sober Mouse,
> 'I've heard much talk of the Wits' coffee-house';
> 'Thither,' says Brindle, 'thou shalt go and see
> Priests sipping coffee, Sparks and Poets tea.'"

Though most coffee-houses could produce supplies of brandy and such old-world beverages as "mum," "red streak," "black cordial," spiced ale, &c., yet there was seldom any riotous drinking, swearing, or quarrelling. This was reserved for the taverns, where constantly disgraceful scenes took place, not infrequently ending in bloodshed. Many and various were the drinks sold here. Spanish wines were very popular; there were the well-known drinks canary, sack, sack-posset, sherry, Burgundy, claret. Spirits were expensive and little drunk. But the

taverns were running with "mum," which was ale brewed with wheat instead of hops; "buttered ale," which contained no hops, but was warm and flavoured with sugar and cinnamon; "lamb's wool," made of roast apple pulp, &c. Here is an old receipt for one of their favourite drinks called "Cock Ale": "Take 10 gallons of ale and a large cock, the older the better; parboil the cock, flea him and stamp him in a stone mortar till his bones are broken. Put the cock into 2 quarts of sack and put to it 3 lbs. of raisins of the sun stoned, some blades of mace and a few cloves; put all these into a canvas bag, put the ale and bag together in the vessel; in a week or nine days' time bottle it up and leave the same to ripen."

Hard drinking was the fashion. Members of Parliament found it hard to keep sober. Pepys rarely passed a day without resorting to some tavern for a morning drink or a pint of wine after dinner. We find him, being slightly more sober than Sir William Penn, undertaking to conduct that gentleman safely through the streets of London. And thus these merry, careless days passed away. The short and troubled reign of James II. brought little change in social affairs,

and as the Stuart Dynasty drew to its close, "costume, manners, the whole tone of society, went on a downward course with breakneck speed."

CHAPTER XVIII

Circa 1689—1702

AFTER THE REVOLUTION

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death."

SHAKSPERE.

WITH the landing of William and Mary on English shores, the tide turned, and to a period of careless irresponsibility, uproarious mirth, and general masquerading succeeded an age of earnest sobriety. Weightier matters now received the attention of our forefathers, and there was less of that incessant scandal and gossip which had occupied society under the Merry Monarch. We can picture Englishmen of the day eagerly discussing the new state of

affairs at home in coffee-house and tavern under the King and Queen, nephew and daughter to him who had so lately made good his escape to Paris. They would comment on the new Court at Whitehall, on the unsociable, stern, and forbidding manners of William, on his carelessness in dress, his foreign accent, his want of geniality. "His freezing look, his silence, the dry and concise answers which he uttered, when he could keep silence no longer, disgusted noblemen and gentlemen who had been accustomed to be slapped on the back by their Royal masters, called Jack or Harry, congratulated about race cups or rallied about actresses." All this social freedom was at an end now. If the King appeared at all in public, he stood among the gay crowds of courtiers and ladies, silent and abstracted, rarely smiling, never jesting. Never was he heard to swear, never was he seen at a theatre. Hunting and gambling were his recreations, and it must have been some consolation to our Tory forefathers to learn that the King could lose £4,000 at a single sitting. His wife disliked gossip and scandal as much as he did; when courtiers prattled to her of duels, debts, and elopements, she replied by asking them if

they had ever read her favourite sermon by Dr. Tillotson on evil speaking.

More marked still might have been the contrast of society under William and Mary had not the new King's health suffered severely from his brief sojourn at Whitehall Court. The air of Westminster, the thick fogs, the river floods, which in spring washed the courts of his palace, the "smoke of sea-coal from the hundred thousand chimneys," the fumes of filth, which, notwithstanding the plague and fire, was still allowed to accumulate in the streets—all these told on a delicate constitution, and he was advised to remove to the purer air of Hampton Court. Built under the Tudors, the apartments were now too old-fashioned for the requirements of the seventeenth century, and it was elaborately remodelled. As William had laid out his gardens at the Hague, so now he had the famous gardens at Hampton Court laid out in the stiff formal style which had been adopted at Versailles. He introduced into England waterworks of quaint forms, parterres with fountains and jets of water and formal cascades, all designed by Dutch gardeners. They exaggerated the old manner of clipping trees and overcrowded gardens

with grotesque shapes of yew and box. Though the "tulip fever" was by this time subsiding, Dutch bulbs were very much planted, as they lent themselves to the stiff style of laying out geometrical patterns and borders. If the parterres were ingenious, so also was the labyrinth at Hampton Court, which was devised at this time, and which has since puzzled so many generations of holiday visitors in modern times. Mary, who had acquired a taste for China porcelain at the Hague, put up a number of curious images and vases at Hampton Court ; the fashion spread far and wide, till no great house in England was deemed complete without a museum of grotesque ornaments. Indeed, the Queen's own tea-service of Oriental china was famous ; her cups were without handles, proportioned to the little round teapot. She, too, was the first to introduce the tea urn into England, for she passionately loved the new dish of tea, which was becoming fashionable, and which was bought for her at 66s. a pound.

But the King was not the only person who sought health away from London in the seventeenth century. It was becoming the fashion for persons of note to resort to some

watering-place, such as Bath or Tunbridge Wells, there to take the medicinal waters, which had long been known to be beneficial. Bath, or The Bath, as it was called at this time, occupied a prominent position in the social life of these times. Thither, during the summer months, flocked the rank and fashion of England, not always, it is true, for the sake of the waters, but "to divert themselves with good company." There was room for some fifty in the bath, together with their attendants, and here every morning perfumed ladies and "vigorous sparks" amused themselves in the water, while spectators looked down on them from a gallery. After some two hours in the water, which apparently was rarely changed, each was wrapped in a sheet and carried home in a chair lined with blankets. The rest of the day was spent in amusements of every description. Bath grew more popular year by year, and played a large part in the lives of "persons of quality" in the two succeeding centuries.

These resorts were for the wealthy only; but in the seventeenth century our ancestors were growing very wealthy, for the great middle class were making England the chief commercial

country in the world. It was a period of transition, from the plough to the loom, from the spinning-wheel to the factory, from the age of tools to the age of machinery. The fact of the ever-increasing wealth produced by these changes is amply illustrated by the establishment of the Bank of England in 1694. The Huguenots who had taken refuge in England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had brought with them their secrets and their industry. Factories for silk, beaver hats, paper, velvet, damask, cutlery, glass, pottery, &c., rose in our midst. It was the South of England, not the North, that first became famous for the manufacturing industry of the kingdom. As wool was justly held to be "the foundation of England's riches," so now the exportation of wool to other countries was forbidden. Protection ruled supreme, and the manufacturing trade was thus concentrated within the country, though our forefathers proved themselves to be brilliant smugglers during this and succeeding periods. This rapid industrial progress put plenty of money into the pockets of our forefathers. Trade was less despised than of yore. Proud old aristocrats were pleased to marry their daughters to wealthy young merchants, and

the old social barriers were partially broken down.

The trading classes, we are told by a contemporary, are "the best Body in the Nation, generous, sober, and charitable. So that while the People are so immersed in their own affairs, there is a better spirit stirring in our cities, more knowledge, more zeal, and more charity, with a great deal more of Devotion."

But amid all classes the ignorance was lamentable. A finished education for a boy of this period consisted in a "little Latin and less Greek," beaten into him either at one of the public schools or at home by the French tutor who had replaced the domestic chaplain of long ago. Having been whipped through a little grammar and arithmetic, he was taught to dance, as also "how to enter a room, how to carry the head and hands and to turn out the toes." Fencing and the use of one stringed instrument, such as the lute, guitar, or violin, completed education at an early age. If a boy went to the University, he entered it at fifteen or sixteen. It was eminently an unhappy age for schoolboys, and this advertisement is by no means uncommon in the papers of the day: "A gentleman's only Child is run from School;

he is about twelve years of age with light Cloathes lin'd with red, a well-favour'd brisk Boy with a fair old Wig ; he has been in Spain and Portugal, which makes his Parents fear that some Ship may entertain him."

Indeed, it was the fashion to travel abroad, and the finish to a boy's education was for him to make the grand tour in Europe, accompanied either by father or tutor. Slow and tedious was the travelling on the Continent by heavy, rumbling coaches, while the accommodation at night was uncomfortable and unhealthy. Boys were on distant terms with their parents, addressing them on bended knee as "Most honoured Father, Sir," and this in days of tender endearment and affection. "Child," writes a father to his sixteen-year-old son, "I shall send you 2 lb. of Chocolate upon next Monday by the carrier. . . . I have a new shirt here ready for you, and shall buy muslin cravats and ruffles against you come to me."

But if kind, they could be equally severe.

"Child," writes an angry father to his really good little boy at school, "I have received a letter from your master, Mr. Blackwell, who complains of you in your business, and that you are idly

and evilly inclined. You have much deceived me, your father, who, blinded with love for you, thought you no less than a young Saint, but now to my grief perceive that you are growing very fast to be an old Devil."

The girls were taught still less. A lady was considered sufficiently learned if she could just read and write. Her spelling and grammar were very deficient, her knowledge on ordinary matters lamentable. Even the household duties to which she had formerly been trained were now neglected. Little girls were sent to boarding schools in London, which advertised themselves in this way: "Mrs. Elizabeth Tutchin continues to keep her school at Highgate, where sober young Gentlewomen may be taught whatsoever is necessary to the Accomplishment of that sex." To be a complete gentlewoman was to be able to dance and sing, to play on the bass viol, virginals, spinet, and guitar, to make waxwork, japan, paint upon glass, to make sweetmeats and sauces. "To-morrow I intend to carry my girl to school," wrote an Englishman of this age of his little eight-year-old daughter. So Molly went to school at Chelsea, where she learnt to dance gracefully and to "japan boxes," which art cost

a guinea entrance fee and ten shillings extra for materials, neither of which items was grudged by her father. "I find you have a desire to learn to Japan and I approve of it," he writes to her, "and so I shall of anything that is good and virtuous, and therefore learn in God's name all good things, for I admire all accomplishments that will render you considerable and lovely in the sight of God and man."

It is to be feared that the capacity to please man was the principal object in Molly's education, for marriage was as yet the only vocation for women and union to some wealthy gentleman the sole ambition of every father for his daughter. The emptiness of women's lives is somewhat revealed by this supposed extract from a lady's diary of a slightly later period.

"*Wednesday*, 8–10.—Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after 'em.

"10–12.—Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of black tea, read the *Spectator*.

"11–1.—At my toilet, try'd a new head. Gave orders for Veney to be combed and washed. Mem., I look best in blue.

"1.—Called for my flowered Handkerchief, worked half a violet leaf in it—eyes ached and

head out of order. Threw by my work and read.

"3–4.—Dined.

"4–12.—Dressed, went abroad and play'd Crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spitely at home. Conversation: Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones; Old Lady Loveday going to be married to a young Fellow that is not worth a groat; Miss Prue gone into the Country; Tom Townely has real hair.

"Twelve o'clock at Night.—Went to bed. Melancholy dreams."

Little enough education was obviously required to spend life in this fashion. There was little domestic life, as we understand it to-day, in town; men spent their evenings at the coffee-house or tavern or theatre, and women were left to amuse themselves and gossip and play cards as they liked. Of course, they went to the theatre too, but often enough the plays were of such a coarse nature that they had to go masked, for fear of recognition. In the country social life, if still trivial, was of a more wholesome nature, as indeed it ever has been and will be. Even so, men and women grew prematurely old in these days: girls were introduced into society at the age of thirteen

or fourteen, boys went to the University at fifteen or sixteen. Early marriages and large families weighed heavily on both sexes at a time when infant mortality was tremendous and infection stalked unchecked through the land. Fevers, agues, measles, and small-pox carried off whole families or scored young faces with fatal blemish. One recalls the pathetic scene, so graphically sketched by Thackeray, of Lady Castlewood after the small-pox. "When the marks of the disease cleared away they did not, it is true, leave furrows or scars on her face (except one, perhaps, on her forehead over her left eye), but the delicacy of her rosy colour and complexion was gone; her eyes had lost their brilliancy, her hair fell, and her face looked older. It was as if a coarse hand had rubbed off the delicate tints of that sweet picture and brought it, as one has seen some unskilful painting cleaners do, to the dead colour. Also it must be owned that for a year or two after the malady her Ladyship's nose was swollen and redder." And the sequel, despite courtly flattery, how little Esmond broke out honestly protesting that his mistress was no longer so handsome as she was, "on which Lady Castlewood gave a rueful smile and a look into a

little Venice glass she had, which showed her, I suppose, that what the stupid boy said was only too true, for she turned away from the glass and her eyes filled with tears."

In 1694 the Queen herself was attacked and died in a few days of this malignant disease. Inoculation and vaccination were as yet unknown, and there was nothing to stay its ravages. The common treatment seems to have been a black powder, made of thirty or forty live toads burnt to black ashes. When the Queen sickened, her physicians had recourse to their ordinary remedy for all the ills of life, that of bleeding. But there was no cure for the virulent small-pox of the seventeenth century, and at the early age of thirty-two Mary died.

Royal funerals in these days were outrageous in their display of pomp, and this exaggeration found an echo in funerals of all classes of society. No pains were spared to make a funeral of the poorest both costly and miserable. The funeral invitations sent out were ghastly eulogies of the dead, decorated with grinning skulls, pickaxes, hour-glasses, and cross-bones, material ideas entirely crushing the spiritual. To each mourner gloves, hat-bands and mourning rings were presented,

sometimes as many as two hundred rings being given away at a cost of one pound each. To the chief mourners and near relations whole suits of mourning were presented; physicians, apothecaries, servants, &c., were all recipients of black garments. And, indeed, the mourning of these days did not stop here. Our ancestors put their whole beds into mourning, as well as their tables and chairs; they hung their halls with black baize, and covered their cushions with black. We hear of a country gentleman mourning in two black taffety night clothes, a black nightcap, a black brush and comb, two black spice-bags, and slippers of black velvet; besides these, he had black cloth doublets, black breeches and cloak, black bands for his black hats, some "old black taffety garters and new black ribbon roses." "I have a new black beaver hat for you," writes a father to his younger son on the death of a brother, "which I will send you in a little deal box, with a black crape hat-band, black mourning gloves and stockings and shoe-buckles, and three pairs of black buttons for wrist and neck.

Funerals were preceded and followed by a good deal of drinking; often wine boiled with sugar and cinnamon was served out to the guests on

their return from the long and trying ceremony. It is related by the keeper of a tavern in London that "a tun of red port" was drunk at his wife's burial by women only, for it is noteworthy that at this time no man went to a woman's funeral, nor did a woman go to a man's.

William only survived his wife eight years, leaving the throne to his sister-in-law Anne, whose reign ushered in a period of change in the social lives of our forefathers.

BY MEANS OF THE SEDAN CHAIR THE FINE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF QUEEN ANNE'S TIME WERE CARRIED TO CHURCH.

CHAPTER XIX

Circa 1702—1714

UNDER "GOOD QUEEN ANNE"

"Great voices of great lovers of their land
All have departed, all return no more."
WATSON.

UNLIKE her famous predecessor, Elizabeth, and her famous successor, Victoria, Queen Anne was a wife and mother long before she ascended the throne of England. A woman of thirty-seven, childless though the mother of seventeen children, she had lived through momentous changes in her country's history. In the course of seventeen years her uncle, Charles II., had died, her father, James II., had fled from his kingdom, her sister Mary had reigned and died, and she herself had just lost her last child, the pathetic little Duke of Gloucester, but two years before the death of her brother-in-law,

Central Library.

William III. And yet such was her apathetic disposition that she was collected, placid, and calm as she mounted the throne of her ancestors amid the shouts and rejoicings of her loyal subjects. But if these subjects added to the prestige of England's arms, increased her trade, and created a literature famous enough to earn the title of the Augustan Age, it was not thanks to the encouragement or enlightened recognition of Queen Anne. A good enough woman herself, she influenced the morals of the Court; she refused to attend theatres or other places of amusement, but occupied a good deal of time in writing letters to her favourite women friends.

Of immense size, no one was fonder of a good dinner than the Queen. Indeed, she was immoderate in her appetite: she was known to eat a whole fowl at a sitting; she made herself ill over black-hearted cherries, and did herself serious injury by constantly sipping large quantities of rich chocolate. Most of our ancestors of this period began the day by a cup of chocolate, followed a few hours later by some green tea or ale, with some brawn to eat with it. But dinner, whether at two or three o'clock, was the meal of the day.

"The English eat a great deal at dinner," says a famous French traveller of these days. "Their supper is moderate: gluttons at noon and abstinent at night. I always heard they were great flesh-eaters, and I found it true. I have known several people in England that never eat any bread; they nibble a few crumbs, while they chew Meat by whole Mouthfuls. Generally speaking the English tables are not delicately served: the middling sort of people have ten or twelve sorts of common Meats which infallibly take their Turns at their Tables, and two dishes are their dinners; a Pudding, for instance, and a piece of Roast Beef; another time they will have a piece of Boil'd Beef, and then they salt it some days beforehand and besiege it with five or six heaps of Cabbage, Carrots, Turnips, or some other Herbs or Roots, well pepper'd and salted and swimming in Butter: A leg of roast or boil'd mutton, dished up with the same dainties, Fowls, Pigs, Ox Tripes and Tongues, Rabbits, Pigeons, all well moistened with Butter. Two of these dishes, always served up one after the other, made the usual Dinner of a Substantial Gentleman or wealthy Citizen." But the French traveller becomes enthusiastic over the English pudding. "The pudding is a dish very

difficult to be described. Flour, milk, eggs, butter, sugar, suet, marrow, raisins, &c., are the most common ingredients of a pudding. They bake them in an oven, they boil them with meat, they make them fifty different ways. *Blessed be he that invented Pudding.* Ah, what an excellent thing is an English Pudding!" We recognise our mince-pies and plum-pudding in another of his observations. "Every family against Christmas makes a famous pye which they call Christmas pye. It is a great nostrum, the composition of this pasty: it is a most learned mixture of neat's tongues, chicken, eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon and orange peel, various kinds of spicery." This Christmas or minced pie was originally made in the shape of the manger wherein the Holy Infant was laid. "They also make," continues the astonished traveller, "a sort of soup with plums, which is in their language call'd plum-porridge."

But there was still a great want of refinement in the food of these days. We find numerous receipts for marrow-puddings, mixtures of cocks' combs and hedgehog, and blood puddings were not uncommon.

> "Blood stuff'd in Skins is British Christian food,
> And France robs Marshes of the croaking Brood;
> Spongy Morells in strong Ragousts are found
> And in the Soupe the slimy Snail is drown'd."

Founded on the principle of eating and drinking were the clubs of Queen Anne's reign. The origin of these is quaintly put in an early number of the *Spectator*, written by Addison. "Man is said to be a Sociable Animal," he says, "and we may observe that we take all occasions and Pretences of forming ourselves into those little Nocturnal Assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of Clubs. When a Sett of Men find themselves in any Particular, tho' never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of Fraternity and meet once or twice a week upon the Account of such a Fantastick Ressemblance." In this way started the club of Fat Men, in a room with two doors. If a candidate could make his way through the small door he was unqualified for membership, but if he stuck, folding doors were immediately thrown open and he was saluted as a brother! In opposition to this, sprang up a club of Scarecrows and Skeletons, but a more serious undertaking was the famous Kit-Cat Club, which met at a mutton-pie house near Temple Bar, kept by one Christopher Cat, whose pies were humorously termed "kit-cats." It became the rendezvous of Whig chiefs, men favourable to the succession of the House of Hanover. Each

member presented the founder with his own portrait painted by Kneller. This interesting collection still exists at Bayfordbury near Hertford. Special canvasses were made (36 in. by 28), still called to-day the Kit-Cat size. Other clubs soon arose; among the most famous were the October Club, the Beef Steak Club, and the Calves' Head Club. Though these were confined to the gentlemen and wealthy tradesmen of the day, the little taverns had their own fraternities. Here are some rules in the Twopenny Club, for the poorer classes of Queen Anne's day:—

"Every member shall fill his pipe out of his own box.

"If any member swears or curses, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.

"If any member tell stories in the Club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third Lie one Half-Penny.

"If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes."

It is difficult to remember that women and children smoked as a matter of course in these days. It is even asserted that children were sent to school with pipes in their satchels and that the schoolmaster made a pause in the course of lessons

for all to smoke. In 1702 we get a glimpse of a "sickly child of three years old filling its pipe of Tobacco and smoking it as a man of threescore years, and after that a second and third pipe, without the least concern, as it had done for the past year." Tobacco was kept in brass boxes, often beautifully engraved and embossed. But the snuff-boxes of this period testify to the increasing popularity of snuff-taking. Here again women played their part.

"I have writ to you three or four times to desire you would take notice of an important custom the Women have lately fallen into, of taking Snuff. This silly Trick is attended by such a coquet air in some Ladies and such a sedate masculine air in others that I cannot tell which to complain of most, but they are to me equally disagreeable." So writes the editor of the *Spectator*, a paper which reflects the manners and fashions of the latter part of Queen Anne's reign with truth and humour. The first number came out on Thursday, March 1, 1711. It consisted of a little single sheet headed by a couple of Latin lines and written by Addison. The whole first number is taken up with an account of himself and his venture, while the second, issued on the following

day and written by Richard Steele, contains an account of those concerned in the work and the famous Sir Roger de Coverley. These little daily sheets appeared with the morning coffee in every fashionable household, and their influence on the society of the day was enormous, though already a daily newspaper was in circulation.

When Queen Anne came to the throne there were some nine or ten newspapers issued three times a week, the chief among them being the *London Post*, *Flying Post*, *English Post*, and *Dyer's News Letter*. Three days after her accession the first daily newspaper in England came out, under the name of the *Daily Courant*, a forerunner of that mighty press which is such a marked feature of our own day. Its size was fourteen inches by eight, a single sheet printed on one side only. It contained news from Naples, Rome, Vienna, Frankfort, Liége and Paris, and at the end in small print it justified its existence thus: "This *Courant* will be publish'd daily, being designed to give all the Material news as soon as every Post arrives, and is confin'd to half the Compass to save the Publick at least half the Impertinences of ordinary News Papers."

The circulation of these daily papers was

greatly helped by the penny post, which had been in existence in London since 1683. "Every two Hours," says the observant French traveller, "you may write to any Part of the City or Suburbs; he that receives it pays a Penny and you give nothing when you put it into the Post; but when you write into the Country, both he that writes and he that receives pays each a Penny." In 1709 distance still regulated the price of letters; thus, to send a single sheet 80 miles cost 2d., a letter to Dublin was 6d., to the West Indies, 1s. 3d. Other means of communication were also increasing. Hackney carriages had increased till there were now some 800 plying in London and the suburbs. They had no glass and no springs, and it is hardly to be wondered at if people preferred the sedan chair for short distances. Here they could see and be seen. By this means they were carried to the At Homes or "Days," as they were called, kept by every fashionable woman, when she received a formal circle of her acquaintances of both sexes. It is curious to remember that at this time the formal salutation between men and women of every class was still the kiss. "The other day, entering a room adorned with the fair Sex," says a contemporary, "I offered, after

the usual manner, to each of them a kiss, but one more scornful than the rest turned her Cheek." By means of the sedan chair the fine ladies and gentlemen of Queen Anne's time were carried to church, as much to show off their clothes as anything else. "All ladies who come to church in the New-fashioned Hoods are desired to be there before Divine Service begins, lest they divert the Attention of the Congregation," runs an advertisement in the *Spectator* of January, 1712. These many-coloured hoods were supplanting the old commode, which was the favourite headgear of the early eighteenth century. The idea originated in a hunting party attended by Louis XIV. in France, at which the hair of Mademoiselle Fontange, a favourite of the King's, became loose. She hastily tied her lace handkerchief round her head, and the effect produced was so pretty that the King begged her to keep it thus. Next day all the Court ladies appeared "coiffée à la Fontange." The head-dress soon became elaborate. The hair was piled up high in front, and a wire frame covered with silk and trimmed with rows of lace and ribbons stood on the top. From each side hung broad ends of lace. It was very expensive, for all lace was real in those days, and enough for

a cap of this kind cost £40 at the very least. It also varied considerably. "There is no such variable thing in Nature as a Lady's head-dress," says Addison. "Within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above 30 degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the Female Part of our Species were much taller than men."

Bodices were laced open in front, showing tight stays made of "Black Tabby Stitched lined with Flannel," and worn very low, with "tuckers" or "modesty pieces" round the top. They had elbow sleeves and frilled skirts, at the back of which a piece of drapery was bunched into panniers, while in front hung an apron. These skirts grew wider and wider at the hips, till the ever-observant *Spectator* felt bound to draw attention to them: "The petticoats, which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous concave and rise every day more and more." False hips in 1709 soon gave way to a hoop or mild compressible whalebone frame-work under the skirt or petticoat. These petticoats were numerous and variable, made of rich material; we hear of black Russell petticoats flowered, of ash colour silk quilted petticoats, of scarlet and gold

Atlas petticoats edged with silver, of yellow chintz petticoats, black velvet petticoats, &c. But if women were thus fanciful over their hoop petticoats, men were quite as particular over their wigs. The wig dominated all good dressing, and was to be found on men and even boys of every class of society. Extravagant sums of money were expended on them. Though three guineas was a fair price, as much as forty guineas was frequently spent. While the full-bottomed wig was most usual at this time, the tie wig and the bob wig were both coming into fashion, though not approved of by the Queen. "I suppose his lordship will come to Court next time in his nightcap," she was heard to exclaim when one of her Ministers appeared before her in one of the new tie wigs, so familiar in the Georgian epoch. To be in perfect curl was the essential point, and numerous advertisements of hair-curling fluids appear in the current papers, in case the wig "be out of curl by the pressing of the hat or riding in windy and rainy weather." Such was the effeminacy of some of the men at this time that they used to carry ivory or tortoiseshell combs, and comb their wigs while sitting in the Park or in the theatre. Quaint

enough, too, were their long coats, with skirts stiffly held out with whalebone. "The skirt of your fashionable coats forms as large a circumference as our petticoats; as these are set out with whalebone, so are those with wire," says the *Spectator*. Add to this the new cravat or neck-cloth, the cocked hat, the fine holland shirt with ruffles, the silk stockings, the high-heeled shoes with buckles, the gloves, the silk handkerchief for snuff-taking and the indispensable sword, and the gentleman of Queen Anne's time is complete. It is a relief to find that they despised the newly-introduced umbrella, which was growing in popularity with women, in order to shade them from the sun and rain. Up to this time their only screen had been a fan, and in bad weather they had stayed within doors. Heavy, clumsy contrivances were these early umbrellas. They were used to hold over bare-headed clergy at funerals; sometimes it was possible to borrow one at a coffee-house, but it was some time before they became ordinary and indispensable possessions to every one, as they are to-day.

The manners of the early eighteenth century may have improved since the days when Queen Elizabeth thought it no indignity to spit at the

courtier who annoyed her, but Queen Anne's manners were not of the best. She would sit and gnaw the end of her fan when bored with her subjects ; she would frequently over-eat herself, though warned of the consequences. Etiquette-books of the period warn people not to wipe their knife and fork on the tablecloth, but rather on the newly-invented napkin or Doiley, made by a linen-draper of that name, as also to abstain from picking their teeth with their forks. But if these were the manners and customs of our ancestors at home, they were behaving with all the old strength and courage of their stalwart forefathers abroad. Queen Anne's soldiers and Queen Anne's sailors are famous to-day, and such victories as Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet had not been seen since the days of Henry V. England was rising to her position as the leading commercial country of her day, while in the world of letters she was no whit behind. It was a period of energy, wit, and genius, an age of vast enterprise crowned with success, in the midst of which "it is half ludicrous, half pathetic to turn to the central figure of all, Anne Stuart, a fat, placid, middle-aged woman, full of infirmities, with little about her of the

picturesque yet artificial brightness of her time or of her race, and no gleam of reflection in her to answer to the wit and genius which have made her age so illustrious."

ELIZABETH FRY VISITING NEWGATE PRISON.
(From the painting by Mrs. E. M. Ward.)

CHAPTER XX

Circa 1714—1727

THE HOUSE OF HANOVER

"The harvest gathered in the fields of the Past is to be brought home for the use of the Present."—DR. ARNOLD.

QUEEN ANNE, dying without heirs, was succeeded by her cousin, George, Elector of Hanover. A short, elderly, pale-faced man, addicted to drink, low in his tastes and conversation, knowing not a word of English and, moreover, disliking English ways and English manners—this was the man "suddenly thrust" upon the English people and proclaimed King of England. The mass accepted him with stolid indifference. It was not likely that he would interfere with existing conditions. The old sentiment of "blind unconditional homage" to the King was fast dying out. Stronger forces were at work. The romance of kingship was at an end. Moreover, the nation

was solidly Protestant and unmoved by the pathetic appeals of the Pretender's claims.

So the new King reluctantly took up his abode in his new capital. His court was German; he had to converse with his Ministers in Latin; his divorced wife was pining away her life in a gloomy castle across the waters; his eldest son and heir was with him to learn English, but his heart was in his beloved Hanover. The ways of the English were passing strange to him.

"This is a strange country," he said. "The first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window and saw a park with canals which they told me were mine. The next day, the ranger of *my* park sent me a fine brace of carp out of *my* canal, and I was told I must give to the servant five guineas for bringing me *my own* carp out of *my own* canal in *my own* park."

There was much, indeed, to astonish him in London. Though the population of his kingdom was but about a fifth of what it is to-day, yet London with its seven hundred thousand inhabitants was considered a vast city, absorbing as it did one-tenth of the whole population of England and Wales. What must he have thought of London's great highway, the Thames, with its

variety of shipping, its swift little passenger boats plying incessantly for hire, carrying the smart world from place to place, the heavier craft removing merchandise from wharf to wharf? What of the narrow little lanes and streets leading to the great river, edged with shops and wooden booths? What of the stately red-brick houses built by Queen Anne on the fields which surrounded the Houses of Parliament? All houses at this time were difficult to find: they had no numbers, and could only be described as near the "Black Swan" or the "Red Lion," or some such sign. The paths were very narrow, divided from the road by a row of posts, and there was barely room for two persons to pass one another comfortably. Towards the City these streets were crowded with cumbersome coaches, sedan chairs, wheelbarrows, perhaps full of oysters, porters bearing huge burdens, funeral coaches, wedding processions, all jostling along. The noise and smells must have rivalled our motor-possessed London of to-day. There were the shouts of chair-menders, broom-sellers, old-clothes men, street fighters, hawkers; there was quarrelling, drinking, bell-ringing, and the creaking of many signboards on their rusty hinges as they swayed in

the wind. There were no police, and in the watchmen who patrolled the streets the public had no confidence.

> "Prepare for death if e'er at night you roam,
> And sign your will before you pass from home,"

sang Johnson in a period even later than this.

If, with a wave of philanthropy, hospitals were rising into prominence, coffee-houses, chocolate-houses, taverns, and clubs were increasing almost daily. To them flocked all the wit and fashion of London as before, but a pernicious beverage had recently been added, and the wholesale distribution of gin, that "curse of English life," made the early Hanoverian age one of the most drunken on record.

"As the English," says a contemporary writer, "returning from the wars in the Holy Land brought the foul disease of leprosy, so in our fathers' days the English returning from the service in the Netherlands brought with them the foul vice of drunkenness."

Though our forefathers had drunk heavily of beers and wines in the days of the Restoration, the introduction of coffee had diminished this to some extent. Throughout the reign of Anne, the

upper classes had indulged freely in drink, and Ministers had thought it no shame to appear drunk in the very presence of the Queen. But it was not till the year 1724 that the passion for gin-drinking affected the populace. It spread with the violence of an epidemic, until it grew into a national vice that the enlightened age of Victoria failed to eradicate. While some two million gallons were distilled in 1714, over five millions were distilled in 1735. Retailers gloried in the announcement that their customers could be made drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, and could have straw on which to lie and recover free. One can hardly wonder at the increase of crime, the growth of pauperism, and the appearance of new diseases.

The enormous consumption of port wine by the upper classes, which had steadily increased since about 1700, had also increased the sufferings of our forefathers, who were already predisposed to attacks of gout, but port was an expensive luxury and untouched by the poorer classes.

We are told that "thieves and robbers are now become more desperate and savage than they had ever appeared since mankind was civilised." Certainly smuggling was the fashion of the day,

and armed men could load up their waggons on the open shore in defiance of the Customs officers, and encounter no opposition. Tea, coffee, tobacco, rum, and brandy were freely smuggled into the country, and men of note had no conscience against stowing away such goods in their cellars. The plunder of shipwrecked sailors lured on to the rocks by false lights was not uncommon, and only shows the imperfect civilisation of this time. The punishments for stealing were still very severe. Death was the penalty to be paid for stealing a sheep or a horse in the eighteenth century, or 40s. from a dwelling-house, 5s. from a shop, or 12½d. from a pocket, while a man might attempt murder or take the life of another, burn a house, commit a highway robbery, and his crime be classed under "misdemeanours." The London of this age has been called the "City of the Gallows." Indeed, all over England they were terribly common, and to witness the death of a condemned criminal was among the rude amusements of the eighteenth century. Such enormous crowds pressed to see the famous highwayman, Jack Shepherd, in gaol, before he paid the extreme penalty, that the keeper was estimated to have made £200 for showing him, while Dr. Dodd, a

clergyman executed for forgery, was exhibited at 2s. a head, for two hours, before being taken to the gallows. Criminals were always dressed in their best clothes, with white gloves, and they often carried nosegays of flowers given by friends and relations. It was the fashion to die merrily, as merrily as they had lived, and too often, to ensure the appropriate mirth, they drowned themselves in drink. When the day of execution came, the condemned men, thus brightly attired, were put into a cart, to be loudly cheered by the huge crowds awaiting them.

"As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through Holborn to die at his calling,
His waistcoat and stockings and breeches were white,
His cap had a new cherry ribbon to tie't.
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And said, 'Lack-a-day, he's a proper young man!'
And as from the windows the ladies he spied,
Like a beau in a box, he bowed low on each side."

On his arrival at Tyburn, then a mere suburb of London, with open fields, "the executioner stops the cart under one of the cross beams of the gibbet and fastens to that ill-favoured beam one end of the rope, while the other is round the wretch's neck. This done, he gives the horse a lash with

his whip, away goes the cart, and there swings my gentleman kicking in the air. The hangman does not give himself the trouble to put them out of their pain ; but some of their friends or relations do it for them."

But if such accounts as these are gruesome, more gruesome still are those which describe the terrible prisons in which many eighteenth-century debtors languished till they died.

" A prison is the grave of the living, where they are shut up from the world, and the worms that gnaw upon them, their own thoughts, the gaoler and their creditors." Horrible, indeed, were the dungeons into which our forefathers were thrown for debt ; heavily laden with chains, with no regular allowance of food, their beds of straw only, with bad smells and dirt indescribable, they lingered in agony, till death relieved their sufferings.

Of lesser punishments there were divers sorts all over the country. By the side of many a duck pond on the village green stood the stocks, wherein vagrants, drunkards and others were securely fastened by the heels until they had repented of their sins. Near by was the ducking-stool, wherein bakers who served underweight bread, witches, or scolding women were seated and

ducked three times into the muddy water, to cool "their choler and heat."

> "Down in the deep the stool descends,
> But here at first we miss our ends;
> She mounts again and rages more
> Than ever vixen did before. . . .
> If so, my friends, pray let her take,
> A second turn into the lake. . . .
> No brawling wives, no furious wenches,
> No fire so hot, but water quenches."

Added to these were the pillory, the branks or scold's bridle, the drunkard's cloak, the pruning knife for the excision of a culprit's ears, scissors for slitting his nostrils, thumbscrews and other extreme penalties. Every village had its whipping-post, for men and women were alike whipped at the "cart's tail" all over the country. Taken from prison, they were tied to the back of a cart, which was driven slowly through the streets, followed by a noisy crowd, while the miserable culprit was whipped till the skin was broken. And this was but 160 years ago.

Notwithstanding all these most degrading punishments, pauperism continued to grow apace. It was not due to want of employment: there was work for all in the Georgian days.

"I affirm," says Defoe, "of my own knowledge, that when I have wanted a man for labouring work and offer 9s. a week to strolling fellows at my door, they have frequently told me to my face that they could get more a-begging"—a sentence which might have been written to-day, with the substitution of a higher wage. His explanation rings only too true. "Where an Englishman earns his 20s. a week and but just lives, as we call it, a Dutchman grows rich and leaves his children in very good condition. We are the most lazy, indigent nation in the world. There is nothing more frequent than for an Englishman to work till he has got his pockets full of money and then go and be idle, or perhaps drunk, till it is all gone and perhaps himself in debt, and . . . he'll tell you honestly he will drink as long as it lasts and then go and work for more." Above a thousand families, he further asserts, known to himself, go systematically in rags, their children wanting for bread, whose fathers can earn 15s. to 20s. a week, but will not work. The first workhouses in England were practically houses of correction, founded for the purpose of employing the unemployed; but in this capacity they signally failed, and we are still searching

for a solution of this vexed problem to-day. To get money without working for it was the fashion. The passion for gambling reached its climax in this age. A desire to build up a rapid fortune and contempt for the slower results of patient industry seized all classes of society. Company after company was formed, "scheme after scheme of the most fantastic description rose and glittered and burst." There was a company "for making salt water fresh," another for "importing jackasses from Spain." One projector invited subscriptions of two guineas for an undertaking which should in time be revealed: in one day he received two hundred guineas, with which he decamped! Born of this gambling spirit was the famous South Sea Bubble, the bursting of which reduced thousands of families to absolute beggary.

The women of this period were notorious for gambling. Whole estates, jewels and valuable possessions were staked, lost, and won, night after night, through the Georgian period. We hear of certain ladies sitting down daily to the card-table, where the lowest stake was two hundred guineas. It was not regarded as a vice; it was a resource for getting money without working for it. The game of whist, hitherto chiefly played by the clergy, was

coming into fashion, and was played by quite young boys and girls, who received lessons in whist at a guinea each from masters in the art.

The universal habit of gambling led to duels. By an unwritten code of the times, men held that all shortcomings should be atoned for at the point of the sword or the mouth of the pistol. Thus brawls and squabbles of the coffee-house, disputed love-affairs, political strife or irritation produced by gaming or racing losses—all were settled by this "reigning curse," as it has been called. Duels took place in the open street, in the ballroom, the pit of the theatre, on Wimbledon Common, the Ring at Hyde Park, or the empty room of a coffee-house. If a man was not actually killed he bore the scars of his wounds till he died, testifying to the fact that he was a man of honour.

These wounds were very indifferently treated by the surgeons and physicians of the day, for medical knowledge was still at a low ebb in the early eighteenth century and quackery was yet rampant.

"I tell you," says a contemporary, "'tis an easie thing for a Man of Parts to be a Surgeon; do but buy a Lancet, Forceps, Saw; talk a little of

Contusions, Fractures, Compress and Bandage; you'll presently by most people be thought an excellent Surgeon."

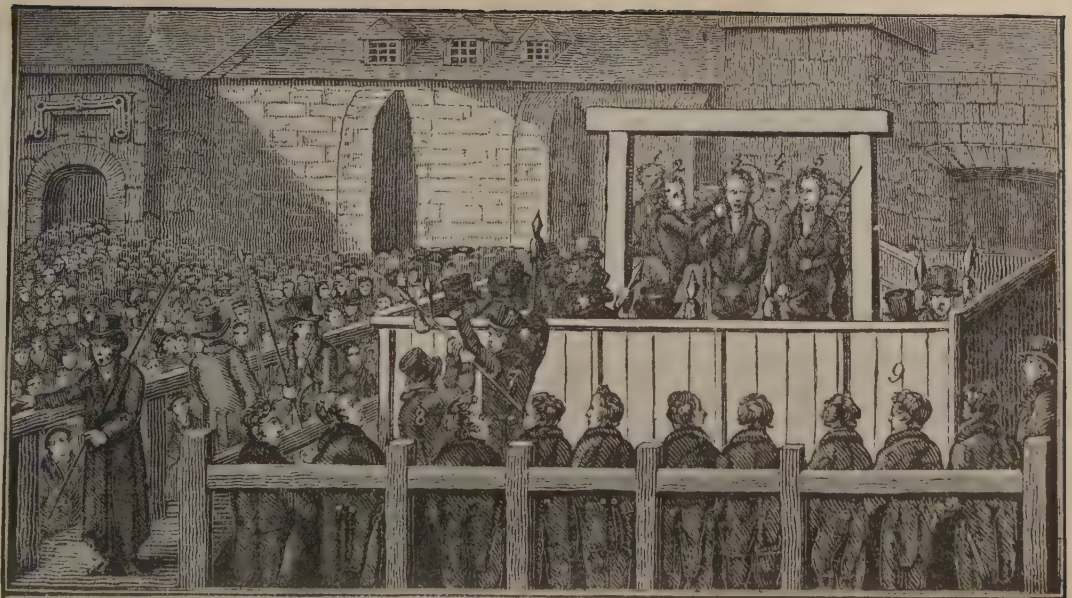
In such an age of blind superstition and ignorance, it was not uncommon for a sharp-witted cobbler or bricklayer to pick up a collection of old recipes, where he learnt that Venice soap would cure cancer, the juice of wild cucumber would help dropsy, or snails beaten up and laid to the feet would soothe the ague, to hang out a sign describing himself as a physician, and to practise his art with more or less success. The local newspapers of the time are full of quack advertisements whereby women as well as men often made large fortunes. It is hardly credible to think that a sum of £5,000 was voted by the Treasury to a woman for the secret of her three remedies for disease. They consisted of a powder, a decoction, and a pill. The powder was made of calcined egg-shells and snails; the decoction was made by boiling herbs, soap and swine's cresse burnt to blackness and honey in water; the pills, of calcined snails, wild carrot seeds, hips and haws, ashen keys, &c., burnt to blackness and mixed with soap and honey.

Nevertheless it is interesting to note that it was

reserved for a woman to introduce into England the system of inoculation for small-pox. This disease was still rampant, some 3,000 persons dying of it in London alone in the year 1719. Inoculation, which consisted in procuring a slight attack of small-pox by means of incision, was practised at Constantinople, where Lady Mary Wortley Montague had her five-year-old boy inoculated in 1717. The child at once had a slight attack of small-pox, from which he easily recovered. The King's daughter-in-law took up the subject; experiments were made on condemned criminals and charity children, and the results being satisfactory, the two little Princesses of nine and eleven, granddaughters of George I., were inoculated with marked success. But the idea grew slowly, and it was not till 1740 that inoculation came into general use.

Thus, while under George I. great ideas were slowly developing among the more enlightened and educated members of the English community, the common people persisted in their old-world remedies. They tried to cure asthma by drinking a wine-glass of wine in which wood lice were steeped, cramp by wearing garters made of rosemary leaves sewn up in fine linen, loss of

memory by rubbing the temples with castor oil and swallowing small pieces of a swallow's heart every morning for a month, sore eyes by blowing powdered hen's dung into the affected part at bed-time, till one wonders whether these odious and inadequate remedies did not kill more of our poor ancestors than they cured.



1. The Under Turnkey.
2. The Executioner.
3. John Tinsdell.
4. Mr. Wilson, the Gaoler.
5. Mr. Micholson, the Under Sheriff.
6. Dr. Burnett, the Phrenologist.
7. One of the Reporters to the Morning Chronicle.
8. A Javelin Man beating down an indecorous Reporter.
9. A person well known in the Sporting circles.

PUBLIC EXECUTION SCENE EARLY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXI

Circa 1727—1742

COUNTRY LIFE

"I fancy it was a merrier England, that of our ancestors, than the island which we inhabit."—THACKERAY.

THE death of George I. in 1727 and the accession of his son as George II., made little difference in the social life of England. The new King could speak English indifferently and with a strong accent, and was only a foreigner in his tastes and prejudices. Hence he exercised no influence in the Cabinet Councils, which, like his father, he did not even trouble to attend. And, indeed, so independent of the King did the Government grow that, since the reign of Queen Anne, no English ruler has been present at a Cabinet Council or refused assent to any Act of Parliament passed by the representatives of the English people. It was the first

step in a movement that was to produce far-reaching changes in the lives of the people. Henceforth the country was to be governed by her Ministers rather than by her King, and the coarse-mannered Walpole was a more influential person than the poor bad-tempered George II.

In the years of peace and prosperity that succeeded, the English life which is ours to-day developed apace. It is hardly necessary to say that it developed more slowly in the country than in London, for many parts of England were completely isolated in the middle of the eighteenth century. Miles of impassable road, deeply rutted or absolutely rotten, or some swollen river overflowing marshy country prevented much intercourse with the outer world, and rendered the appearance of a stranger an event giving rise to much curiosity and conversation. Quaint indeed to modern ears sound the words of John Wesley, travelling from Manchester to Huddersfield, two of our busiest centres to-day: "The people ran and shouted after the carriage, and I believe they are the wildest folk in England." Or, again, listen to a famous Birmingham bookseller visiting a village in Leicestershire, where the villagers set dogs on the

strangers: "Surrounded with impassable roads," he says, "no intercourse with man to humanise the mind, nor commerce to smooth their rugged manners, they continue to be boors of nature." Assaults were not infrequent, and we hear of noses and ears being actually bitten off in a barbarous rage that might well belong to an earlier age. True, the wandering pedlar who travelled from village to village would sometimes bring a stained and tattered newspaper, which was read and re-read to a gaping and ignorant set of country folk. But, if spicy and interesting, it contained nothing edifying or relating to the great affairs of state. It told how "a boy was killed by falling upon iron spikes from a lamp-post, which he had climbed to see Mother Needham stand in the pillory"; how a "poor man was found hanging in a gentleman's stables at Bungay in Suffolk by a person who cut him down, and running for assistance, left his penknife behind him"; how the best loaf sugar sold for 9d. a pound, Pekoe tea for 18s., and in what way the Queen was dressed on her forty-ninth birthday. Life was trivial and interests limited, centering for the most part around the monotonous doings of the country squire. Even if the saying that the

squire was a mere vegetable "which grew up and rotted on the same spot of ground" was somewhat exaggerated, yet it is true that the "career of one was the career of a hundred.' Their lives were spent in scampering after foxes, leaping five-barred gates, trampling on the farmer's corn, and drinking incredible quantities of ale.

A familiar figure in the eighteenth century was the country squire: familiar the long wig, long coat, silver buttons, breeches and top-boots, the bluff, red face, the couple of greyhounds and the pointer at heel. When not hunting the fox, the popular sport of the day—for hawking had quite gone out of fashion—he settled the disputes of the parish or repaired to the nearest alehouse to get drunk in as short a space of time as possible. Usually he only drank ale, but on festive occasions a bowl of strong brandy punch, with toast and nutmeg, added to his already boisterous spirits. On Sundays he donned his best suit, which often descended from father to son through several generations, and with his wife and family repaired to the parish church, and entered the family pew, where he slumbered during a great part of the somewhat dismal service. He seldom went further than his own country town, for a journey

to London was still full of danger and discomfort, nor were these fears purely imaginary. A journey from the North of England to the capital was so hazardous that men shook their heads and made their wills before starting. Stage coaches already ran between London and many of the large towns, as York, Exeter, Chester, and Bristol. But it was not till the year 1774 that a coach began to run from Manchester and Liverpool to London three times a week, and though nominally three days were occupied on the journey, bad weather sometimes delayed it for ten days or a fortnight. As for the "flying coaches," they were very expensive, and regarded as so dangerous that only "neck-or-nothing mortals" travelled by them. Neither were the dangers of the way much lessened as London was approached. In 1727 George II. and his wife, trying to reach Kew from St. James's Palace, passed a whole night on the road, and once between Hammersmith and Fulham the coach upset altogether and they were thrown out. The road between Kensington and Piccadilly was acknowledged to be "an impassable gulf of mud."

Here is Mrs. Delany's account of a break-down

near London: "At the end of the town (London) some part of the coach broke, and we were obliged to get out, and took shelter at an alehouse; in half an hour we jogged on, and about an hour after that, flop we went into a slough, not overturned, but stuck. Well, out we were hauled again, and the coach with much difficulty was heaved out! We then once more set forward, and came to our journey's end about five o' the clock without any other accident or fright, and met with no waters worth getting out of the coach for."

Defoe speaks of a lady near Lewes whose coach had to be dragged to church by six oxen, the road being too stiff for horses to attempt.

Throughout the eighteenth century the improvement in travelling advanced steadily if slowly. When George II. ascended the throne, highway robbery had reached its height, but with the hanging of the famous Dick Turpin in 1739 it began to decline. The passing of the Turnpike Act, making them compulsory all over the country, was one of the most important measures of the century. It was quickly succeeded by four hundred Acts passed for repairing the highways in different parts of England. But even the "family

coach" belonging to the country squire remained long months together in the stable-yard, and the family contented themselves in the garden and park. In every part of the country a great love of gardening was growing up, and landscape gardening was taking the place of the formal symmetrical garden. Hedges were no longer clipt in fantastic shape and form, trees were no longer grown in pyramids or cones, flower-beds no longer laid out in geometrical form. Symmetry of design gave way to a wild, luxuriant, irregular, and natural beauty, untamed by the hand of man. New plants were imported, fresh evergreens were grown, exotics increased, books on gardening poured forth, and the interest in botany and gardening grew apace.

Less progress was evident inside the squire's old house. Oak furniture was passing out of fashion. Indeed, the finest old oaks in England had been cut down for the navy in the days when "hearts of oak were our ships." Mahogany was the rage at this time. George II. had ordered the staircases at his country houses to be constructed of mahogany, and it soon became the fashion to sit on chairs and dine off tables of mahogany. But these were innovations which

took long to penetrate to the country homes of our forefathers. The interior of their houses was plain. Often enough the country gentleman had no carpet on his floor or curtains to his windows. He had no piano, but there might be found a harp, spinet, or virginal in the home of the smaller squire. Failing all else, there was always the old eight-day clock. There were few easy-chairs, no writing-tables or bureaus, such features of our modern living rooms, for letters were rare. They were written with quill pens and pale ink, and in the absence of envelopes were folded and sealed with a huge piece of sealing-wax. Two brass candlesticks, with a pair of snuffers and tinder and flint for striking a light, stood ever on the mantelpiece, in the absence of matches. The kitchen was moderate in size, there was no kitchen range, and the cooking utensils were still clumsy. Spits for roasting were turned by lads known as Jacks, or even dogs trained for the purpose. The lady of the house always carved the joints for her family and guests. Indeed, it was part of a woman's education at this time to take lessons in carving, so that she might perform her duty properly. The old love of hospitality still existed, and guests were

repeatedly pressed to eat of certain dishes. The food was simple, if lavish. The first course would consist of a "good big dish of meat," weighing some fifteen pounds, either boiled or salt beef, roast beef, boiled mutton, with vegetables always served under the joint, followed by a pudding "made of rice, flour, and breadcrumbs."

"An Englishman's table is remarkably clean," says a Frenchman of this period. "The linen is very white, the plate shines brightly, and knives and forks are changed surprisingly often, that is to say, every time a plate is removed. When every one has done eating," he continues, "the table is cleared, the cloth even being removed, and a bottle of wine, with a glass for each guest, is placed upon the table. The King's health is first drunk, then that of the Prince of Wales, and finally that of all the Royal Family. After these toasts the women rise and leave the room, the men paying them no attention or asking them to stay; the men remain together for a longer or lesser time. This custom surprises foreigners, especially Frenchmen, who are infinitely more polite with regard to women than are Englishmen; but it is the custom, and one must submit."

The ladies having retired, decanters of port and madeira were put upon the table, and the guests helped themselves for the most part liberally. "It was the custom of Squire Western every afternoon, as soon as he was drunk, to hear his daughter play upon the harpsichord . . . he never wished any music but what was light and airy; indeed, his favourite tunes were 'Old Sir Simon the King,' 'St. George he was for England,' 'Bobbing Joan,' and others." "Bobbing Joan" was a country dance, and other familiar and favourite tunes of the day were "The Whirligig," "The Grasshopper," "The Dumps," "Sweet Kate and Blouzy Bella." A dinner party in the country usually ended with dancing. The hornpipe, cotillon, reel, country dances, and stately minuet were performed by a mixed assembly to the "scraping of a fiddle or the tinkling of the harpsichord," and in this connection it is interesting to note that there was no frequent change of partner, as there is to-day, but a lady was obliged to dance the whole evening through with the same man. Each lady placed her fan on the table, and danced with the partner who selected her fan from the many.

It was distinctly a merrier England than is the

England of to-day. Dancing, drinking, card-playing, dining, hunting, took up a large share of men's thoughts. "Every town had its fair, every village its wake." But morals were low, and conversation was coarse. "You could no more suffer in a British drawing-room a fine gentleman or a fine lady of Queen Anne's time, or hear what they heard and said, than you would receive an ancient Briton," says Thackeray, in words which apply equally to the early Hanoverian period.

Indeed, there was little to refine and elevate at this time. Religion was at a low ebb, reading at a discount, learning not compulsory. One is almost surprised to see that such new books as "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe" could be bought for sixpence, "tastefully bound in flowered and gilt Dutch paper." Magazines, too, were increasing. The *Gentleman's Magazine* made its appearance in 1731, and was followed by the *London Magazine*, till in 1750 there were eight periodicals in circulation. But these were for the educated few. There was no national education as yet, and servants in town and country were peculiarly ignorant. They were taken for the most part from the farmer class,

and paid at the rate of £4 to £7 a year. It seems little enough to us to-day, but Defoe complains bitterly of the difficulty of getting female servants and of the high wages they expect. In past years content with 30s. a year, they now demanded £6, and he suggests a fixed wage to counteract the tendency to rise to an impossible £20! It is interesting to note that the commission system, so much deplored to-day, was in full swing at this time. Cooks received from tradesmen a percentage on everything supplied to the house, thereby nearly doubling their wages. Here is a page from an old eighteenth-century account-book kept by a country squire. Wages for the whole year were paid on Lady Day:—"Sarah" receives £4 19s.; "Old Becky," £3; "Anne," £2; "Nanny," 5 guineas; "Cook," 7 guineas; Gardener, £2 7s.; "Bray the waggoner," £9; "Betty," £6.

Complaints as to the worry and inefficiency of servants are by no means confined to the present day, though through the ages faithful and devoted service is ever on record. "I think it is the duty," says a current number of the eighteenth-century *Times*, "of every good master and mistress to stop as much as possible the present ridiculous and

extravagant mode of dress in their domestics. Formerly a plaited cap and a white handkerchief served a young woman three or four Sundays; now a mistress is required to give up the latter end of the week for her maids to prepare their caps, tuckers, and gowns for Sunday. . . . I look upon their exorbitant increase of wages as chiefly conducive to their impertinence. . . . And what is this increase of wages for? Not in order to lay by a little in case of sickness but to squander in dress."

The same note is struck in Swift's ironical "Rules and Directions for Servants." Their laziness, their insolence, their careless and dirty ways, their lying, their immorality—all come in for the Dean's fiercest irony.

"If a lump of soot falls into the soup," he says to the cook, "and you cannot conveniently get it out, stir it well, and it will give the soup a high French taste."

To the footman: "In winter time, light the dining-room fire but two minutes before the dinner is served up, that your master may see how saving you are of his coals."

To the coachman: "When you are in no humour to drive, tell your master that the horses

have got a cold, that they want shoeing, that the rain does them hurt and rots the harness."

Addressing them generally, he suggests to them: "Quarrel with each other as much as you please, only always bear in mind that you have a common enemy, which is your master and lady."

"Never come till you have been called three or four times, for none but dogs will come at the first whistle."

"There are several ways of putting out a candle, and you ought to be instructed in them all: you may run the candle end against the wainscot, which puts the snuff out immediately; you may lay it on the ground and tread the snuff out with your foot; you may hold it upside down until it is choked in its own grease, or cram it into the socket of the candlestick; you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out."

Such suggestions as these only emphasise the fact that the domestic difficulties of to-day were the domestic difficulties of our forefathers in the eighteenth century.

CHAPTER XXII

Circa 1742—1785

THE NEW PHILANTHROPY

"Taught by time, our hearts have learned to glow
For others' good and melt for others' woe."

POPE.

UNDER the early Hanoverians, religion in this country was in a very languid condition. The Church after the Revolution had slowly lessened its hold on the people; the force of Puritanism was almost spent. A professed contempt for religion was a distinguishing feature of the age. Christianity was ridiculed, reverence for tradition scorned; and the manners and the morals of the eighteenth century steadily deteriorated. Bishops and clergy alike neglected their duties. "Every one laughs if one talks of religion," said a foreigner visiting England. Yet still only persons professing the Anglican religion

were eligible for civil and military posts. True, Sunday continued to be kept as it had been from the days of the Commonwealth, cards, opera, bands of music, and games being forbidden. A wave of unbelief was sweeping through the land; drunkenness, immorality, and coarse conversation were fashionable in all ranks of society. Fidelity to marriage vows was "sneered out of fashion." "We saw but one Bible in the parish of Cheddar," said Hannah More long years after this, "and that was used to prop a flowerpot." But perhaps Butler, introducing his famous "Analogy," goes the furthest of all. "It is come," he says sadly, "I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject for inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious." Be this as it may, it is pleasant to realise that there were still some of the country clergy who remained true to their trusts.

Was there ever a more attractive figure than the Vicar of Wakefield, the clergyman farmer? Familiar enough is his humble home at the foot of a sloping hill in the midst of his twenty acres of land, his one-storied house covered with thatch, the newly whitewashed walls adorned with pic-

tures of family design, kitchen and parlour scrupulously clean, "dishes, plates, and coppers well scoured and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves." We see the family rising with the sun, the Vicar and his boys going forth to labour in the fields, while his wife and daughters prepare the breakfast at home. All worked alike till sunset, when one of the younger children read aloud the Lessons of the day, he who read best being awarded a halfpenny for the poor-box on Sunday. And yet the spirit of immorality that was abroad must needs disturb this happy home.

Different indeed were the life and duties of the eighteenth-century clergyman to those of our clergy to-day.

"Of Church preferment he had none;
Nay, all his hopes of that was gone;
He felt that he content must be
With drudging in a curacy.
Indeed on ev'ry Sabbath day
Through eight long miles he took his way
To preach, to grumble, and to pray,
To cheer the good, to warn the sinner,
And, if he got it—eat a dinner.
And all his gains, it did appear,
Were only thirty pound a year."

Outwardly there was no mistaking the parson.

Invariably he walked abroad in a cassock reaching to his knees, surmounted by a long coat, while his wig, his bands, his knee-breeches, buckled shoes, and cocked hat formed the rest of the clerical dress. Indeed, the bishop's apron is the remains of the cassock and the archdeacon's hat the survival of the cocked hat.

Yet England was at heart religious, and it required but a spark to awaken her dead ashes into life. That spark was now lit by John Wesley, whose life and teaching were the means of creating a new form of religion, which "carried to the hearts of the people a fresh spirit of moral zeal."

This is not the place for an account of Wesley's work. It is well known how he and a few friends led strictly religious lives in the midst of the demoralised many; how they rose at four each morning, abstained from drinking and gambling, and methodically planned out every hour of the day for some beneficial use, till they were mockingly named "Methodists"; how Wesley became a clergyman and worked zealously for the Church in the recently formed colony of Georgia, under the auspices of the newly instituted S.P.G. But though at first a devoted Churchman, Wesley

soon sought to establish a definite Christian society within the limits of the Church. Like the Puritan attempt before, this was doomed to failure, and a separate Christian society came into being under the name of Methodist. As the clergy refused their pulpits to such as these, the new preachers went forth into the fields and meadows of England. They made their voices heard "in the wildest and most barbarous corners of the land, among the bleak moors of Northumberland, or in the dens of London, or in the long galleries where in the pauses of his labour the Cornish miner listens to the sobbing of the sea." By their intense earnestness, their keen enthusiasm, their deep convictions, they stirred vast multitudes of their fellow-countrymen. If the rich and wealthy sneered at them, they found the poor country folk ready to listen and to learn. The newly aroused enthusiasm took undesirable forms: "Women fell down in convulsions, strong men were smitten suddenly to the earth; the preacher was interrupted by bursts of hysteric laughter or of hysteric sobbing. All the phenomena of strong spiritual excitement, so familiar in our "Revivals," but strange and unknown then, followed on their sermons; and the terrible

Central Library.

sense of a conviction of sin, a new dread of hell, a new hope of heaven, took forms at once grotesque and sublime." But the masses were leavened. At the death of Wesley there were some eighty thousand Methodists; a hundred years later there were some twenty-five million. This revival not only roused the lethargy of the Church of England, but a "new moral enthusiasm" broke over the whole country, and henceforth a steady attempt was made to relieve human suffering, to educate the ignorant, to place a higher ideal before those of our ancestors who were depraved by the surrounding vice. Hospitals grew and thrived, Sunday-schools sprang into life, charities were endowed, the slave trade was put down, prisons reformed, and more mercy, pity, and human sympathy were bestowed on those who so sorely needed it. Perhaps the new movement may best be summed up in the familiar words: "Not only with our lips, but in our lives."

The lives of the agricultural labourers of this time called loudly for reform. At the accession of George III., England's wealth was derived mainly from agriculture, and her peaceful valleys were as yet undisturbed by the numerous factories that characterise the whole country to-day. The

lot of the eighteenth-century peasant must have been even more monotonous than that of the country squire or the vicar of many parishes. He was totally uneducated, unable to read or write; his amusements were few, for the sports that had brightened the rural life of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had been swept away by the Puritans, and the sports of to-day were still in their infancy. Cricket indeed was coming in, but as yet the cricket bat was not invented, and the game seems to have been popular with country girls as well as boys. In 1775 a cricket match was played between six unmarried men and the same number of unmarried women, and though one woman made seventeen runs, or "notches," as they were then called, the men won the game. Sometimes a match was played by girls only, eleven on either side, "dressed all in white," and the *Derby Mercury* records the fact that "the girls bowled, batted, ran, and caught as well as any men could do." Wrestling was popular among the natives, as were also cock-fighting and bull-baiting.

Then, as now, the village alehouse was the popular resort. Here they heard any news that might be stirring: a stray paper would unfold to

them the current news from India; here they would learn the progress of America's successful struggle for independence; here they could discuss the small doings of their neighbours and learn what passengers had gone by in the weekly coach. They smoked smuggled tobacco and drank smuggled tea, both of which commodities were expensive and heavily taxed. Their staple food was rye bread and "stony cheese, too hard to bite," or coarse bread soaked in skim milk. All was as yet in a state of rural simplicity—

> "Between her swagging paniers' load
> A farmer's wife to market rode."

These country folk still dressed in English woollen materials, woven on the spot. Articles of clothing often descended from father to son, and it was not uncommon to find on the heads of country folk hats that had been fashionable in the days of Charles II.

But changes in the agricultural world were at hand. The introduction of the field turnip and an improvement in stock breeding brought about a complete revolution in the farming province. Waste lands were henceforth reclaimed and brought under cultivation, low-lying meadows

were drained for pasturage, and general activity brought an increase of wealth and prosperity to those engaged in agriculture. But great as was this progress, it was slight in comparison with the enormous industrial revolution, which, in the latter half of the century, raised England to a condition of wealth and power hitherto undreamt of.

The Indian calicoes, muslins, and chintzes have already been alluded to. They became more and more popular in England, and legislation failed to arrest their importation into the country. Cotton was shipped in ever increasing quantities from the West Indies to Manchester, then known as "the largest, most rich, populous, and busy village in England." Here some two thousand families quietly pursued their home industries of making fustians, tickings, and tapes from cotton yarn mixed with their native wool. All through the ages the spinning of thread had been done by young women, known as the spinsters of the family. In the middle of the eighteenth century these spinsters still sat with their distaffs round the weaver's hand-loom, spinning each single thread by hand, a slow and laborious method. But invention was in the air. A new flying

shuttle was followed by the spinning jenny, which worked several spindles at once. This innovation threw many out of work and was stoutly opposed by the uneducated workers, unable to look ahead. But no opposition can stay new inventions.

A new spinning machine, worked by water-power, was attacked by the old hand-workers, and the first water-mill in England was burned to the ground. But such things must be, and before long the water-wheel was an accepted thing and cotton workers were collected together in a factory on the banks of some little stream, the home industry slowly languished, and the old spinning-wheel became a thing of the past. These labour-saving inventions created an increasing demand for cotton goods, as the following figures distinctly indicate. In 1775 the importation of cotton into England was over four million pounds; ten years later it was over eleven millions, and in 1789 it had risen to over thirty-two millions, while as yet the American importation had hardly begun.

The carriage of these ever-increasing goods by means of rumbling wagons and pack-horses stumbling along the rotten and lonely roads was already totally inadequate, when the idea of

cutting canals supplied the requisite means of communication. The gain to industry was both immense and immediate. With three thousand miles of navigable canals all over England, and a race of navigators, or navvies, to manipulate the shallow boats which carried the merchandise from place to place, the problem of communication was for the moment solved.

But if these canals were useful for the transport of cotton goods, yet more invaluable were they to the owners of coal and iron mines, for whom, indeed, they were originally designed. A new importance was now gathering round the coal mines of the North. Through the long centuries that had passed, the vast stores of iron beneath the tread of man had lain unworked, owing to the prevalent idea that it could only be smelted by means of wood, and this was growing scarce with the advance of agriculture. An invention for smelting iron by means of coal revolutionised the whole trade and at once raised that material to take its high place in the modern working world. "It is," says a recent historian—"it is its production of iron which more than all else has placed England at the head of industrial Europe. The value of coal as a means of producing

mechanical force was revealed in the discovery by which Watt transformed the steam engine from a mere toy into the most wonderful instrument which human industry has ever had at its command." Here was a new labour-saving machine, the crowning invention of an age which as yet had surpassed all others in ingenuity and that indomitable perseverance in the teeth of opposition which has ever been such a characteristic of our people.

CHAPTER XXIII

Circa 1785—1802

THE "QUALITY"

"Opinions, like fashions, descend from those of quality down to the vulgar, where they are dropped and vanish."—SWIFT.

THE growing wealth of the commercial classes affected all ranks of society, and none more than the proud old aristocracy of England, the "quality" as they were called in the eighteenth century. Although George III. had decreed that "no individual engaged in trade, however ample might be his nominal fortune," should be created a British peer; although they were the natural heads of landed interest in England, the "centre of a traditional popular reverence unmistakable in its . . . sincerity," the acknowledged leaders of public life, inasmuch as they entirely constituted the House of Lords, and by their borough

patronage materially influenced the House of Commons—for all this, the position and power of the nobility and gentry were almost unconsciously diminishing year by year. And this change was to grow more marked with the inevitable rise of the democracy in the nineteenth century. But the "quality," as heretofore, still led the manners and fashions of the people, and it is to them we must still look for the momentous changes of the eighteenth century. The century divides itself into two parts: the first half coarse, godless, merry and careless; the latter part growing in refinement, delicacy, simplicity, and soberness.

Amid the numerous varieties in women's dress, the most marked characteristics were the hoop and the powdered head-dress. The famous hoop petticoats had been increasing steadily in size and clumsiness since the reign of Queen Anne. Extravagance throughout the reign of George II. afforded ample scope to the satirist of the period; their inconvenience and want of grace have been made well known to us by contemporary writings. We see the poor ladies, martyrs to this deplorable craze, sidling up and down stairs, edging themselves through narrow doors, occupying the whole of the narrow pavements, thereby compelling men

to walk in the roads, blocking church pews, filling aisles, ill at ease in shops and places of amusement—grotesque figures and conspicuous in their gaudy colours. For these hoop petticoats were made of the richest damask velvets, elaborately embroidered with gold and silver. Mrs. Delany tells us of a white brocaded lustring at 13s. a yard, "with great ramping flowers in shades of purples, reds, and greens," adding with quite unnecessary candour: "It will make a great show." A yet more startling petticoat was of black velvet embroidered with chenille, the "pattern being a large stone vase filled with ramping flowers that spread over the whole," and as if this was not enough, between the vases of flowers was a device of gold shells and foliage embossed and "most heavily rich."

At the accession of George III., and before the dawn of moderation, the head-dress of women reached a climax of absurdity. Enormous structures were worn stuffed with horse-hair puffs and powdered with a preparation of pomatum and meal; they were surmounted with ribbons, jewels, artificial flowers or plumes of feathers, introduced by the famous Duchess of Devonshire. This raised the whole head-dress to such a

grotesque height that we hear of the tops of sedan chairs being removed to allow room for these unsightly heads, and ladies had to take refuge on the floors of their carriages to enable them to drive at all. Neither was it uncommon to find fruits mingled in the head-dress—"an acre and a half of shrubbery," remarked Hannah More, "beside slopes, grass plots, tulip beds, clumps of peonies, kitchen gardens and greenhouses." The fashion was ended by the appearance of Garrick on the stage dressed as a woman of the age, with every kind of vegetable on his head and a large carrot hanging down on either side.

Equally artificial was the complexion of the day. Rouge and white lip salve, "Dutch Pink," "Bavarian Red," wash-balls made of poisonous chemicals, scented oils, cosmetics made of borax, vinegar, bread, eggs, and the wings of pigeons; false eyebrows and perfumed waters—all helped in the vital art of beautifying and rejuvenating the "quality" of the eighteenth century.

But changes were at hand. The flood of English-made cotton goods created new fashions. Expensive silks, damasks and velvets, which had played such a large part in the dress of the upper classes, began to disappear, and with them the

hoops; all woollen goods went out of fashion—and here it is interesting to note that, although wool was England's main trade, the value of woollen underclothing was as yet unrecognised. Cottons, muslins, crapes, and calicoes became more and more popular, and while these materials were changing the quality of dress, "a great wave of fashion in France was moving in the direction of a republican simplicity." But it took time to revolutionise English dress.

Meanwhile Protection was the keynote of our commercial life in this age. To encourage native manufactures, George III. actively opposed all importation of foreign goods by the levy of heavy duties. Thus gloves, which had now become an important feature of dress, and were imported into this country from abroad, were taxed 1d. and 3d. a pair, according to their quality, with the result that smuggling went on merrily. It is a well-known, if melancholy fact that women were famed for their ingenuity in smuggling, velvet and laces being specially secreted. "The pattern of velvet you sent me is so pretty," writes a lady to her friend abroad, "that it determines me to risk the vigilance of the Custom House officers."

Flemish lace was not infrequently smuggled

into the country in coffins, and it is said that £6,000 worth of foreign lace was discovered hidden in the coffin of a certain man who died in Paris, which speaks well for the vigilance exercised by the Customs officers on the English coast. Lace was as popular with men as with women, forming as it did an important part of their dress. Thus we find Horace Walpole discussing the merits of lace with a friend in terms of the deepest interest. "I have chosen you a coat of claret colour," he writes, "but I have fixed nothing about the lace. Barrett had none of gauze but what was as broad as the Irish Channel. Your tailor found a very reputable one at another place, but I would not determine rashly; it will be two or three and twenty shillings the yard; you might have a very substantial real lace for twenty." It is impossible to conceive such a correspondence between two men in these days. The wigs, worn religiously by men and boys till the middle of the century, now began to disappear; men of fashion allowed their hair to grow long, tied it in a pigtail or queue, and dressed it in front with a curl on either side of the head. The hair was worn powdered till 1795, when Pitt levied a tax of a

guinea on every powdered head, expecting to add considerably to the revenue from the pockets of the rich. But, contrary to his expectations, the gay world eluded this ingenious tax by giving up the use of powder.

"Take care," said an Oxford tutor to young Landor, who was the first undergraduate to discard powder for his hair—"take care, or they will stone you for a republican." "But," said the poet, looking back across past years, "I stuck to my plain hair and queue tied with black ribbon."

This was but part of the dress revolution. The reign of the cocked hat trimmed with gold and silver was drawing to its close, and in its stead arrived the ancestor of the modern top-hat, only at present rounder, higher, and broader in the brim. One cannot but regret the change from canary-coloured pantaloons, long, grass-green, wide-skirted coats, and pink and buff waistcoats, reaching nearly to the knees, to the sombre-hued garments which were already beginning to replace these cheerful tints. The diamond-hilted sword, the clouded cane, and the suspended muff completed the eighteenth-century costume. These muffs had been used by both sexes during the Stuart period but they did not come into general

use till this time. They were small, and often made of feathers and lace. "I send you a smallish muff that you may put in your pocket, and it costs but 14s.," writes Horace Walpole to a friend. Muffs grew larger as time went on, and we find a London citizen going to church with a large white muff—the last new thing from Paris—suspended from his neck. A little pet dog belonging to a lady in the same pew crept in, curled up, and went to sleep, while the owner was occupied with his prayers. The sequel of the story may be easily imagined!

But though there was nothing effeminate in wearing a muff, it was beneath contempt for a man to carry an umbrella. The story of Jonas Hanway—the first man who dared to hold up an umbrella in London, and to brave the jeers and hoots of a London crowd—reads like a fairy-tale to-day, but the innovation made way very slowly, and thirty years after this, there was only one umbrella in Cambridge, and it was kept at a shop and let out by the hour!

With more rapidity the distinction between the dress of the quality and of the commercial classes was being obliterated. Sumptuary laws were already matters of past history. "If great men

will dress like tradesmen, and tradesmen like great men, it will be necessary to make a new law for fashion," sighed one whose mind could not grasp the inevitable change. As in dress, so in manners and morals changes were taking place. The King had stopped gambling at the Palace, and in one short year the four hundred lottery offices in London had decreased to fifty-one. Two of the highest ladies in the land were summoned for playing high stakes, and fined £50, after which gambling was no longer reputable.

The hard drinking of the early Hanoverian period was likewise diminishing. Dr. Johnson, who had systematically drunk three bottles of port at a sitting in his young days, and remembered the time when all decent people got drunk every night without social criticism, ascribed the change to the substitution of wine for beer. But there was also a growing delicacy of feeling in the matter, and a repulsion to the demeanour and language of a drunken gentleman. True, they still ate enormously. "I see here every day," writes Walpole, "men who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form." He himself was moderate in all things, and usually drank

iced water. But, like men in all ages, he greatly resented innovation. "Everything is changed," he sighs from time to time. "I do not like dining at nearly six nor beginning the evening at ten at night. If one does not conform, one must live alone. . . . I am a remnant of the last age. . . . I don't care a rush for gold and diamonds, I don't understand horse-racing, I never go to reviews." Wistfully he yearned, as so many had yearned before him, to return to the simplicity of ancient times, "when we were the frugal, temperate, virtuous old English . . . before tea and sugar were known."

But if Walpole could not enter into the amusement of horse-racing it was greatly on the increase among his friends, and this period saw the inauguration of the famous Derby Stakes, which started with thirty-six subscribers at £50 each.

Among the refining influences of the times may be included the revival of Shakspere's dramas by Garrick, who purged the English theatre of the coarse and scandalous plays that had so delighted our forefathers throughout the early Hanoverian period. Persons of quality were still accommodated with chairs on the stage, which were retained by footmen in gorgeous livery till they

arrived; there were no stalls, the whole floor being given up to the pit, where sat the critics, while boxes and galleries contained the general public. The play began at five o'clock, seats varying from five shillings to one shilling. The occupants of some of the boxes attended as much to be seen as to see. "I rose and sat down, covered and uncovered my head, twenty times between the acts," says Roderick Random, "pulled out my watch, wound it up, set it, displayed my snuff-box, affected to take snuff, wiped my nose with a perfumed handkerchief, dangled my cane and adjusted my sword-knot, in order to attract attention."

It was the rising middle-class folk who really appreciated the plays on their own merits, and delighted in "As You Like It," the "Merry Wives," and "A Winter's Tale." Perdita appeared in a dress of pink lustring, a long stomacher and a hoop festooned with flowers, Othello in a regimental suit of the King's bodyguard and a flowered wig, Lady Macbeth in a hoop eight yards in circumference, and Cleopatra had a powdered commode and a jewelled fan. The same improvement in taste that revolutionised the stage affected the lighter literature of the day, and a "wave of delicacy" created a new

epoch in the reading world of our ancestors. The change is practically illustrated by Sir Walter Scott's lady who, having enjoyed the books of her youth, turned from them in horror in her old age to the moral works of Miss Edgeworth. The new departure was inaugurated by a woman—Miss Burney, with her novel "Evelina." The opposition that women writers of the day had to encounter is illustrated by the fact that Miss Burney was almost forced to burn her first MS. on the representation of her stepmother that authorship for woman was most reprehensible. But from the ashes sprang the inimitable "Evelina," written in stolen moments, in disjointed fragments, copied out in a feigned, upright handwriting, smuggled to the publisher by a young brother, who was disguised for the occasion, and bought outright for the magnificent sum of £20. Of its success, of the generosity of the publisher, and the sudden fame of the young author, it is superfluous to speak here. Miss Fanny Burney had opened up new possibilities to the novelist by the purity of her writing; she had inaugurated the circulating library, such a feature in modern life to-day; she had prepared the ground for Miss Edgeworth, Miss Martineau, Miss Jane

Austen, and others, who all easily excelled her in literary achievement. It was this sense of refinement that prompted Miss Burney's words when she heard that henceforth the banns of marriage were to be published in church on the three Sundays preceding the event: "A public wedding. Oh, what a gauntlet for any woman of delicacy to run!"

Many a clandestine marriage still took place, and elopement with an heiress was very common. Indeed, fortune played as large a part as heretofore in the marriages of the eighteenth century, as may be gleaned from the current advertisements of the day. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1781: "Married, the Revd. Mr. Roger Waina, of York, about twenty-six years of age, to a Lincolnshire lady upwards of eighty, with whom he is to have £8,000 in money, £300 per annum, and a coach and four during life only." A Liverpool doctor takes to wife "an agreeable young lady of eighteen years of age, with a very genteel fortune"; a Kendal Colonel is wedded to "an agreeable young lady with a fortune of £14,000," while "an eminent hosier marries Miss Betty Newby, a genteel lady with £900." But change was dawning even in these delicate matters, and a

band of women, mockingly known as "Blue Stockings," pioneered a new movement. This little circle, which numbered in their midst Elizabeth Montague, Elizabeth Carter, Fanny Burney, and Hannah More, were the first to encourage intelligence in women, and to see that it was no hindrance to personal charm or matrimony. They gave a more serious turn to the frivolous society of their day, and shook the time-worn prejudice which had treated study as "unbecoming in a woman."

CHAPTER XXIV

Circa 1802—1820

DAWN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

"New times demand new measures and new men:
The world advances and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' days were best."

LOWELL.

STARTLING as were the inventions of the last period, numerous as were the innovations, they pale before the breathless progress of the age upon which we are entering. Yet in its early days there was nothing to distinguish it from the eighteenth century, and but slight indication of the vastness and rapidity of the coming changes. The Hanoverian Kings were to wear out their inconsequent lives before the greatness of our country developed to its present capacity. Hence we have to deal with a condition of society, progressing truly, but not with the

breakneck speed of the latter half of the century. We have reached the age of our own great-grandfathers, and the portraits which hang upon our walls have familiarised us with the general bearing of the men and women of this generation, the cut and colour of their clothes before the dawn of photography, when the travelling artist made his way from country house to country house, painting his model in home surroundings.

As yet there were no trains, although the birth of "Puffing Billy" in 1813 had suggested vast and appalling possibilities to the faint-hearted of the earth. But while a revolution in road-making had taken place, thanks to the genius and perseverance of Macadam, coaching from place to place was still slow and laborious, though in this way whole English families travelled to the various sea-side resorts, which were springing into fashion. Brighton was becoming a favourite watering-place, in spite of Dr. Johnson's description of the country as "so desolate, that if one had a mind to hang oneself for desperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten a rope."

Here George, Prince of Wales, first as Regent and later as King, played his part, danced and gambled and made love, built the famous Pavilion, and started Brighton on its brilliant career. Margate, Ramsgate, Dover, Deal and Weymouth all sprang into fame as watering-places at this time, and to the latter sea-side resort George III took his Queen and family to regain his fast-failing health. Natural springs and sea bathing played a large part in the medical curriculum of the day.

Medicine had advanced but little. The old family doctor was pompous, but ignorant. He carried his gold-headed cane with its round ball top, a relic of the time when it contained an aromatic mixture to guard against infection. In all cases of fever and agues bleeding was freely resorted to, and the surgeon of the day had few other refuges. Chloroform and ether had yet to be discovered; in those days operations were performed roughly, with imperfect and often unclean instruments, while the unhappy patient lay helplessly bound, conscious of every movement and enduring excruciating agonies. It is horrible to contemplate.

"I must enlarge the opening. Give me my

uncle's knife," cried the nephew of a famous operator of this period. The operation lasted an hour, after which leeches were applied to prevent fever. After a night of agony, the victim was bled in the arm, more leeches were applied, until, twenty-nine hours after the first shock, death mercifully released the patient. It is small wonder that many preferred to suffer long-drawn-out pain and disease rather than submit to the torture of the knife! Under surgeon, physician and apothecary were an army of dentists, midwives, &c., all more or less ignorant and uncertificated. The new century found vaccination growing in popularity among the cultured classes, together with a consequent decrease of small-pox, but it was not made compulsory till 1840.

But if disease was imperfectly understood, if surgery was handicapped without the help of anæsthetics, and infant mortality was high, yet the population was increasing by leaps and bounds. Indeed, nothing like it had ever been known before. The first census, taken in 1801, showed Great Britain with over nine million inhabitants. Twenty years later it had risen to above fourteen million. In the whole preceding two hundred years it had only risen about

two million. The growth was chiefly in the North. Liverpool, Manchester, and Bradford sprang into sudden fame, contributing nearly 75 per cent. of the increase. The cause is not far to seek. The newly discovered power of steam had increased the manufactures and created a tremendous demand for coal. Hence a vast population grew up around the northern coal-fields, and the most desolate parts of the island became alive with struggling humanity. There appeared to be work and wages for all, though later developments showed how totally inadequate those wages were. Boys and girls married early, and families were large at this time in all classes of society. The Queen herself had given birth to nine sons and six daughters, and it was no unusual thing to find fifteen and twenty children in a family—a rate which soon peopled our islands with astonishing rapidity!

There was little enough organisation ready to cope with the masses of children added to the population. Both in town and country the children of England at this time were the wildest morsels of humanity, plunged in ignorance, steeped in vice, only half clothed and half fed, and, moreover, in many parts of the country,

worked in mine and factory as little beasts of burden, atoms of a great industrial machine.

> "'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,
> And we cannot run or leap—
> If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
> To drop down in them and sleep. . . .
> For all day we drag our burden tiring
> Through the coal dark underground—
> Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
> In the factories round and round.'"

Few people thought much about the children then. A Bill was introduced in 1802 proposing that children should only work twelve hours a day, and that they should not be allowed to be employed between the hours of 9 p.m. and 6 a.m., but both parents and manufacturers were against it, the Bill was dropped, and the children struggled on, till the great heart of England was melted with pity.

Private enterprise and philanthropy have ever forestalled legislation. This was now the case with regard to the children. The Sunday-schools opened by Raikes in Gloucester at the end of the last century were successfully making their way, despite the ordinary opposition from all sides. They were very different institutions to the

Sunday-school of to-day. The teachers, who were paid 1s. 6d. for the Sunday, assembled the children at 8 a.m. For two hours they were taught the alphabet, spelling and reading, with lessons from the New Testament, catechism, and Watts's Divine and Moral Songs. The children then went home, to reassemble in the afternoon, when they were taken to church for public catechism, returning to their lessons till 5.30, when they were dismissed for another week. Attendance was insured by the distribution of sweets and gingerbread.

"It is my wish that every poor child in my kingdom should be taught to read the Bible,' said the poor King, before he was "put away" in the padded room at Windsor, there to drone his own dismal hymns in the intervals of madness. The wish was more practically echoed by Hannah More, who struggled manfully against the prevailing prejudice with regard to learning. She would personally visit cottage after cottage among the poor, explaining, arguing, and endeavouring to overcome scruples. The only benefit to themselves that the short-sighted parents could see was that their apples would get a chance of ripening in the orchards, for the

children would not be free all day to steal them! At last, after weeks of patient and thankless work, she collected her children and bought an old ox-shed to serve as school-house. Then a teacher had to be found. Few qualifications were necessary in these days. A little private fortune was desirable, for salaries were low. "A woman of excellent natural sense, good knowledge of the human heart, activity, zeal and uncommon piety," with a grown-up daughter, was one of the selected teachers for these early elementary schools. She taught reading, sewing, knitting and spinning. "I allow no writing for the poor," says Hannah More, "my object is not to make fanatics, but to train up the lower classes in habits of industry and piety." As in the Sunday-schools, regular attendance was rewarded with sweets and gingerbread, augmented once a year by prizes of Bibles, calico aprons, caps and tippets. A marked improvement took place in the neighbourhoods where such schools as these had been started, and others began to rise up all over the country, until the private enterprise of a few individuals was merged in various societies, which undertook the education of the poor, till, in 1818, 605,704 children out of

two millions were at school. Teachers being insufficient and funds low, most of the teaching was done by children themselves—a method which was the forerunner of the pupil-teacher system. Classes were divided into eight "drafts," marked by semicircular lines chalked on the floor. Each child was supposed to attend for two years between the ages of seven and fourteen to learn reading from the Bible, writing on a ruled slate, and the first four rules of arithmetic. This was given free till 1827, when a fee of 2d. a week was charged to defray expenses. Punishment by ridicule was the fashion in these days though the stick was never absent. Thus the idle boy was rocked in a cradle by a girl, the fidget had his legs tied to logs, the truant was fastened to his desk, bad boys were yoked together, and sluggards were put into a basket and hoisted up to the ceiling by a rope. But better days for the children of England were dawning.

A change in dress, moreover, was widely welcomed. Throughout the centuries boys and girls had been dressed in exact imitation of their parents. Boys had worn their hair long or short according to the fashions of the day; they wore

tight breeches, cut-away coats and embroidered waistcoats, while their little sisters had been doomed to long skirts, hoops and stomachers, and whatever folly in fashion characterised their age. Now, though girls still wore their frocks to their feet, yet the newer fashion allowed more ease and grace than had formerly been possible; there was childish simplicity in the long folds of plain material that fell from neck to feet, only broken by a high-waisted sash. Low necks and short sleeves were worn from babyhood, while frilled trousers, white socks, and sandals completed the costume. The boys are familiar, too, in their nankeen trousers buttoning up over their waistcoats, their frilled shirt-collars, white stockings and pumps. Nankeen for children was freely used. Thus Miss Martineau gives us a glimpse of her family starting off on a journey from Norwich to Newcastle. "My mother, aunt Margaret, sister Elizabeth, aged fifteen, Rachel, myself, and little James, aged four, in nankeen frocks, were all crammed into a post-chaise for a journey of three or four days."

Caps or turbans, as they were called, were worn by all women and girls at this time. They were made of silk, velvet, muslin, lace

crape, and trimmed with feathers, flowers, ribbons in all sorts of fantastic shapes, till, after a time, the turban was relegated to old-fashioned matrons and merged into a simple cap. It was an age of capacious bonnets and weeping veils, of voluminous muffs, long mittens, prunella slippers, embroidered scarfs and boas: it was also the era of the Empire gown, long and straight, low-necked, short-sleeved, and high-waisted, as worn by Napoleon's Empress.

Perhaps the most important change in men's dress was the disappearance of the pig-tail in 1808. So great was the joy in the army at getting rid of this foolish fashion, that, when the order came, one regiment, already starting abroad on foreign service, gave three cheers and flung the pig-tails into Portsmouth harbour while others made bonfires of these relics of a barbarous custom. But, indeed, there was little time and thought to bestow on men's fashions during these troubled years that ushered in the new century. The momentous struggle against Napoleon monopolised men's attention, and the conversation of our great-grandfathers centred around "Old Boney," whom they regarded as the very devil. Shop windows were full of caricatures

representing "His Satanic Majesty" with tail, horns and hoofs complete. Exaggerated stories were told in the clubs, and repeated in the drawing-rooms, of his adventures, his regal display, his hatred of England, and his schemes for attacking her. His name was used as a bogey to frighten children. In 1807, preparations had been made along the Norfolk coast for an expected invasion, and the five-year-old Harriet Martineau was twitching her pinafore in terror at the thought of the monster's arrival.

"Papa, what will you do if Boney comes?" she asked, trembling.

"What will I do?" he answered cheerfully, "Why, I will ask him to take a glass of port with me."

The idea that the dreaded "Boney" was human enough to be entertained with port comforted the nervous child not a little.

Men and women wept over the death of Nelson in 1805, and were equally ready to toast the hero of Waterloo, when their old foe was no longer a terror in the land.

Notwithstanding their foreign interests, our great-grandfathers still found time to oppose the introduction of gas, the new method of lighting

their capital at home. In the year 1805 the *Morning Post* announced that a shop at the corner of Piccadilly "is illuminated every evening with gas. It produces a much more brilliant light than either oil or tallow, and proves in a striking manner the advantage to be derived from so valuable an application." Although at this time the smell made people sick and the fumes well-nigh asphyxiated them, yet such an innovation was bound to make its way. In 1810 the Gas Light and Coke Company obtained their charter, and gradually the main streets of London were lit with gas, and the manservant armed with a lantern for conducting home "the quality" from ball or theatre became extinct. But till Queen Victoria's accession the clergy of some of the leading City churches preached against the introduction of gas into churches "as profane and contrary to God's law." And the aristocratic inhabitants of Grosvenor Square absolutely declined to be lit with gas till the year 1842!

The gas lamps were still lit by means of the original tinder box, friction matches not being invented till 1830; but the *Morning Post* in 1808 foreshadows the idea of producing fire by other means. "The success of the Instantaneous Light

Fire Matches daily increases, and the manufactory in Soho has now become the daily resort of persons of the first fashion and consequence in town, who express themselves highly gratified with the utility and ingenuity of these curiosities." The first successful phosphorus matches were named "Lucifer," from their supposed dealings with the Evil One. "Matches that light themselves will find no place in my house," cried an indignant woman in 1829. "Give me my old-fashioned tinder-box." People were gravely warned of their dangers, so that the general use of matches was delayed till nearly 1840.

These are but a few of the great innovations that characterised the dawn of the new century:

"The old times are dead and gone and rotten,
The old thoughts shall never more be thought;
The old faiths have failed and are forgotten,
The old strifes are done, the fight is fought;
And with a clang and roll, the new creation
Bursts forth, 'mid tears and blood and tribulation."

CHAPTER XXV

Circa 1820—1837

PROGRESS

"Progress is
The law of life—man's self is not yet man,
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows."

BROWNING.

GEORGE III. died in 1820, but he had ceased to reign for the past ten years. "All the world knows the story of his malady; history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his Palace, addressing imaginary Parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly Courts." Sightless, deaf, imbecile, yet still dignified with a long snowy beard

his purple gown ornamented with the star of his famous Order, he was still a King, and his worthless son had been Regent for ten years before death released the old monarch and the Regent became King of England. It was fortunate for the country that the Sovereign no longer possessed the personal influences of former days. Though the new King rivalled his predecessor Charles II. in wanton and riotous living, yet the social conditions of the age continued unchanged under the new *régime*. Indeed, "the last night of the Regency passed into the first morning of the reign of George IV. as an event that would be scarcely marked as an epoch in English history." But the new King was an expensive luxury to the nation. His coronation alone cost £243,000, though his unhappy wife was refused admission to the Abbey, and took no part in the proceedings. She mercifully died a few weeks later. Besides receiving a large annual income, he required his debts to be constantly paid, and large sums of money mysteriously disappeared. "If he had been a manufacturing town or a populous rural district, or an army of five thousand men, he could not have cost more," reflected Thackeray.

Court life was lessening its hold on the country. It did not attract the poets, the scholars, the architects, the journalists, the inventors, or those men who were busy in maintaining the greatness of their country. The Court life of earlier times had passed away.

Next to the Court came an exclusive society, to which either a man belonged or he did not. There was little overlapping of class with class at this time: no tradesman could belong to this society; doctors, bankers, and men with such-like professions, were outside the pale. Indeed, one writer tells us that there were but six hundred folk "in society" at this time. The test was admission into Almack's Club; this was the "Royal Academy of Society," and many were the heart-burnings of those left outside. It was governed by a Committee of six English ladies, who decided who should be admitted to the charmed circle and who should not. Pedigrees and family connections were carefully weighed, and tickets for the famous balls at Willis's Rooms were judiciously dispensed. Dancing began at eleven. With the disappearance of the powdered head and hoop petticoat, the minuet and picturesque old country dance

had vanished. The new dances were the waltz and quadrille, introduced in 1813, and the galop, or the "sprightly galopade" as it was called, while the modern lancers developed from the quadrille. Fashion dominated this exclusive club of Almack's. Trousers for men were making their way in, but as yet they were looked on as not quite correct for evening dress, and one evening, when the Duke of Wellington presented himself thus attired, his entrance was barred by an official, who explained politely, "Your Grace cannot be admitted in trousers." The Duke bowed to the supreme decree and quietly walked away. By 1830, however, trousers had become universal. A few years before this, the frock coat appeared, brass buttons went out, and black cravats came in. Indeed, dark colours for men's dress were introduced by George IV. himself, who wore a dark blue frock coat. A great deal of attention was still bestowed on waistcoats, and we recall the account of Joseph Sedley in "Vanity Fair," going to London in a waistcoat of "crimson satin embroidered with gold butterflies." Pumps, or shoes, were worn by this exclusive society, and a book of etiquette about this time quaintly

advises: "Never permit the sanctity of a drawing-room to be violated by a boot." The women of the period never wore boots, but light high-heeled shoes. Suitability of dress had not occurred to our great-grandmothers. They went out in November fogs and bleak January days clad in light delicate muslins and cambrics. Even the universal pelisse which was necessary for warmth was often made of azure blue sarcenet or flame coloured silk, while large Leghorn straw bonnets with blue ribbon bows and white feathers surmounted all. These bonnets grew steadily in size, till in 1827 they were as large as umbrellas.

The necessity for suitable dress had not yet arrived. No woman in this society was called upon to work, and she had no independence. Marriage was the one and only career open to the lady of the early nineteenth century. "Women regarded themselves and spoke of themselves as inferior to men in understanding as they were in bodily strength." They considered independence unfeminine; they were conscious of their dependence on others and grateful for support. "Women," says a female writer of the period, "are something like

children—the more they show their need of support, the more engaging they are; in everything that women attempt they should show their consciousness of dependence." "Never ask a lady any questions about anything whatever," says the book of etiquette. "Familiarity is the greatest vice of society."

But times were changing every day, and the barrier between class and class was breaking down at every stage. To marry fortune was the dominating idea of every well-born household, and these fortunes were now being acquired by the middle classes of England. Here, too, we find the artistic, literary, and musical circles. From this great class sprang the novelists, the poets, the journalists, the writers that adorned the nineteenth century. Dickens, Thackeray, Keats, Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Lamb, Maria Edgeworth, Harriet Martineau, Jane Austen, these did not belong to the exclusive circle chosen by the famous Committee of Six. They knew better than to apply. In the provincial towns and in the suburbs of London resided the middle class. Merchants and shopkeepers often lived in the City, but there were short stage carriages to such places as Islington,

Clapham, Camberwell, Highgate, &c., for those who could not afford their own carriage or horse. Every one in this set dined in the middle of the day. There were sociable evenings with sit-down tea, cakes, muffins, home-made bread and home-made jam. No pipes were smoked in this community—only working-men smoked pipes; but tobacco was still taken in the form of snuff by men and women alike. They had not many amusements. They had no lawn tennis, no croquet, no amateur photography. There were a few quiet archery parties, and punctilious calls at stated intervals on neighbours, when decanters of port and sherry, with biscuits, were put on the table. In provincial towns there was the annual interest of the county ball, when folk of the highest rank and fashion danced the newest step in the newest clothes, to the admiration of the local society. But, like "a Hindu caste," each class kept strictly to themselves. But when all is said and done, the most remarkable development of society during the nineteenth century has been in connection with the People. So far they had played no part in the government of the country, which was still wholly in the hands

of the wealthy and powerful, while they, the workers—those who toiled with their hands, who gave their lives, courage, patience, skill, endurance, obedience; who suffered and died, striving not ignobly—had no share, nor was it possible for them to rise in the social scale. Truly this was impossible, as they had no knowledge and little or no education, while excessive gin-drinking was sapping away their very manhood. Nevertheless, it was from the people that arose the man who, by his own industry and inventive genius, changed the face of England by the railway system, which completely revolutionised the country. Born of parents too poor to pay for his schooling, living one of eight in a single room, Stephenson worked perseveringly at the improvement of the locomotive engine. Since the days of Watt, steam had made great progress. In 1819 the first steamer had crossed the Atlantic, and steamboats were plying on the Thames, but there were many who shared the hopes of one when he said: "This is a new experiment for the temptation of tourists . . . It was certainly very strange and striking to hear and see it hissing and roaring, foaming and spouting like an angry whale; but on the

whole I think it rather vulgarises the scene too much, and I am glad that it is found not to answer, and is to be dropped next year." Well-known, indeed, is the opposition that had to be overcome with regard to acceleration of speed. Men contended that even if a speed of fifteen miles an hour were attained, the dangers of bursting boilers and broken wheels would be so great that "people would suffer themselves to be fired off upon a rocket, sooner than trust themselves to the mercy of a machine going at such a prodigious rate." While "as to those persons who speculate on making railways general throughout the kingdom, and superseding all the wagons, mail, stage coaches, and post chaises—we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice."

But nothing could daunt the brave spirit of this son of the people. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opened in 1829, and Stephenson triumphantly drove his engine at the hitherto undreamt-of rate of thirty-six miles an hour, a speed which was exactly doubled in 1885. There is no need to dwell on the success of the early railways—

"Half the marvels of my morning, triumphs over time and space,
Staled by frequence, shrunk by usage into commonest commonplace."

But although here and there some genius arose from out the working classes, they were as yet no power in the land. At Queen Victoria's accession 40 per cent. of the men and 65 per cent. of the women could not sign their names. Their wages were deplorable, and their employers could work them just as long as they dared. Any combined attempt at remonstrance was put down by force, until the murmur of discontent grew louder and louder, and the Act forbidding working men to combine was repealed. Nor was this the only step taken to ameliorate the lot of the working classes of England at this time. A more merciful condition prevailed in our prisons. Men were no longer hanged for such trivial offences as heretofore. In 1832, the death sentence for sheep-stealing and forgery was abolished, and executions diminished steadily, until in 1841 capital punishment was enforced for murder only—"a life for a life was all the law could exact." Nevertheless, executions were still performed in public, and

thousands still flocked to watch the spectacle, to "gloat over the sufferings of a dying fellow-creature"; the bodies of criminals were left hanging on the gallows in public view, and it was not till 1868 that this publicity was stopped. The old barbarous punishments were disappearing. Hanging in chains was abolished in 1834, the pillory followed a few years later, stocks were superseded by the treadmill, and the ducking-stool was no longer used. Still reform moved slowly, and it was only thanks to philanthropic individuals that it moved at all. Prisoners of both sexes, innocent children and the vilest offenders, were locked up together awaiting trial. Overcrowding was so great that often the unhappy inmates had not room to lay down their weary bodies. For the first time now in our country's history it occurred to Englishmen that even the criminal had rights, and in 1824 new Gaol Acts were passed, by which every prisoner had a cot to himself; cleanliness was insisted on, and chaplains, matrons, and schoolmasters were appointed. Pentonville Prison was built with its tiers of cells, and the horrors of Newgate, so often graphically depicted, were at an end. Transportation to Australia was still at its height, and

in the year 1834 no less than 4,920 convicts were shipped off for life.

The philanthropy of the time and the individual effort that preceded legislation had first secured the abolition of the slave trade, and then slavery itself in the English Colonies, a proof of the growing interest taken in the oppressed and afflicted by those in positions of power. But the most important step of all, in the light of modern events with regard to the rise of Democracy, was the passing of the Reform Bill, the salient points of which it will be well to repeat. Through the hot nights of July, 1832, the Commons debated on this far-reaching measure, which secured to the middle classes a voice in the government of their country. Perhaps none saw the future of the British working man more clearly than Macaulay: "Your great objection to this Bill," he said, "is that it will not be final. I ask you whether you think that any Reform Bill which you can frame will be final. I believe that it will last during that time for which alone we ought at present to think of legislating. Another generation may find in the new representative system faults such as we find in the old represen-

tative system. Civilisation will proceed. Wealth will increase. Industry and trade will find out new seats. . . . For our children we do not pretend to legislate. All that we can do for them is to leave to them a memorable example of the manner in which great reforms ought to be made."

The Bill passed the Commons, to be thrown out by the Lords, and intense excitement prevailed throughout the country. For the moment strong historical tradition triumphed over the desires of the growing middle class and the unexpressed rights and liberties of the people. But it was only for a moment. Sydney Smith summed up the position in one of his humorous speeches at Taunton. "The attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of Reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth, and the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion," he said. "In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town ; the tide rose to an incredible height, the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with

mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused, Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington."

He had prophesied right. The Lords passed the Reform Bill the following year, by which all the newly developed towns were represented, and the middle class of England secured a voice in the government of the country. True, the people themselves secured nothing, but they were hardly ready yet. A few years later and their turn came. "Give us," cried the Chartists, who represented the aspirations of the people, "give us, not government by the rich, but government by the people; not protection, but political rights. Give us our Charter, and then will this dread interval of darkness and anguish pass away; then will that dawn come for which we have watched so long, and justice, love, and plenty inhabit this land and there abide."

"The people were right. Democracy, so giant-like and threatening, which with rude strength severs sacred ties and stamps out ancient land-marks—Democracy, though in ways undreamt of, did bring deliverance. For Democracy is sudden like the sea and grows dark with storms, and sweeps away many precious things; but, like the sea, it reflects the light of the wide heavens and cleanses the shores of human life."

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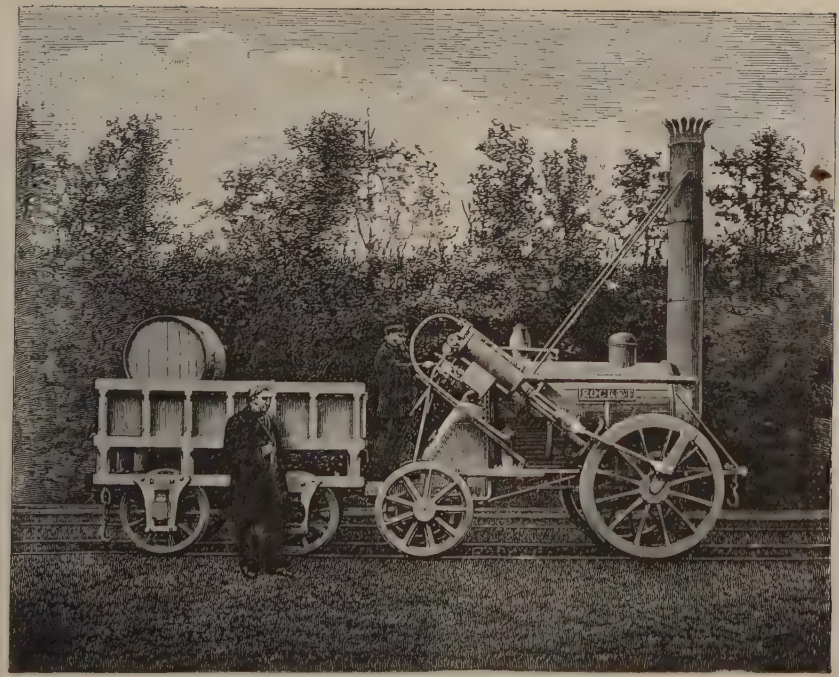

THE ROCKET, 1829.

(From Green's " History Illustrated," by permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.)

CHAPTER XXVI

Circa 1837—1865

UNDER QUEEN VICTORIA

"Far away beyond her myriad coming changes earth will be
Something other than the wildest modern guess of you or me."

TENNYSON.

SUCH a familiar atmosphere surrounds the period succeeding the accession of Queen Victoria, that it is hardly necessary to do more than suggest the changes that passed over England during the early years of her reign and briefly to indicate the great developments of the age. Though sovereignty in this country had lost its old influence, and the Court no longer played the same part in the life of the nation, yet the example of one so simple, pure-minded, and merciful as the young Queen could not fail to have an effect on those who were her acknowledged

subjects. She was married to a singularly earnest young Prince, and the Court atmosphere was soon cleansed and purified, till Lord Melbourne was heard to exclaim: "This damned morality will ruin everything." The excessive drinking, gambling, scandal, and loud swagger of the Georgian ages disappeared as by magic, and a somewhat superior respectability pervaded Court life. "No one dined here last night," comments a maid of honour at the new Court, "so we played vingt-et-un and I won 8d." If gambling was no longer the fashion, duelling too was coming to an end. The last public duel took place in 1841, when two well-known officers—brothers-in-law—fought till one was killed. Public opinion cried aloud for some other way of settling "affairs of honour," and a society for the abolition of duelling brought about the desired effect. For all this, manners were still rough: men and women talked in loud voices, they made ostentatious and vulgar display of their wealth, jokes were made in bad taste, personalities amounted to impertinence, and it was not uncommon in a crowd of well-born people to find many men and women with the very clothes torn off their backs. All these matters are within the memory of many. Within the memory of a

rapidly decreasing number is one of the greatest events of modern civilisation—the institution of the Penny Post in 1840. It was a curious fact that, though the population had increased so enormously—six millions in twenty years—yet the postal receipts had actually diminished between the years 1815 and 1835. The recipient and not the writer paid the postage, and a letter with seal unbroken, returned to the postman at the door, often betokened a poverty which could not afford to pay for news of absent relations. The story told by Coleridge, and repeated in every modern history of the period, illustrates the condition of postal arrangements at this time, when distance rather than weight augmented the price of a letter, which varied from 4d. to 1s. 8d.—a serious outlay to business men. Means of transit, though improving, were still defective, and accomplished by horses and mail-coaches, as they had been since 1783. It was only under favourable circumstances that a letter from London reached Hampstead in ten hours! Rowland Hill, in his famous pamphlet, published in 1837, called attention to the difficulty of carrying on trade with such expense and delay in the postal service. And the inauguration of the Penny Post throughout

England was the result. "Little bags called envelopes" had already been in use to prevent letter-opening by post-office officials, and now the familiar stamp with an impression of the Queen appeared in the right-hand corner, and writer instead of recipient paid for the letter. Letter-boxes now made their appearance in London, where letters might be posted any time between 8 a.m. and 7 p.m.; from these local letter-boxes everything went to the central office at St. Martin-le-Grand, so that a letter from one part of the town to another often took fifteen hours. Other now familiar innovations followed in quick succession. Book post, money orders, post-office savings bank, and post cards (1870) succeeded one another, each in turn adding vastly to the facilities of correspondence in the growing commerce of the land.

A yet more rapid means of communication was now reached by the institution of the electric telegraph. The first was established across the twenty miles between Paddington and Slough in 1844. How step by step it gained in popularity is a matter of ancient history now. So, too, is the hitherto undreamt-of development which enabled men to lay the first submarine cable (1851) and to transmit messages to the Continent.

The connection between the Old and New Worlds followed six years later; Ariel's prophecy that he could "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes" was thus fulfilled, and one of the greatest benefits to civilisation secured.

Meanwhile railway lines were being hurriedly laid down all over the country. There were but 200 miles at the Queen's accession, there were 2,000 some seven years later. Lines were constructed from London to Birmingham, to Greenwich, to Southampton, to Croydon; the Great Western had been running for two years before the Queen would venture by train in 1842. Each year saw the death of some famous coach, and as time passed on, the railway mania grew; men talked in railway language about "getting up steam," they reckoned distance by hours and minutes, and the country became a network of lines, even as it is to-day. Still, the early days of travelling were far from luxurious. Arrived at the station, the intending passenger gave his name to the clerk, who wrote it on a large green paper, giving in return a metal badge with a number and the name of the destination. On receipt of this, the passenger paid his fare—about double what it is to-day—and took his seat. No

smoking was allowed either in station or train, for fear of fire. Indeed, the terrors of railway travelling were still great, and the *Punch* of the day illustrates the spirit in which a journey was taken by a picture of the would-be traveller being presented with an undertaker's card ere he set forth on what might prove to be his last venture. It is not far to seek a parallel to-day in the raw beginnings of modern mechanical progression. And yet the speed in these days was but twenty miles an hour, and thirty years later it was still under thirty. True, the signalling was as yet rudimentary and insufficient. Sometimes a candle burning in a window told the driver whether to go on or stop, sometimes a lamp swung from a high post guided him to his destination. Stations sprang up with great rapidity, over 4,000 being built in thirty years. But all this, and much more, may be learnt from a comparison of the first Bradshaw's Railway Guide published in 1839, six pages in length, with that published to-day, containing a thousand pages of intricacies. But in all this early travelling it was the third-class passenger who suffered most severely. A rich man might have his comfortable carriage placed on a railway truck and travel in it, but the third-class

passengers were packed into open cattle trucks with movable seats placed across, and no provision for bad weather. For this they were charged 1½d. a mile. The company's servants were strictly ordered to do no work for these unhappy persons, and only one slow train a day was run for their convenience at twelve miles an hour. Indeed, some of the companies refused to carry them at all. But to the astonishment of all, it was found that over thirteen million third-class passengers used the railway in the year 1845, while by 1860 the number swelled to ninety-three million, and they were legislated for accordingly. Not only by land, but by sea too, was this improvement in rapid transit telling on social progress. The substitution of steam for sail caused a huge advance to the mercantile navy of England and the colonial expansion of the Empire. The first steamer had made its way across the Atlantic in 1819, but little important progress had been made till 1838, when the *Great Western* with sixty-five passengers and twenty thousand letters crossed from Bristol to New York in fifteen days. Although even this was regarded as something of a freak, and men solemnly declared that one might as well attempt a voyage to the moon as to run regularly between

England and America, yet the growth was inevitably steady and rapid. Englishmen built English ships fitted with the new steam engines, whereby trade was carried on quickly and securely with the far ends of the earth, and the little State of old times, compassed so hopelessly by the inviolate sea, became the world-wide Empire it is to-day.

Perhaps nothing so forcibly illustrates the immense growth of our over-seas commerce as the Great Exhibition of 1851. It is only by comparative statistics that we can obtain the slightest idea of the vast increase of our national wealth. In the year of the Great Exhibition our imports were valued at one hundred millions, our exports at some seventy-five millions. In 1865 our imports had nearly trebled and our exports doubled. Such increase of wealth told substantially on the middle classes of England, and their position rapidly improved. It told more slowly on the working classes, whose condition in the early forties was pitiful indeed. The industrial revolution had followed the introduction of machinery as a natural sequence. Riots and crimes were but the result of discontent and the prospect of starvation. The

sufferings of the artisan class were intense. In Manchester, a tenth of the whole population lived in cellars without sunlight and filled with a "horrible stench." Here dwelt whole families, the children lying on the "damp, nay wet, brick floor, through which the stagnant moisture oozed up." Overcrowding in the large towns added horrors to the already impossible conditions under which the poor lived. In London the same state of things existed. But this was an age of enquiry and action. Men were no longer satisfied that a section of their fellow-countrymen should live in misery and degradation. In 1838 there was an enquiry on "Combination of Workmen"; in 1840 a Commission sat to consider the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain and another to enquire into the physical and moral condition of children and young persons employed in mines and manufactures. Legislation had moved slowly with regard to the mining population, and little had been done since 1833, when the working hours for children under thirteen in factories were limited to eight. So apathetic was public opinion on the subject that a Ten Hours Bill for mine children was

defeated again and again, till in 1847 it passed after a heated struggle.

But machinery was affecting another section of the community at this time, and changing the lot of the agricultural labourer in the country districts. In 1838 the Royal Agricultural Society sprang into existence, with the object of encouraging and improving the land, crops, and agricultural produce. Science was now applied to farming, which was no longer left to the "chance-directed discoveries of unlettered rustics." The rapid growth of manufacture had already given an impetus to agriculture, and wool, mutton, and beef had risen in value. Architects, chemists, geologists were all consulted; money was expended on farm buildings, implements were improved, new varieties of crops introduced, live-stock breeding extended, a new system of manuring tried, while railways had already created distant markets for agricultural produce. All went well with the English farmer till 1846. Then came the failure of the potato crop in Ireland, involving starvation to some four million inhabitants, who had no other food-stuffs to fall back upon. Public opinion was stirred, and legislation was the result. Up to this time

England had been able to produce her own corn, and all imported corn was taxed. Indeed, not only corn, but few articles came into the country at this time that were not taxed. In the words of Sydney Smith, there were "taxes upon every article which enters the mouth or covers the back or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers appetite and the drug that restores health; on the ermine which decorates the judge and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin and the ribbons of the bride—at bed or board, downlying or uprising, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages the taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent., and expires in the

arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of £100 for the privilege of putting him to death . . . and he is gathered to his fathers to be taxed no more."

The abolition of the Corn Laws in 1846 was the first step towards Free Trade, as it was the first step towards the decline of agriculture. It was followed by the abolition of duties upon hundreds of other articles. Prosperity reigned in every department. The rush for gold to California in 1848 and to Australia two years later helped to enrich Englishmen, who spent their fortunes for the most part in the Mother Country. The increase of wealth told on rich and poor alike. Luxuries were indulged in by all classes of society. People ate more meat, they smoked more tobacco, they travelled, they read. One recalls Pendennis and his mother (1850): "Besides the ancient poets, you may be sure Pen read the English with great gusto. . . . He read Shakspere to his mother (which she said she liked, but didn't), and Byron and Pope and his favourite 'Lalla Rookh,' which pleased her indifferently. But as for Bishop Heber and Mrs. Hemans, above all, this lady used to melt away and be absorbed in her pocket-handker-

chief when Pen read those authors to her in his kind, boyish voice. The 'Christian Year' was a book which appeared about that time. The son and mother whispered it to each other with awe."

The abolition of the stamp duties had reduced the price of daily papers. Even at the Queen's accession there already existed the *Times*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Standard* (an evening paper till 1857), *Globe*, and *Morning Post*. The *Times*, printed by steam, had reached a circulation of 10,000 copies a day in 1834, while twenty years later it had increased to 52,000, and was exercising some influence on public opinion.

But on the subject of dress public opinion was strangely blind. The "crinoline," introduced from Paris in 1854, had become popular, and remained in fashion for some fourteen years later. All the unsightliness and inconvenience of the Elizabethan hoop was revived, only the Victorian crinoline was yet more elaborate, with its vandyke and scolloped flounces, its basques and bows, its frills and double skirts, its fringes, jet, gimp, beads and ruchings. So inconvenient were crinolines at a ball, that in order to create the same effect young ladies would

wear as many as fourteen starched petticoats! In these they were driven to their ball "standing up in their carriages." Silk dresses were very much the fashion of this period. "Every lady felt that a silk dress was necessary to her self-respect." In it she attended church on Sunday, paid her afternoon calls, or sat at home to receive her visitors. It was an age of shawls too—shawls with large patterns, shawls with light grounds and gay flowers. There is Mrs. Bungay (1850) dressed in her "gorgeous shot-silk dress, which flamed with red and purple," wearing a yellow shawl with red flowers inside her bonnet, and carrying a brilliant, light blue parasol. Caps were no longer worn under the bonnet, but a quilling of lace filled the gap, and a bunch of bright-coloured flowers was tucked under the brim. Muslin, cambric and piqué were used as dress materials for young people, but at a comparatively early age all women retired into dresses of sombre colours, as befitted their advancing years. The black silk jackets, the wide flounced sleeves, the small round hats and the smoothly parted hair gathered behind into chenille nets—all these are familiar to us in the early photographs. The daguerreo-

type process, which received the image produced by the lens on a silver plate, visible by means of mercury, was discovered by Daguerre about 1839. Eight years later, glass negatives coated with albumen were introduced, and collodion in 1851 helped the wet-plate process, though the real revolution in photography did not take place till 1871.

So passed the early Victorian period with its new activities, its increased possibilities, its fusion of classes and enormous wealth; but at the same time one cannot but note the decadence of taste and art, the amazing decorations of houses, the heavy adornment of rooms, the inelegance of dust-preserving draperies, the chandeliers and elaborate patterns everywhere—throughout everything there was a want of simplicity and refinement in this age, which has been not inaptly called "twenty years of triumphant vulgarity."

A DAME'S SCHOOL. *By T. Webster, R.A.*

CHAPTER XXVII

Circa 1865—1885

AN AGE OF WONDER

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."
— TENNYSON.

"THE Democratic tendency of our times, the upward movement of the popular classes, who desire to have their share in political life . . . is henceforth no Utopian dream, no doubtful anticipation. It is a fact . . . which occupies every mind, influences the proceedings of Governments, defies all opposition."[1] These words, spoken in 1847, never rang more true than in 1867, when the working men of England demanded a new Reform Act. Crowded meetings with enthusiastic speakers had taken place in the thickly populated northern towns, while in London, the Hyde Park Riot emphatically compelled attention in the House of

[1] Mazzini.

Commons. "Your attention will again be called to the state of the representation of the people in Parliament." So ran the Speech from the Throne on February 5th. The Second Reform Bill was passed the following summer, and the working men in the towns of England for the first time had a vote in managing the affairs of the nation. It was yet another and important advance in the life of the people, who were pressing onwards as never before in human history. But another step became necessary to the social progress of the country. If the working man was to have a voice in the affairs of the land, he must, of necessity, be educated to fit him for this new capacity. After the first Reform Act, Parliament had assisted the general education of the people by an annual grant of money, on condition that an equal sum was raised by school fees and local subscriptions, and a Committee on Education was appointed to control the expenditure of public money. Notwithstanding this, education in England still owed much to private enterprise and philanthropy. In 1865 there were still some 2,000 charity schools where children were only taught reading, writing, and the Church catechism. These schools were, as yet, untouched by the new

influences of the century. The children were dressed in uniform so as to show that they were objects of benevolence, and they were frequently reminded of their low estate, their moral ideal being summed up in the couplet:

> "God bless the Squire and his relations,
> And make us keep our proper stations."

All State-aided schools have been inspected since the early forties, but the small band of early Government Inspectors had their hands full. In 1849 they had 681 certified teachers and 3,580 pupil-teachers to inspect, but these very teachers, whose duty it was to train and teach the children of the poor, were but "the refuse of other callings." Their ranks were swelled by discarded servants and ruined tradesmen, "who do not know whether the earth is a cube or a sphere, whom no gentleman would trust with the key of his cellar and no tradesman would entrust with a message"—men and women who, from some defect of body or health, were driven from the rougher struggles of muscular toil—consumptives in the last stages of disease, out-door paupers, or persons of over seventy years of age. None were too old, too sickly, too feeble, or too ignorant to regard themselves as fit for

teaching the unhappy young of these days—so unlike the honoured band of teachers who are doing some of the finest work in our land to-day. Look at a boys' school in 1869, the year before the great Education Act, which followed the Reform Act and formed a turning-point in the educational system of our country. In a small, low room, in a back court, there were forty-four boys of ages varying from four to fourteen. In the middle sat the master, a kindly man, but a hopeless cripple, whose lower limbs appeared to be paralysed and who was unable to stand up. The boys formed a dense mass round him, swaying irregularly backwards and forwards, while he was feebly protesting against the noise. In a corner the wife was sitting "minding" the six or eight youngest children. The reading, entirely from the Bible, was bad and inarticulate; no boy could explain the simplest words, and the master said he was not accustomed to ask questions. Only two boys could do an addition sum. The object of the schoolmaster was not to get the boys on too quickly, for as soon as the children knew a little, they were removed and the school pence stopped. Hitherto the State had aided existing schools, but no new schools had been provided; the initiative taken by voluntary

bodies had been, so far, chiefly in connection with the Churches. But with the rapid growth of the population the Church organisation had become totally inadequate. So the famous Act of 1870 passed, providing for School Boards to be created, with power to establish new State schools in addition to the voluntary ones already existing. For the first time in her social history, England realised that her children were her "dearest possession," and undertook a system of National Education. The storms that were brewing at this time over religious instruction in the first Board schools are vexing our souls to-day. Finally, a system of so-called undenominational Christian teaching was adopted. New schools were now erected all over the country. In the year 1870 England had provided for 1,152,389 children. By 1885 there was an average attendance of 3,371,325. There is a further point connected with the spread of education in 1870 that calls for attention. In the new bodies elected by the ratepayers, women were members. They voted, proposed amendments, sat on committees, and took their share in the new national scheme of education. For their part as citizens of a great country they had been fitting themselves of late years, and their progress

in matters of education was remarkable. Up to 1865, the general level of girls' education was for the most part deplorable. They were sent to boarding schools, where they learnt ladylike manners and deportment, and such accomplishments as their parents thought fit, in order that they might be admired in society, for this was the chief *raison d'être* of a woman's education throughout the past. "Everything," says Miss Cobbe, "was taught in the inverse ratio of its true importance. At the bottom of the scale were morals and religion, and at the top were music and dancing." One of the best known girls' schools was kept by Miss Mangnall, the famous author of "Mangnall's Questions," a school-book much used in those days together with Keith's "Use of the Globes," Mrs. Trimmer's English History, and Pinnock's Catechisms. Here the girls learnt some literature, which consisted of Scott's longer poems and "The Vicar of Wakefield," read aloud by Miss Mangnall herself, geography, spelling, the catechism, and a little pencil drawing. For bad spelling the young ladies were invariably sent to bed. Deportment was strictly attended to: tortures in numerable were invented to improve the figure

—there were steel backboards covered with red morocco, strapped to the waist by a belt; steel collars, stocks for the fingers, pulleys for the neck, and weights for the head. In morals the young ladies were sadly wanting, and their sense of honour was woefully uncultivated. They were greedy and untruthful; they stole each other's cake, they fought and spread evil reports, and their punishments were both childish and insulting. They were made to wear dunce's caps, they had papers pinned to them describing their faults, they were whipped and sent to bed or rewarded by having good things to eat. The position of their teachers and governesses was unenviable, and the teaching profession for women was too often the refuge for the destitute. Their ignorance was deplorable. At one school we hear of a two-hour search through various lesson-books for the name of the Emperor of Russia, till finally teachers and pupils decided it must be Mahomet! It was, indeed, time that the subject of girls' education should be discussed by a Royal Commission appointed in 1864, though already Cheltenham had led the way by opening a "Ladies' College," where a more sound education had been established than any heretofore attainable. Step by

step the movement grew, demand created supply, local examination tested the efficiency of the new teaching. Strenuous efforts were made to obviate the criticisms of women's education in a report which declared that "want of thoroughness and foundation, want of system, slovenliness, and showy superficiality, inattention to rudiments, undue time given to accomplishments and want of organisation," were responsible for female incompetence. The Council of the Girls' Public Day School Company was founded in 1872, whereby a sound education for girls of all classes and creeds was established on a footing similar to that long enjoyed by boys. Other developments followed. In 1867 women were admitted to the University of London examinations: in 1872 Girton College was opened at Cambridge, followed by Newnham in 1875, and at Oxford, Somerville College and Lady Margaret Hall were founded in 1879; thus women were no longer forced

> "To drudge through weary life without the aid
> Of intellectual implements and tools."

Meanwhile other professions were opening their doors to women. Florence Nightingale, in the dark Crimean days, had shown that the nursing

profession was one eminently suited to women, who entered upon their new vocation with boundless enthusiasm and dauntless energy. The substitution of trained ladies for such rough specimens as Mrs. Sarah Gamp and Mrs. Betsy Prig was in itself an inestimable blessing to mankind; in addition to this, the movement created one of the greatest social changes of the century. No longer now was matrimony the only possible opening for any self-respecting woman, but henceforth she could justify her existence, fill her life with interest, and fulfil her destiny, by ministering to the relief of human suffering.

"A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich,
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong."

How eagerly women grasped at this new outlet for their energies is best illustrated by figures. A training school for nurses was founded in 1860, and started with fifteen probationers; eleven years later there were thirty-two, and in 1889 as many as five hundred nurses had been sent out to work in the world. Women, too, for the first time now were allowed to take their places in the ranks of

medical practitioners. The first Englishwoman took the M.D. degree of the University of Paris in 1870. Four years later further obstacles were overcome, and the School of Medicine for Women was opened.

Indeed, on all sides medicine and surgery had made gigantic strides since the early days of Queen Victoria, and in no department has progress told more on the social life of the people. From 1838 to 1847 the death-rate had been twenty-two persons out of every thousand. In 1885 it was only nineteen per thousand. The discovery of anæsthetics in 1848 at once robbed surgical operations of half their terrors, while the establishment of a Board of Health, to enforce better sanitation and a higher degree of human cleanliness, had a decided effect on the health of the community.

Mercy and pity, with a higher value on human life, were marked characteristics of the period, and though we are here only concerned with the material view of life in England, yet it is impossible to separate matters spiritual from matters material, and a few words about the renewed activity in the religious life of English men and women seems necessary to explain many social

changes. Amid the "clash of new ideas," the inrush of mechanical invention, the progress in every branch of industry and science, the Church alone had remained "inert and lethargic." [1] Bishops in the early nineteenth century were still "amiable scholars," living in dignified ease apart from their clergy, Church patronage was in the hands of the large landowners, "faculty pews and rented sittings absorbed the best parts of the churches, and the poor were edged out into the corners of the aisles and the backs of the galleries." The beautiful cathedrals of past ages were looked on as "interesting museums," "picturesque survivals of a barbarous past." But the restless activity of the age swept over the Church at the last. The repeal of the Test Act in 1828, allowing Dissenters to occupy official posts in the State, forbidden heretofore, was followed by Catholic Emancipation the following year. The Reform Bill of 1832, placing power in the hands of the middle classes, who formed the backbone of Dissent in England, aroused Churchmen to a sense of danger. At the same time a general awakening in Literature and Art was taking place, men were everywhere yearning after more

[1] Wakeman.

sincerity and truth, and searching in past history to supply present needs. The activity in the Church took the form of the Oxford Movement, led by the saintly Keble, whose "Christian Year" had been published in 1827, Newman, Pusey, and others, who made their voices heard in a famous series known as "Tracts for the Times." A "Broad Church" party, led by Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, increased the newly aroused religious difficulty, which was not simplified by the immense advances now being made in the wakening world of science. Nor was this activity confined to the Church of England. Nonconformity was growing apace, though still entirely confined to the middle class. Round chapel as round church clustered benevolent societies, penny banks, Sunday-schools, mothers' meetings, and missionary societies. It has been observed that as commercial activity worked through companies, so religious organisations worked through societies; certainly they increased with extraordinary rapidity during this period. For all philanthropic causes money was forthcoming, but if it was an age of wealth, so also was it an age of luxury. Our fathers drank more tea than their parents had ever thought of drinking, they con-

sumed five times as much sugar, they drank more spirits, they ate more meat—a great deal more meat—and they smoked more tobacco. They lived in better houses, with a greater degree of comfort than hitherto dreamt of; there were carpets and armchairs for all, baths and hot water, such as had not existed in England since the days of the Romans. An inordinate love of pleasure grew with the growing wealth, and theatres, music halls, and palaces of variety entertainments increased and prospered. Athletics, too, became an absorbing passion with young Englishmen of every class. Cricket, football, golf, boating, yachting, swimming, cycling, these have all played and still play a large part in developing the physique of the nation's youth. Whole holidays, undreamt of in past years, enabled toilers to travel: the working man could see his friends at the other end of England, the sea-side could be visited in a few hours and for a few shillings; social intercourse was becoming easier day by day, social barriers were breaking down. Dress, food, amusements, education, were all, in varying degrees, common to all classes; there was nothing to prevent every Englishman being a gentleman, every Englishwoman a lady, but perhaps it were

well to remind ourselves of Thackeray's definition of a gentleman: "It is," he says, "to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. He should be a loyal son and a true husband; his life should be decent, his bills should be paid, his tastes should be elegant, his aims in life lofty and noble. He should have the esteem of his fellow-citizens and the love of his fireside; he should bear good fortune, suffer evil with constancy, and through good or evil always maintain truth."

CHAPTER XXVIII

Circa 1885—1906

AN AGE OF TRANSITION

"And in to-day already walks to-morrow."—COLERIDGE.

A VERY slight and necessarily inadequate sketch must cover the period which brings the story of Social Life in England up to the present time. Pre-eminently among all others, this has been an age of transition, and it is well-nigh impossible to attempt a description of it, so rapidly, so breathlessly is it changing from day to day. "It changes, it must change, it ought to change with the broadening wants and requirements of a growing country, and with the gradual illumination of the public conscience." [1] Indeed, the words of Macaulay never rang more true than they do to-day when he affirms: "A point which

[1] Lord Bowen.

yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day and will be its starting-point to-morrow."

Amid the tumult and rush of modern social life two factors seem predominant—the rise of the Democracy to power, the large part played by the people for the first time in the history of our land, and the acceleration of speed—the ever-growing rapidity of transit.

With regard to the first movement, which has already been traced step by step through the ages that are past, compulsory attendance at school, insisted on in 1870, and free education bestowed upon the nation in 1891, have contributed to important developments. The nation had at last realised that the children of to-day represented the England of to-morrow, and that their claims were predominant. The establishment of polytechnics, where lads fresh from school and already at work in the world could improve themselves, the improvements taking place in secondary education and evening schools, the facilities for scholarships to enable a promising child to pass from the free school to the highest honours and privileges of the Universities—these have been powerful forces in the Democratic movement. "It is your duty to educate yourselves as far as lies in your

power," said one [1] who realised the possibilities of this social revolution. "Your liberty, your rights, your emancipation from every injustice in your social position, the task which each of you is bound to fulfil on earth—all these depend upon the degree of education you are able to attain. Without education you are incapable of rightly choosing between good and evil; you cannot acquire a true knowledge of your rights; you cannot attain that participation in political life without which your complete social emancipation is impossible." The door of learning once unlocked, there were plenty of keen, poor scholars eager to make their way upwards, to earn a living by their brains rather than by their hands. They forced the doors of the professions which had been jealously guarded throughout the ages; they climbed the social ladder as it had never been climbed before; they rose "from corduroy to broadcloth, from workshop to counter, from shop to office, from trade to profession, from the bedroom over the shop to the country villa."

These are common enough transitions to-day. Not only toil and industry, perseverance and the acquirement of knowledge, but the accumulation

[1] Mazzini.

of money has helped the sons of to-day to rise to positions hitherto undreamt of in a country of slowly dying feudalism and haunting tradition. The possession of wealth can force position and power, gaining for a man of obscure origin the entrance to that sphere of society where he would be, for there is no committee of ladies of quality to bar his entrance to an exclusive society as prevailed at Almack's a hundred years ago. A modern Englishman of any birth, class, or occupation can represent his fellows in the House of Commons and rise to the House of Lords, he can have a seat in the Cabinet and attend the highest social functions in the land. There is hardly a local committee throughout the country without its working man representative; on borough council and county council he sits side by side with the local grocer, the lord of the manor, or the hereditary peer. They are elected by the same community, they speak on the same subjects, they vote on the same amendments. At home they read the same newspapers, the same books are within their reach, they dress in the same clothes, they play the same games, they eat the same food. Never was any social revolution more silent, more swift and resistless.

Everywhere the old order of things is slipping away, everywhere the new and unexpected is asserting itself. Perhaps one of the greatest modern developments is that which has taken place in regard to the position of woman in England. The steps whereby she obtained her "emancipation" have already been noted. To-day society is still somewhat bewildered over her new status. Due to a series of uncontrollable circumstances, she has found herself independent, and often forced to support herself by finding labour in the overcrowded markets of our great cities. Emigration has not yet appealed to the women of England as it has to her sons, hence the extraordinary numerical inequality of the sexes at home. But in physique and general happiness the girl of the present is an infinitely happier being than her predecessor of some fifty years ago. She is better fed, better educated, better developed, and altogether better fitted for the great struggle of existence wheresoever it may lead her. Athletics, indeed, are common to all in these days. Their popularity has increased with astounding rapidity during the last decade, and in the absence of military training for purposes of national defence common to other

nations, athletics are a necessary development for the physique of our rising manhood. Never was the desire for amusement stronger than it is now. The exchange of agriculture for that of factory life, the rush and competition of business instead of the quiet monotony of the country, forcing the rural population into England's large towns, those "vast hives of toil," where "labour crowds in hopeless misery" —these conditions have done much to depress and sadden modern life. The age has been called one of "growing and inevitable sadness." Gone are the gay-coloured garments of medieval England, gone the merry manners of Elizabeth's light-hearted subjects, gone the boisterous jokes of the century that is past. And in place of this there is a dim yearning for amusement, a restless love of excitement, a desire to drown depression and stifle worry. Men, women, and even children, flock to places of cheap amusement for recreation which endeavour to supply the pathetic demand, thereby deteriorating public taste without satisfying morbid discontent. It is the same with cheap literature. Though the world's masterpieces are within the reach of all, the cry is for something sensational, adven-

turous, or romantic. Athletics, then, form a healthful antidote, and the facility introduced by the bicycle has added happiness and health to all classes of the community. This age has seen

> "New men who in the flying of a wheel
> Cry down the past."

If it has been the rich man's hobby, it has been the poor man's carriage—it has taken him from the crowded slum to the fresh air of the country, it has enabled him to live far from his work and rear his children among more possible surroundings. Indeed, rapid transit is a necessity of modern city life, and never was it growing more rapid than it is to-day, thanks to the wonderful discoveries in the application of electricity, which has bidden fair to revolutionise modern society.

It was one December evening in 1858 that the first electric light flashed over the troubled sea from the South Foreland Lighthouse, but private houses were not lit with it till 1878, when the introduction of the incandescent lamp made it possible. The advance of this huge force has been strong and steady, and year by

year we have been compelled to acknowledge its irresistible power. The motor force of electricity has persistently compelled attention, and a road speed hitherto undreamt of has been attained. Electric railways, with no smell and no smoke, have replaced the old steam engine, and motors, though still far from perfect, are designed to run at a high speed, though the arguments used against their noise, vibration and smell are precisely the same as those which were used in the days of the early railways. This tremendous acceleration in speed must in course of time effect a redistribution in the population of the overcrowded cities: the working man can make his home in yet purer air, the merchant and professional man can live on the coast, and the desolate land may once more ring with life and bustle. Only within the last few years has the telephone—that union of two great forces, sound and electricity—been making its way in England. In America it is already largely used but the old country moves more slowly in these latter days and leaves the younger nations to go "full steam ahead." As with the telephone, still run by private enterprise, so it is with wireless telegraphy, which is bridging over the

human silence of the great waters, independent of storm or wind, truly one of the most wonderful developments of a wonderful age.

But this age of transition and experiment has also been called an age of materialism. It has been stated again and again that commercial prosperity has raised England to a perilous height, and that with the wealth, luxury, and worldly ambitions that have come in its train, Englishmen have lost that faith to which their ancestors owed so much of their content and happiness; that commercial immorality has taken the place of the integrity that of old characterised our commerce and raised our English merchants once and for ever above those on the Continent; that the unceasing and selfish desire for money has blinded the eyes of our fellow-countrymen to their duties as members of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen; that patriotism, which prompted men of old to lay down their lives, is a dead-letter to-day.

Perhaps this is hardly a question for the student of social life in England, especially in a sketch that deals only with material progress, as far as it can be treated apart from the influence of religion, literature, and art, with

which it is inextricably mingled. But it would be inconsistent with the English character, as briefly noted in these pages, to insert a note of pessimism. Similar crises have occurred in our social history before, if in a lesser degree, and Englishmen have ever weathered the storm, even as their Anglo-Saxon ancestors had done before them. And even now, in spite of the accusations of luxury, of commercial immorality and of want of ready patriotism, there are gleams of something higher, signs of a larger humanity than ever before, and of a more perfect brotherhood.

"When each of you," said Lamennais, "loving all men as brothers, shall reciprocally act like brothers; when each of you, seeking his own well-being in the well-being of all, shall identify his own life with the life of all, and his own interest with the interest of all; when each shall be ever ready to sacrifice himself for all the members of the Common Family, equally ready to sacrifice themselves for him, most of the evils which now weigh upon the human race will disappear, as the gathering vapours of the horizon on the rising of the sun."

THIS IS A HOWARD-WRIGHT BIPLANE, CONSTRUCTED IN 1908.
(One of the earliest English designs. By permission of Mr. Howard T. Wright.)

CHAPTER XXIX

1906-1922

THE LIVING PRESENT

"We see farthest into the future, when we most carefully consider the facts of the present."—JOWETT.

A CENTURY has passed since the invention of the steam engine, and the revolution it effected in industry has already been suggested. It may be well described as defining an age in itself.

So likewise this new age, when viewed from the distance of time, will probably be dominated by that supreme achievement—the conquest of the air—which in its turn is revolutionising modern life throughout the world. The mastery of the air belongs to no one nation alone. International in its origin, it has been international in its marvellous development.

It was but a few days before the Christmas of 1903, when from waste land near the seaboard of North Carolina, before five spectators only, the

first aeroplane carrying one man raised itself by its own power in free flight, sailed forward over a level course without reduction of speed, and landed safely. It was constructed and flown by the two brothers Wright, but it was the result of accumulated experience. And "all the world wonder'd." Two years later a flight of six miles at a height of fifty feet was the record of the Wright brothers.

Country after country now vied with one another in the new art of flying. Improvement followed improvement, crash followed crash. Soon men realised the bitter cost of sustaining this conquest of the air, but the toll of life served but as a stimulus to further effort. Now a flight of twenty-five miles astonished the world. On a memorable day in 1909 a Frenchman flew triumphantly across the English Channel, only to be followed a year later by a young Englishman who flew across the Channel and back without landing, only to lose his life a few weeks later in an aeroplane smash. His statue stands at Dover, gazing out over the waters he so gallantly crossed in those early days of imperfect machines, when every man practically took his life in his hand.

When the war broke out in 1914, it was at

once realised that a new fighting branch had come into being and aeroplanes might even decide the issues of the war. As the struggle grew fiercer, aerial activity became more and more organised, more and more intense, more and more successful. The war ended, civil aviation restarted. In 1919 the Atlantic was crossed, and a flight of twenty-eight days brought the two brothers Ross and Keith Smith from England to Australia. Passenger services—both national and international—were resumed and vastly accelerated till the speed record of to-day becomes the average of to-morrow, and the annihilation of space grows with the passing years.

But if the airship conquered the air during the early years of the twentieth century, truly the motor had transfigured the land.

The early progress of the motor had been slow—almost hopeless—before 1896, since law decreed that the speed of motors must not exceed four miles an hour. And further, that a man with a red flag must precede this dangerous steam-driven vehicle for the safety of the public. As soon as the law was relaxed, a speed of fifteen miles an hour was soon attained and the terror of both pedestrians and horses was intensified.

Still serious accidents kept alive the fear that the motor was both unruly and dangerous and must be held in check by rigorous legislation. It was but a matter of time before some hundred motor cabs began to ply in the streets of London and other large towns, and with the advent of double-deck motor buses the old two-horse bus and the four-wheel cab gradually disappeared. From this time onwards the speed increased by leaps and bounds. Motor racing took its place in the nation's sport, and records were made one day to be broken the next, exacting its full toll of life as did the airship pioneers in their efforts for speed.

But it was with the same gay courage and light-hearted disregard for life that the manhood of Britain sprang to arms when the Great War burst over the land with unexpected suddenness in the summer of 1914, breaking the peace of Europe.

There were those, and they were not a few, who raised voices of despair over the youth of the country. They had grown ease-loving and luxurious, they cared only for sport and money and amusement. They were rich, they were idle, they had become passive spectators of cricket and football which had passed into the hands of professionals; horseracing, motor racing, and gam-

bling withal were degrading influences. There may have been some truth in these accusations. Be this as it may, but when the great call came a burst of patriotism spread over the land, and the youth of England realised in a flash that there was something in life greater even than life itself."

And they passed over—that first little British Expeditionary Force in August 1914, under secrecy of the night, to France—aeroplanes and warships guarding their passage, to help the French against the German Army—perfect in every fighting detail and over a million strong—that was pouring in overwhelming strength across the frontier.

From this time onwards for the next four years the prosecution of the war was the determining factor in the social life of the people.

All the scattered forces of civilisation were suddenly turned to one account. Aeroplanes became fighting machines, motor buses were hurried to France for transport, luxurious motor ambulances were designed for sick and wounded, camps and hospitals sprang up all over the land.

Men and women were united in one common cause.

For the first time in history, the war spread to

the civilian population. Air-raids killed women and children by land, submarines sank trading and passenger ships on the high seas, shocking the whole civilised world.

Until at the last, by sea, by land, by air, the allies conquered, and at 11 a.m. on November 11th, 1918, the Armistice was signed.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten day in the social life of England. The whole nation was transfigured with relief and joy.

Perhaps amid the ruin of continental monarchies may be found an interesting note in the spontaneous rush of the joyous throng to the Palace of the King and Queen. It is recorded that 5,000 people were shouting for the King within a quarter of an hour of the proclamation of peace by syrens, and that on that memorable morning bands crashed out the National Anthem and flags were waved with uncontrolled enthusiasm. A more considered note was struck in the decision to keep Armistice Day sacred for all time by a universal silence of two minutes at noon in memory of those—and they were many—who gave their lives for their country.

Among the momentous changes that came about during these four years of war, none was more

important than the change in the position of women, who gained their longed-for franchise a few months before the Armistice was signed.

The higher education of women has already been emphasised (p. 377). The Universities had instituted special examinations for women over eighteen, but it was not till 1920 that women were admitted to full membership at Oxford. In 1870 they were sitting on School Boards and taking their rightful share in the administration of education. As poor law guardians and factory inspectors their work became valuable to the community. They appear as chemists and dentists, dispensers, inspectors under the Board of Education, they were admitted to full membership of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. and their work in Municipal matters was increasing steadily. An apparent set-back came in 1888 when educational administration passed under the newly created County Councils on which women were given the vote, but denied representation. For seventeen years they were excluded, but soon their activities spread to other spheres.

Still the Parliamentary franchise was withheld, despite the ever-growing demand of the so-called "suffragettes." To attract more and more public

27
Central Library.

attention to their cause, a section of women became destructive of property, earning for themselves the name of "militant suffragettes." The movement was at its height when the more insistent preparation for war demanded the organised efforts of the whole nation.

The next four years—1914–1918—showed women loyal, capable, indispensable in spheres undreamt of. It has been said that the war revolutionised the position of women. It found them serfs, it left them free. Not only did they organise and carry through the colossal work of nursing the wounded, but they supplied the places of men called to the forces, in countless occupations. As land-girls they laboured, in factories as munition workers, in canteen work; they drove vans, waggons, ambulances; they became police and omnibus conductors, and filled countless Government posts. And when the last great push came near the end of the war and the harvest was in danger, for "the reapers were few," it was to the women of England that the great appeal to save the harvest was addressed: "Women have never failed their country yet," it ran, "they will not fail her at this grave hour." And so it was that just before the signing of the Armis-

tice, by an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons, women were accorded their right to sit and vote as members of the House.

The first woman took her seat in 1919, the second in 1921, entitled to the salary of £400 a year, a concession mainly for Labour members made in 1909.

It is interesting to note that twenty-one countries enfranchised their women during the war, the Western world—with the exception of France, Italy, and Spain—emphatically demanding the help of its women in the rebuilding of its life after the devastation of war.

The franchise brought the right to women to practise as solicitors and barristers—though the first woman was not called to the Bar till 1922—to be appointed Justices of the Peace, and to serve on juries with men.

The prophecy of a Victorian poet had been fulfilled at last:

> "Everywhere
> Two heads in Council, two beside the hearth,
> Two in the tangled business of the world."

"Tangled," indeed, was "the business of the world" after the war. Despite a Ministry of Reconstruction and gigantic efforts in all direc-

tions, the unity of purpose was gone—the common cause for which men and women had lived and died no longer existed, the self-sacrifice which had expressed itself undaunted through the past years was no longer called for, and—temporary though the condition was—it called for ceaseless activity on all sides.

Among the most hopeful of these activities was the new Education Act of 1918. The experiment of 1888, whereby the responsibility for education passed from School Boards to County Councils, brought the whole scheme into closer relation with local government. The school was becoming recognised as a new centre of social influence. Necessitous children were provided with meals, health was considered an important item in their educational development, physically and mentally defective children received specialised attention, play centres sprang up for their leisure hours. A more humane curriculum came into being with wider conception of the meaning and purpose of education.

Hostile aeroplanes were yet hanging over the country, and women had not yet received the Parliamentary vote, when the Education Act of 1918 passed into law. Still broader was the

human outlook, still more observable the realisation of the value of education in developing all that was highest in the life of the people.

It had been already recognised that children leaving school at the early age of thirteen were in no way equipped, mentally, morally, or physically, for the struggle of life—so much more complex than in the days of their forefathers. The new Act raised the school-leaving age to fourteen, increased free places in secondary schools to take elementary scholars to the age of sixteen, and arranged for a system of continued education in order that the boy or girl already at work should be enabled to attend classes. This work of building up higher education was not confined to education authorities. The need for better education which should call forth the talent and energy of the young generation was recognised on all sides. It has been well said that education was the "citizen's passport to a useful share in the work of the community." This was accepted by the Workers' Educational Association in 1908, and soon 3,000 students were, on their own initiative, attending tutorial classes which grew up all over the country.

Nor was the education of the young child

neglected. The new Bill provided for Nursery Schools, similar to those which had existed for years in France and Belgium, to supplement the crèches which were springing up in poor neighbourhoods for the very young infants.

Nor must the Montessori system, which gave a new direction to ideas upon child education, be omitted, for this idea of "self-education" is responsible for a revolution against the mechanical obedience to dogmatic teaching. These ideas have been carried out in a popularised way by the organisation of the Boy Scouts. Instruction takes the form of active self-expression, as opposed to the passive reception of ideas, and encourages initiative and individual action. The movement grew rapidly, and soon extended beyond these islands, and the great "Jamboree" of 1920 at Olympia to celebrate peace consisted of 10,000 boys of 27 different nationalities, all acknowledging the laws of the great brotherhood of Scouts.

Similarly the Girl Guide movement is a permanent contribution to the ever-widening social service open to women.

It is hard to believe that the youth of England as represented in these two vital movements will fail to stimulate that better international under-

standing, which is the dream of all European countries to-day. For well has this age been called the "age of youth." It was youth, with its fearless courage, that conquered the air; it was youth, with its undaunted hope, that marched with unfaltering steps to the war; it is youth, with its fresh young faith, that shall yet bring a new purpose to life.

The deeper interest taken in the health of the nation, in addition to the medical inspection of school-children, had already resulted in legislation, and the National Health Insurance, with a contributory basis, gives medical attendance and a weekly allowance in sickness and disablement to over thirteen and a half million of insured persons in this country. Ceasing at the age of 70, the Old Age Pensions scheme comes into action, whereby every old person with an income under £26 a year was free to draw 10*s.* a week.

Despite these provisions, when the war demanded men of first-class condition for military service it was found that England was but a "C3" nation, as far as health was concerned.

The new Ministry of Health formed in 1919 took over the National Insurance and Old Age Pensions, and gave a new stimulus to all branches

of Child Welfare. Maternity benefits came into force, and the fight against the ignorance of parents resulted in a marked decrease in infant mortality. Tuberculosis was still claiming its high toll among those in the prime of life, and though the Sanatoria set up all over the country brought down the death-rate, yet to-day much remains to be done. As small-pox, that scourge of older days, has been practically stamped out by the injection of vaccine, so it would seem possible, by some such treatment, that tuberculosis may vanish from the land. Anti-typhoid vaccine saved the scourge of typhoid fever, which in past wars had carried away four times as many men as bullets. This time the ratio was reversed.

Developments in medicine grew steadily during the war. The medical examination of every man for military service was made on a basis of fitness for active life. Thus the relationship between disease and temperament was recognised, and this mental aspect of health opened one of the most wonderful chapters in modern medicine. For this branch of mental hygiene did not end with war. The civil-life employers of labour realised more fully that their " human machinery " was of more value than the working plant. The science

of industrial welfare demanded better ventilation, rest rooms, canteens, bathing facilities, shorter hours of work, deeper psychological knowledge of mental outlook.

As in medicine, so in surgery—discoveries, growth, development have tended to reduce suffering and prolong life. By the discovery of X-rays by Professor Röntgen in Germany, in 1896, the surgeon is able to procure a distinct shadow-portrait of deep-seated bones. Thus a broken piece of needle in the hand, a splinter of glass in the foot, or a bullet can be detected, not only through tissue, but through splints and bandages as well.

The discovery of radium two years later led to endless experiments. Its action on human tissue was first revealed in 1901, when a French professor incautiously carried a tube of radium in his waistcoat pocket, thereby producing a severe burn in the flesh. The use of radium is still in an early experimental stage, research is complicated and painful, but those engaged in it have never shrunk from their heroic efforts to save mankind, and in many cases of cancer the use of radium has proved invaluable. This may well be, for the disease still claims over forty thousand

victims every year in Great Britain, and the cause is yet unknown.

It is still hard to believe that eighty years ago chloroform had not been discovered, and the agony endured during operation is unthinkable. Truly suffering has been minimised, and life robbed of half its terrors, by the marvellous inventions of the last hundred years. And of these perhaps to-day Marconi's wireless telegraphy, with its varying wave-lengths spanning great spaces over land and sea, capable in 1922 of circling the world in one-sixth of a second, bids fair to yet greater revolutions than any hitherto existing. Men's minds are everywhere at work, and in no department is new direction more needed than in the world of industry, which has, through long years, connected itself entirely with profit-making.

The condition of the working population was, even before the war, very different from that prevailing throughout the Victorian Age. Men and women were no longer regarded as human machines, but as those endowed with new and ever-increasing responsibilities in relation to the local government of the country and Parliamentary administration. In the elections of 1918, out of 478 members of the House of Commons, 74

represented the labour of the land. From the early eighties, labour had become articulate by means of Trades Unions. In 1897 about one and a half million of workmen belonged to these organisations; by 1906 this number was almost doubled, and in 1921 there were over eight million members—men and women—in the United Kingdom banded together to protect the trade interests of the workers and to support them with means of livelihood in the event of a "strike."

By this means prolonged strikes, to enforce legislation or wage regulation, were rendered possible in various industrial branches, dislocating civil life and not infrequently ignoring the larger national issues involved by prolonged disregard of the common weal. Be this as it may, the voice of the worker was made articulate and the demands of labour became more and more insistent as the years rolled on, stimulated by the minimum wages arranged by the newly formed Trades Boards of 1909 and 1918, and by the higher standard of living made possible by the increased wages of war-time.

Further, the war had transformed the social values of life. The household of 1922 was very different from the household of 1822. The

domestic servant—trusted inmate of the Victorian household—chose other professions. As a war worker she had proved herself capable and loyal; with high wages she became, for the moment, independent. She had laboured with women of University distinction, she had nursed with V.A.D.'s of every grade—all classes had worked together in one common cause. Side by side to the battle had marched master and man, employer and employed, in a life where the determining factor was capacity. A taxicab driver had commanded a brigade, a coal miner had commanded a battery.

As the war died away and post-war conditions returned, the power of wealth again asserted itself, and social distinctions became bewildering. The calling of the typist was reckoned superior to that of the needlewoman, the bank clerk was above the land worker, the teacher above the shop assistant—all brain workers were considered vastly superior to those engaged in manual labour. But the whole standard of life was higher, and while there were 183,831 convictions for drunkenness in 1914 in England and Wales, in 1919 there were but 57,948 cases.

> "And the Voices of the day
> Are heard across the Voices of the dark."

Still the industrial problem is unsolved, and it has been suggested that a fresh starting-point and a new outlook on life are necessary to its future activities—that so long as public affairs are carried on by those consciously out for high profit regardless of the common weal, so long as the country is judged in terms of material wealth rather than high achievement, so long as value is set on individual property rather than happiness, and the modern industrial system denies to man his individual freedom and responsibility, the organisation of industry and trade must spell disaster to mind and body.

The golden age is not behind us, but in front. It is the perfection of the social order in the hands of future generations.

Great indeed has been the material progress of the race during the early part of the twentieth century, but surely greater, because more enduring, shall be that intellectual and spiritual progress of future years. "On man is cast the obligation to be intelligent—the responsibility of will, the burden of thought." On this basis depends the social life of to-morrow—a higher level of intelligence carrying with it the rare enjoyment of the finer creations of the human spirit. No other

can enter the kingdom of art and literature. To these alone shall morality and religion reveal their full splendour. These things are the true ends of life and education—the gateway to man's highest achievement in the region of things spiritual. Without these he must live on the lower plains "unmoved by the vision of the heights which are set for his ascending."

> "Thus, after many changes may succeed
> Life—which is Life indeed."

APPENDIX

Being a list of some articles, not necessarily alluded to in the text, but interesting additions to the domestic and social life in England.

CHAPTER II., *circa* B.C. 55–A.D. 410.

Alphabets.
Bricks.
Bridges.
Brooms (long-handled).
Butter (used medicinally).
Cakes.
Candles (rushes and grease).
Cherries.
Chesnuts.
Chickens.
Coins.
Dice.
Donkeys.
Gardens.
Geese.
Glass.
Lamps.
Oysters.
Pheasants.
Rabbits.
Rice.
Roads.
Thimbles.
Villas.
Water-pipes.
Wax.
Wine.

CHAPTER III., *circa* 449–597.

Bagpipes.
Beer.
Crossbows.
Stirrups.
Witenagemote.

CHAPTER IV., *circa* 597–1066.

Altar, 634.
Backgammon.
Bridge (first stone).
Cathedral.
Christian names.
Church (first stone).
Churchyard, 750.
Counties, 978 (32).
Fair, 886.
Garters.
Glass (brought to England), 676.
Gloves.
Gregorians.
Knight, 900.
Monasteries.
Organs.
Quill pens, 636.
Small-pox, ninth century.

CHAPTER V., *circa* 1066–1204.

Chess.
Company, 1170 (first formed).
Furs worn, 1125.
Mustard.
Sugar, 1150.
Windmills.

CHAPTER VI., *circa* 1204–1250.

Banns of marriage, 1210.
Bowls.
Coal, 1245.
Coronets (earls).
Glass windows, 1238.
Sarcenet.
Satin.
Wooden shutters.

CHAPTER VII., *circa* 1250–1348.

Armour plated, 1330.
Barrister, 1291.
Battledore and shuttlecock.
Blankets, 1340.
Butcher's shop (first) 1279.
Cannon, 1346.
Captain (ship).
Carpets, 1307.

CHAPTER VII. (*continued*).

Chimneys, 1347.
Cider, 1284.
Commons, House of, 1265.
Duke (first), 1337.
Esquire, 1345.
Feather beds.
Gunpowder.
Halfpennies and farthings, 1276.
Lords, House of, 1332.
Pins, 1347.
Spectacles, 1292.
Watch, 1305.

CHAPTER VIII., *circa* 1348–1399.

Almanac, 1380.
Bath, Order of, 1399.
Cards, 1390.
Cookery book (first), 1390.
Crocus.
Damask.
Duchess (title), 1397.
Forks, 1379.
Garter, Order of, 1350.
Marquis (first), 1385.
Picquet, 1390.
Side-saddles, 1388.
Spinach, 1351.
Worsted for curtains, 1380.

CHAPTER IX., *circa* 1399–1485.

Book first printed, 1471.
Book first illustrated, 1476.
Butter first used on bread.
Brass pins, 1483.
Drawing-rooms.
Hops, 1425.
Spurs, 1400.
Tongs.

CHAPTER X., *circa* FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Bed (four-post).
Breakfast.
Glass bottles.
Paper made, 1498.
Shilling, 1504.
Sovereign, 1489.
Wax candles, 1484.
Winchester and Eton founded.

CHAPTER XI., *circa* 1509–1547.

Cabbage, 1510.
Carrots, 1540.
Clock (first portable), 1525.
Fans, 1532.
Firearms, 1521.
Hats, 1510.
Knitting, 1527.
Lettuces, 1520.
Muffs, 1532.
Nightgowns, 1522.
Pistols, 1544.
Rhubarb, 1534.

CHAPTER XII., *circa* 1509–1558.

Apricots, 1524.
Artichokes.
Bullets (iron), 1550.
Canaries, 1555.
Church pews.
Church pulpits.
Crayons.
Crowns (silver).
Currants, 1533.
Fireworks.
General (army).
Geraniums, 1534.
Handkerchiefs, 1558.
Lemons, 1554.
Lotteries, 1539.
Mignonette, 1528.
Mulberry, 1520.
Periwigs.
Pippins, 1525.
Prayer-book (Edward VI.).
Sealing wax, 1553.
Steel needles, 1545.
Strawberry, 1530.

CHAPTERS XIII. AND XIV., *circa* 1558–1603.

Articles of Religion, 1571.
Baize.
Billiards.
Cambric, 1563.
Cartridges, 1580.
Carnations, 1567.
Cauliflower, 1603.
Celery.
Chair (Sedan), 1581
Chapel, Dissenting.
Coach, 1580.
Fox hunting.
Glasses (looking).
Indigo, 1581.
Minuet.

CHAPTERS XIII. AND XIV. (*continued*).

Muskets.
Newspaper (first), 1588.
Paper mill, 1588.
Pipes, 1573.
Potatoes, 1563.
Silk stockings, 1561.
Starch, 1560.
Telescope, 1570.
Theatre.
Tobacco, 1573.
Tomato.
Tulips, 1571.

CHAPTER XV., *circa* 1603–1642.

Alum, 1608.
Baronet, 1611.
Calico, 1631.
Coach (hackney for hire), 1625.
Coffee, 1621.
Cricket, about 1611.
Forks (general use), 1610.
Microscope, 1621.
Paper on walls, 1620.
Quakers, 1624.
Straw plaiting, 1605.
Wigs.

CHAPTER XVI., *circa* 1642–1660.

Actress (first), 1656.
Advertisement, 1647.
Biscuits, 1644.
Blue, 1647.
Chocolate, 1657.
Clover, 1645.
Excise, 1643.
Mezzotint, 1649.
Post office founded, 1660.
Skates, 1651.
Soap, 1647.
Stage coach, 1658.
Turnips, 1645.
Yachting.

CHAPTER XVII., *circa* 1660–1689.

Bayonets.
Brandy, 1671.
Coach, Flying, 1677 (40 miles a day).
Cork stoppers and bottles
Dragoons (first regiment), 1683.
Marines, 1684.

CHAPTER XVII. (*continued*).

Muslin, 1670.
Newspaper (first weekly), 1661.
Patches, 1660.
Pencils.
Penny post in London, 1683.
Speaking trumpet.
Sticks (walking).
Tea, 1660.
Tooth brushes.
Violins.
Whig and Tory, 1679.

CHAPTER XVIII., *circa* 1689–1702.

Bank of England, 1694.
Freedom of press, 1695.
Harpsichord.
Hearse.
India rubber, 1700.
Lighthouse (first), 1697.
Mahogany, 1695.
Newspaper (first daily), 1695.
Street lamps, 1694.
Teapot and cups.
Tea urn.

CHAPTER XIX., *circa* 1702–1714.

Artillery, Royal, formed.
Celery, 1704.
Cigars.
Doileys.
Italian opera, 1710.
Puddings.
Ribstone pippins, 1707.
Snuff.
Spectator, 1711.
Thermometer (Fahrenheit), 1710.

CHAPTER XX., *circa* 1714–1727.

Duels.
Gin.
Inoculation for smallpox, 1722.
"Robinson Crusoe" published, 1720.
Workhouse (first), 1723.

CHAPTER XXI., *circa* 1727–1742.

Box iron, 1738.
Circulating library, 1740.
Coffee-houses for ladies, 1739.
Foundling Hospital, 1739.
Grog, 1740.
Gentleman's Magazine, 1731.
Inoculation for small-pox (free), 1740.
Iron rails, 1738.
Methodists, 1729.
Porter first brewed, 1730.

CHAPTER XXII., *circa* 1742–1785.

Axminster carpets, 1755.
Bank notes, 1745.
British calico, 1783.
British Museum, 1759.
Canal, 1755.
Cards (visiting), 1770.
China factory, 1751. Derby.
Greenhouses, 1760.
Houses numbered in London, 1764.
Pianofortes, 1767.
Port wine, 1756.
Post-chaise, 1749.
Public weddings, 1753.
Regattas, 1775.
Royal Academy, 1768.
Spinning jenny, 1764.
Sunday schools, 1781.
Tunnel (first), 1766.
Umbrellas, 1756.

CHAPTER XXIII., *circa* 1785–1802.

Bleaching, 1788.
Coach (mail), 1784.
Colonial bishop (first), 1784.
Convicts transported, 1787.
Gas, 1792.
Pig-tails, 1795.
Times started, 1788.
Uniform for navy.
Vaccination, 1798.
Volunteers, 1793.

CHAPTER XXIV., *circa* 1802–1820.

Blackwood's Magazine, 1817.
Bridge (suspension), 1819.
Dahlias, 1804.
Lancers, 1820.
Quadrille, 1813.
Shoddy, 1813.
Steamer crossed Atlantic, 1819.
Waltz, 1813.
"Waverley," 1814.

CHAPTER XXV., *circa* 1820–1837.

Abolition of slavery, 1833.
Alpaca, 1836.
Bazaars, 1833.
Liberal and Conservative, 1830.
Lucifer matches, 1833.
Mackintoshes, 1825.
Oil (paraffin), 1830.
Omnibus, 1829.
Polka, 1830.
Train (Liverpool and Manchester), 1830.

CHAPTER XXVI., 1837–1865.

Baths (public), 1846.
Book post, 1857.
Bradshaw's Guide, 1839.
Brougham, 1839.
Cable (Atlantic), 1865.
Cheques, 1856.
Chloroform, 1848.
Crinolines, 1854.
Electric lighting, 1858.
Envelopes, 1837.
Free library, 1852.
Money orders, 1838.
Penny post, 1840.
Photography, 1847.
Post-office Savings Bank, 1861.
Royal Agricultural Society, 1838.
Sewing machines, 1854.
Stamps, 1840.
Telegraph, 1837.
Torpedo shells, 1861.

Chapter XXVII., 1865–1885.

Bank holidays, 1871.
Bicycles, 1867.
Board schools, 1870.
Cocaine, 1884.
Parcel post, 1883.
Pneumatic tires, 1881.
Postcards, 1870.
Postal orders, 1881.
Telephones, 1870.
Tricycles, 1878.
Typewriters, 1866.

INDEX

A

Agriculture, 34, 82, 106, 158, 302, 362, 364
Architecture, 69, 124

B

Beds, 65, 120, 172, 187, 188
Black Death. *See* Epidemics
Briton (ancient), 10, 11, 16, 18, 28
Burial, 3, 7, 26, 44, 247

C

Cards, 183, 220, 277, 317
Castles, 64, 76, 110
Celt, 8, 48
Children, 40, 70, 153, 155–157, 198–200, 241, 242, 257, 278, 327–331, 361, 371–374
Church, 49, 54, 67, 68, 91, 123–133, 149, 203, 217, 286, 297, 379
Clothes, 2, 5
Coach, 130, 188, 201, 229, 259, 269, 287, 288, 345

D

Dance, 183, 292, 340
Danes, 57, 58, 61, 64, 72, 73
Democracy. *See* Working class
Dissenters, 203–206, 300–302, 379, 380
Dress, 3, 5, 12, 16, 18, 23, 43, 67, 88, 89, 90, 118, 119, 137–140, 175–178, 192, 207, 208, 224, 248, 260–263, 300, 304, 305, 310, 314, 331–333, 340, 366
Drinks, 11, 36, 37, 67, 166, 230–233, 238, 270, 271, 292, 317, 354, 380

E

Electricity, 389, 390
Epidemics, 105, 225, 246, 280

F

Fairs, 84, 159
Feudal system, 63
Food, 2, 11, 23, 24, 36, 38, 66, 77, 78, 79, 80, 112, 113, 114, 141, 193, 218, 252, 253, 254, 290–1, 343
Free trade, 364

G

Games, 43, 94, 96, 209, 210, 221, 223, 277, 278, 292, 343, 387
Gardens, 55, 115–117, 158, 167–171, 205, 237, 289
Gas, 335

H

Hair, 12, 18, 32, 39, 44, 67, 89, 117, 138, 175, 209, 223, 262, 311, 333
Hawks, 50, 91, 92, 183
Houses, 2, 4, 10, 11, 21, 35, 65, 76, 81, 110, 111, 112, 166, 167, 172, 205, 269, 289, 367

M

Manners, 80, 81, 112, 192, 219, 236, 259, 263, 264, 292, 293, 354
Marriage, 37, 52, 195–198, 321, 341
Matches, 336
Medical, 56, 99, 100–104, 146, 147, 226, 227, 228, 247, 279, 281, 325, 378
Methodists. *See* Dissenters
Middle classes, 110, 164, 165, 241, 316, 319, 342–3, 350
Monastery, 54, 55, 59, 70, 150, 152

N

Names, 16, 52
Neolithic, 3–8, 9
Newspapers, 215, 230, 257, 258, 285, 365
Norman, 57, 62, 64, 68, 70, 72, 73, 76, 124

P

Palæolithic, 2
Parliament, 64
Photography, 367
Plays, 133, 183–185, 209, 319
Post, 201, 259, 355, 356
Punishments, 53, 96, 97, 142, 182, 217, 272, 273–275, 331, 347, 375
Puritans, 192–214, 216, 303

R

Railways. *See* Steam
Receipts, 24, 56, 101, 103, 104, 114, 146, 193, 227, 233
Religion, 26, 27, 44, 48–60, 68
Roads, 19, 28, 76, 128, 159, 229, 284, 285, 288
Romans, 15–30, 49

S

Saxon, 31–46, 48, 57, 64, 67, 70, 72, 73
Schools, 55, 126, 152, 154, 155, 241, 328–331, 370–376, 384–5
Servants, 120, 180, 293, 294, 295, 296
Shoes, 23, 43, 88, 118, 138
Small-pox. *See* Epidemics
Spinning, 5, 158, 305
Spirits, 82, 270
Sport, 2, 26, 42, 92–94, 144, 145, 182, 209, 220, 222, 236, 286, 303, 318, 381
Steam, 324, 327, 344–346, 357

T

Taxation, 28, 64, 363
Trade, 9, 28, 82, 83, 85, 131, 163, 164, 165, 240, 252, 264, 306, 309, 313, 360, 362

U

Umbrella, 316
University, 85, 155, 241, 384

V

Vikings, 57, 61, 62, 162

W

Weapons, 2, 4, 8, 13, 16
Wesleyans. *See* Dissenters
Women, 19, 39, 93, 106, 131, 132, 139, 158, 159, 181, 194, 208, 211, 213, 214, 244, 245, 259, 290, 292, 320, 341, 377
Working class, 82, 90, 106, 107, 108, 142, 143, 153, 158, 165, 179, 276, 302, 304, 306, 344, 346, 348, 351, 361, 370, 386

INDEX ADDITIONS

Medical, 407, 408, 409
Schools, 404, 405
Women, 401, 402, 403, 412
Working class, 410, 411, 412

New Sections

Aeroplanes, 396
Motors, 398
Telegraphy, 391
War, 398, 399, 402

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